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MYSELF, 1923. *Photo: Lafayette.*

[*Frontispiece*

MY WANDERINGS AND MEMORIES

By

LADY NORAH BENTINCK

Author of "The Ex-Kaiser in Exile"

ILLUSTRATED

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Bentinck, Norah Ida
Emily Noel, Lady,
My wanderings and
memories,
[1924]

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" The ' book of talk ' is printed because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once."

RUSKIN, *Sesame and Lilies.*

" I've wandered, and 'twas not in vain
In many a far and foreign clime.
Absence is not forgetfulness
And distance cannot vanquish time."

LADY CHAWORTH TO HER BROTHER, LORD ROOS, AT BELVOIR CASTLE

December 27th, 1677.

" I have presented your Lordship with the last part of *Hudibras*, . . . and two of your acquaintances have their pictures drawn in it, the most to the lyfe in the world, the King says." [1]

" Happy is the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own ;
He who, secure within, can say,
' To-morrow, do your worst ! I've lived to-day.' "

DRYDEN.

[1] Belvoir MSS.

Not for the omniscient do I venture to write, but for those simpler ones who perhaps will not disdain to wander awhile with me.

Through realms of reality and fantasy, thought and action, let us arise and go, and if you are still at my side at the last, I shall indeed be honoured.

" We must be as courteous to a man as to a picture which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light."

EMERSON.

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MY WANDERINGS AND MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

ORIGIN OF MY FAMILY

Norman origin of the family of Noel—Descent from Robert Noel and his wife Celestria—Lands in Shropshire given to him by William the Conqueror—Lands gradually dispersed through being given as dowries to daughters—Noels first came to Rutland in reign of Henry VIII—Sheriffs of Rutland in reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth—Sir Andrew Noel, Sheriff of Rutland, married Mabel, daughter of Sir James Harrington of Exton—Their son, Sir Edward, created a Baronet in 1611—He married Juliana Hicks, daughter of Sir Baptist Hicks of Campden, Gloucestershire—Sir Baptist created Viscount Campden in 1628; he first bought the London property in Kensington which still bears his name—Sir Edward created a Baron in 1616 and inherited Viscountcy from his father-in-law, Sir Baptist Hicks—Sir Edward's son was 3rd Viscount Campden and was father of numerous children, including the first Duchess of Rutland, Countess of Berkeley, Countess of Northampton, Lady Alington, and Lady Bridget Noel—Some Belvoir letters—Horrors of small-pox in seventeenth century.

ROBERT son of Noel was Lord of Ellenhall, Wiverstone, Podmore, and Milmes in the county of Stafford in the reign of one of the most far-sighted and statesmanlike of English Kings—Henry II, only monarch of these isles ever to bear the style of Holy Roman Emperor. It was doubtless just because he *was* the "Emperor" that Nicholas Breakspear—only English Pope there has ever been—gave Ireland to him to "subdue"—all islands coming within the jurisdiction of the Holy Roman Empire. What a mercy he didn't elect to give it to a Hapsburg or a Hohenstauffen! The King presumably did not look this gift-horse in the mouth. The great-grandfather of the aforesaid Robert Noel had come to England with the Conqueror, accompanied by his wife Celestria,[1] of whom is known nothing more than her beauti-

[1] Dugdale, *Mon. Angl.*, vol. iii, p. 53.

ful name. The last descendant of Robert and Celestria's eldest son died at the beginning of the present century in the person of Charlie Noel of Bell Hall in Worcestershire, who left his estates to a son of the late Lord Cobham.[1]

For his services to his Norman master[2] he was given these woodlands in Staffordshire, which the Conqueror had taken from the Saxon owners, exactly as William III did six hundred years later when he gave English lands to his Dutch friends Bentinck and Keppel. It is curious that my own family and the family of my husband are both, so to speak, grafted on to England from foreign sources, and I often tease him with the fact that the Bentincks can only claim just over two hundred years of English nationality, whereas the Noels have been English for nigh on a thousand years.

The lands given by the Conqueror soon passed out of the family, though, as they were bestowed as dowries for daughters, one Alice Noel (1189), marrying William Harcourt, took Ellenhall to her husband's family, in whose possession it remained for eighteen generations. From the third son of this branch, Andrew Noel (who died in 1562), are descended the present Earls of Gainsborough, who, failing in the male line in the middle of the eighteenth century, were recreated Earls in the person of the son of Lady Jane Noel, eldest sister of the last Lord Gainsborough, and my great-great-great-grandmother.

Her only son Gerard carried on the Noel family. He was one of the best-known unofficial characters of the latter half of the eighteenth century, and to his father, Gerard Anne Edwards, is attached a peculiar quasi-romance the elucidation of which has baffled all English genealogists. I shall refer to the story later.

The aforesaid Andrew had a son, also named Andrew, who represented Rutland in three of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments, and she dubbed him a Knight at Greenwich in 1585.[3] He lived and died at Brooke in Rutland, and married Mabel, daughter and heiress of Sir James Harrington of Exton. A younger brother of this Andrew—Henry Noel[3]—was known "as one of the greatest gallants of those times," and is described thus in Fuller's *Worthies*: "As for person, parentage, grace, gesture, valour, and many other excellent parts, among which skill in music, he ranks

[1] Died 1922. [2] Metcalf's *Knights*. [3] *Dict. N. Biography*.

amongst the first at Court." The Virgin Queen—although amusing herself at his expense, which must have been great, for Fuller describes him living in " a state, pomp, and magnificence which did equalize the greatest Barons of the land "—is said to have composed this distich upon his name :

The word of denial (No)
And letter of fifty (L)
Is the name of this knight,
Who will never be thrifty.

Thriftless Henry Noel died in 1597 from over-exertion due to playing a game called " balonne " with an Italian —" a kind of play with a great ball tossed with wooden braces upon the arm."

Such idiotic pranks remind one of twentieth-century ladies who, according to the daily Press, die from exertions brought on from dancing for twenty-four hours without ceasing.

Henry Noel was buried in Westminster Abbey (I can't think why, except that it was the Queen's desire !). In 1600 one Alexander Noel was Dean of St. Paul's.

Sir Andrew was succeeded by his son Edward, who was created a Baronet by James I on June 29th, 1611,[1] being the 34th in the order of creation. Stowe relates that when the King came to Burley, the seat of his favourite, Villiers Duke of Buckingham,[2] about two miles from Exton, he gave him the title of Lord Noel of Ridlington (March 23rd, 1616). Lord Noel married Juliana, daughter and co-heir of Sir Baptist Hicks, a rich silk-merchant of London and of Campden in Gloucestershire, upon the wolds of which beautiful county he had countless herds of sheep. He was created a Baronet in 1620, his baronetcy being the 137th in the order of creation in England, and in 1628 the Viscountcy of Campden was given him, which title descended to his eldest daughter's son, Lord Noel. He was a lover of beauty, a great philanthropist, and a public benefactor to his native place, Campden, which, by the wealth his brain and industry had amassed, he was able to make the beauty-spot it now is, attracting countless visitors from all over the world. The Almshouses and Market-place are amongst the most

[1] See Wright's *Rutland*.
[2] Now owned by Mr. Wilfrid Finch.

renowned architectural beauties of England, and are entered thus [1] in his papers :

" Built a Hospital for 6 men and 6 women in 1612 and settled £140 per annum on it for ever, allowing each 3*s*. 4*d*. weekly, a gowne, a hat, and a tunne of coals. The building cost £1,000.

Built the Market-house for £90.

Gave the town £1,000. £500 for settling of the poor to work. [Labour troubles are not new.]

Built Middlesex Session House, £600.

Repaired and adorned the Chapel at Hampstead, £76.

Window in chancel of Kensington Church, £30.

To the poor of the town of Kensington [where his town house was], £200.

To St. Bartholomew's Hospital, £50.

To Christchurch Hospital, £50.

To Newgate, Ludgate, and the two Counties, £40 each.

Erected a window in St. Lawrence Jewry, £30.

£426 to preachers to the Poor.

£766 to be divided between St. Paul's schools, London, for maintenance of scholars in Trin. Coll., Cambridge, and the rest to maintain an able preacher at Hampstead.

£366 in the Bishopric of Durham and £760 in Dorsetshire for needy churches.

Two ministers of Jesus College, Oxford, £40 a piece."

Of my birthplace Mr. Guy Dawber says :

" Campden is almost unique amongst the many interesting towns of the Cotswolds, and within its small limits contains some beautiful examples of domestic architecture. It lies in the heart of the stone district, and this material is used to the exclusion almost of all others, and we find here the genuine Cotswold common-sense style of stone building brought almost to perfection. Apart from the picturesqueness of its long street (with the somewhat unusual arrangement of groups of isolated buildings) and the strong and sturdy character of its architecture, it is singular in possessing a group of buildings designed evidently by one hand and erected within a few years of each other. Though possessing all the charm and variety of the local work, they are stamped with a scholarly feeling and grasp of design and composition that impart an air of distinction apart from the other buildings in the town."

[1] Rudder's *Gloucestershire*.

Of old Campden House, built by Sir Baptist Hicks and set fire to by his wife, Mr. Dawber remarks :

" This building was planned on a scale of lavish magnificence, even in those opulent days, and with its terraces, gardens, fishponds, and extensive out-buildings covered a space of over eight acres in extent. But little of the original remains, but the western pavilion of the terrace, the entrance gateway, and the so-called ' laundry ' have escaped the hand of the vandal and restorer, and show the fine character of the work and its peculiar characteristics. . . . By the same hand are the almshouses, a simple group of buildings on a raised terrace overlooking one of the approaches to the great house ; and in the main street the beautiful old market-hall, dated 1627, still stands as a testimony to the generosity of Sir Baptist and the ingenuity of his architect. . . . These few buildings are, without doubt, foreign in their origin and conception, in the sense that they were not indigenous to the district, as they stand quite apart from the traditional homely local growths, and show traces, not only of a masterly hand, but also of the prevailing Italian feeling which was then so prevalent in the centres of learning and culture."

The Manor was held previously to the Norman Conquest by King Harold, and at the time of the Domesday Book Survey by Hugh, Earl of Chester. It continued in this family till 1232, when on the death of Earl Ranulph without issue it passed to his four sisters. In the reign of Henry VIII one Thomas Smith held the Manor, and Anthony Smith sold it to Baptist Hicks in 1609.

One of the most interesting old buildings in the town, also belonging to my father, was the beautiful house built about 1390 by William Grevel. The superb and delicately wrought oriel window is a little gem..

Grevel died in 1401, and he and his wife are commemorated on a fine brass in Campden Church thus :

" Here lies William Grevel of Campden, formerly a citizen of London, and the flower of the wool merchants of all England, who died 1st October A.D. 1401. Here lies Marion Grevel, wife of the aforesaid William, who died on the 10th September A.D. 1386. On whose souls may God have pity. Amen."

Davis says that the Earls of Warwick (not the same

family as the King-makers, who were Nevills) are descended from this William Grevel.

Baptist Hicks was surely the best type of the best product of the early seventeenth century, and in such veneration and admiration was his memory held by his family during the intervening years that the name Baptist became very common among my ancestors and relations.

Modern ears, however, do not like it, and the only member of the family to-day to bear the name went to a vast amount of trouble to have it legally changed to John! This cousin was the intrepid cinema photographer with the Mount Everest Expedition of 1922–23.

During the lifetime of Sir Baptist Hicks he gave £10,000 to charities in his estates, Kensington and Campden. He had two daughters. The eldest, Juliana, married Lord Noel of Brooke and Ridlington. They had three daughters: (1) Elizabeth, who married Viscount Chaworth, around whose life and times is woven the novel *A Tale of the Vale of Belvoir* [1]; (2) Mary, who became the wife of Sir Erasmus de la Fontaine of Kirby Bellers in Leicestershire—what a name for a novel!—whose daughter, Juliana, married one of the Tracys of Toddington near Campden, and whose initials J. T. can be seen to-day on the gate at Stanway, Lord Wemyss's lovely place in Gloucestershire (made modernly famous through the recent tenantry of our adorable literary wizard Sir James Barrie); (3) Penelope, who died a maid.

The son of Juliana Noel—born Hicks—inherited the Barony of Noel and the Viscounty of Campden from father and mother respectively. Before his marriage he was a great spendthrift, and is said to have lost in one day at tennis to Lords Carnarvon and Rich £2,500.[2] Later, however, he redeemed the foolishness of his youth and became a zealous Royalist. The Parliamentarians rifled his estates and forced him to pay a fine of £21,000, which was, however, reduced to £9,000—a goodly sum in those days, much more than that of 1,000,000,000 marks imposed upon Herr Krupp von Bohlen by the French in the year of grace and equity 1923. Lord Campden died at Oxford a prisoner of the Cromwellians.

The Hickses of Campden are the same root as the Hicks-

[1] Mrs. Chaworth-Musters.
[2] Faulkner's *History of Kensington*.

Beaches, recently created Earls of St. Aldwyn. Sir Baptist Hicks's second daughter Mary married three times: (1) Sir Charles Morrison of Cassiobury, Hertfordshire; (2) Sir George Cooper of Wimbourn in Dorset; and (3) Sir Edward Alfred.[1]

Baptist, Lord Campden, son of Edward and Juliana, was brought up in his grandfather's business and had great dealings with the Court over his rich silks fetched from Italy, by which he got a very large fortune. This controverts the rather cynical utterances of the author of *Collections and Recollections*,[2] who says that the "contempt of the aristocratic for 'filthy lucre' was only a contempt for the habit of acquiring it by trade." Before the war one knew persons with pedigrees to the ark who, although unwilling to enter "trade" themselves, were, however, not above marrying the daughters of successful tradesmen. To-day, though, "Duke's sons rollick on the Stock Exchange and drudge at office stools, and sprigs of aristocracy tout for wine-merchants, tobacconists, and motor-firms." Eldest sons are their own agents, thus reducing the applicants for this softest of soft jobs, and carry on furnishing stores, while their sisters act for films and write for the Sunday Press. Their papas, too, are not above indulging in this lucrative pastime. After all, it is a better way of adding to a depleted or an insufficient income than giving their name as a director of a company which turns out to be fraudulent!

Lord Campden—whose prowess in trade caused this little excursion into more recent realms of aristocratic industry—built himself the exquisite house just mentioned at Campden, which, however, his wife set fire to with her own hand during the Civil Wars to prevent its falling into the hands of Cromwell, who had just been victorious at Edgehill. This spot could be seen from the window of old Campden House. The great Oliver, however, never even came there. A road, to this day called "King-come Lane," runs at the back of Campden and is reminiscent of those tragic times in England when the eclipse of the Stuarts began and *the King came that way*.

In those days Exton belonged to the Harrington family, and it was from the trustees of Lucy, Countess of Bedford—daughter of Lord Harrington—that Sir Baptist Hicks

[1] *History of Exton.* [2] Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

acquired this estate, which he left to his son-in-law the aforesaid Lord Campden, whose maternal grandmother had been Mabel Harrington.

At the time of the Conquest Waltheog, Earl of Northumberland and Huntingdon, held land at Exentune (Exton). From him and his wife, Countess Judith (a niece of William the Conqueror), Exton passed to their only daughter, Matilda, who married David, King of Scotland. From them it went, again in the female line, to the noble family of Brus; through a Brus marriage with one Nicholas Greene it remained in the family for some time. Nicholas lies buried in Exton Church, and upon his beautiful tomb are written these words:

> Oh, you who pass this way,
> Pray for the soul of Nicholas Greene.

From the Greenes it descended to the Culpeppers, a very old family at Exton.

Thomas Culpepper married Juliana Cromwell, and their daughter Catherine married John Harrington, the then owner of Exton.

In the seventeenth century Mabel Harrington, only child and heiress of Sir John Harrington, married Lord Noel of Brooke and Ridlington, places situated about eight miles from Exton. Thus Exton came into the Noel family, in whose possession it still remains to this year of our Lord 1923.

When Sir Henry Wotton was English Ambassador in Venice (appointed in 1604), Lord Harrington, who was travelling through Europe with Prince Henry, eldest son of James I, visited him there. Of this episode the Ambassador wrote to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in London that "Lord Harrington was a man of great parts, and it was easy to see who would govern England if this Prince came to the throne."

It was Sir Henry Wotton who wrote in the album of a German acquaintance his celebrated definition of an Ambassador: "Legatus est vir bonus peregri missus ad mendiendum republicae causa"; which was rendered thus into English by his biographer, Izaak Walton: "An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

The words remind one of the late Lord Salisbury's definition of a political candidate: "One who is standing, hopes to be sitting, and knows he is lying."

Lord Harrington was the guardian of the Princess Elizabeth of England, sister of Charles I and wife of the Palatine of the Rhine. She lived at Exton for some years before her marriage.

When poor and deserted in England at the end of her tempestuous and tragic life, she gave a beautiful cabinet [1] —which had been a wedding present to her from the States-General of Bohemia—to her Chamberlain, Sir Philibert Vernatti (of whom more later, as this man's family has a subsequent connection with mine).

The Noels lost much in the cause of the Stuarts, and after Lord Campden's death his town house, Campden House in Kensington, was let to Anne, Princess of Denmark, who lived here with her little son William, Duke of Gloucester, who, had he lived, would have been King of England. It was to this house of the Noels that William III used to come in his leisure hours to play soldiers with his wife's pathetic little nephew. About this date the Bentincks made their first appearance in England.

Mercurius Politicus, the *Daily Mail* of the seventeenth century, records the following for the date June 7th to June 14th, 1660: "On Friday June 8th His Majesty (Charles II) went to Hampton Court. He gave a meeting to the Parliament and was pleased to sup with Lord Campden at Kensington [2] that night." This house was sold in 1719 to Nicholas Lechmere, and in Swift's ballad, "Duke upon Duke," the following lines occur:

Back in the dark by Brompton Park
He turned up through the Gore,
So slunk to Campden House so high
All in his coach and four.
The Duke in wrath called for his steeds
And fiercely drove them on.
Lord, Lord, how rattled then thy stones,
Oh kingly Kensington.

In 1820 the piers to the original gateway of the house were still standing, surmounted by two bulls of exquisite workmanship, supporters of the Noel arms, and were for long the admiration of every good judge of English sculpture.[3]

In 1666 the third Viscount Campden was created an Earl

[1] This cabinet now belongs to Colonel Noel.
[2] Faulkner, *History of Kensington*, p. 421.
[3] Faulkner, *History of Kensington*.

by Charles II, and he had four wives. From his progeny by these ladies, who were (1) Lady Anne Feilding, d. of Earl of Denbigh, who lived at Gunthorpe, near Oakham, (2) Anne, d. of Sir Robert Lovet and widow of the Earl of Bath, (3) Hester, d. and co-heir of Lord Wotton, (4) Lady Elizabeth Bertie, d. of Earl of Lindsey, it has been said that a very large portion of the peerage is descended! Four of his sons-in-law were the Earl of Northampton, Lord Alington, the Earl of Berkeley, and the Earl of Rutland (who was created a Duke in 1703). This Lord Rutland was the 9th Earl and the great-grandson of Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, whose secret elopement caused by religious differences—the Vernons being Catholics and the Manners Protestants—is a classic in the domestic history of English romance. As the father of poor Dorothy's lover enjoyed in a high degree the favour of Henry VIII and obtained lands in that monarch's reign for his good services, the bitterness need not cause much surprise!

But to return to Lord Campden. He lived at Exton during the whole of his married life, 1632–82, while his younger brother, Henry Noel, lived at Luffenham Hall, about four miles away, and was besieged in his own house by Cromwell's troops. The daughters of Lord Campden's fourth wife—Lady Elizabeth Bertie—were: Lady Rutland, Lady Penelope Dormer, and Lady Bridget. The last-named is thus described by the late Rev. E. A. Irons, Vicar of Luffenham and a well-known archæologist:

"The Lady Bridget Noel presents herself to us as a fashionable young lady of the Stuart period, very much interested in gaming, sporting, and betting, as well as in the other doings of the gay world of her time; she is a very bad speller in an age when little attention was paid to this accomplishment, yet this makes it easy to tell from the omission of certain letters (*e.g.* of *s* coming before *c*) that she spoke with a graceful lisp; she was devoid of culture, though quick-witted to an extreme, and through all her letters there runs a vein of strong common sense, by no means lacking the serious element: altogether we cannot help having a regard for this young lady, although a barrier of some two hundred years makes more friendly acquaintance impossible.

"The arrangements for the journey to town began to take definite form on Sunday, December 13th, 1685, by which

day her brother, Baptist Noel, who was M.P. for Rutland at that time, had already reached his destination for 'my lord Exeter [1] came as far as Hatfield of Wensday last' to meet him. The ladies started the following week, proposing to 'goe to Bugdon the first night and the next to Stevenig and the next to Barnad and so for London and at night to Genkens,' a large house near Barking 8 miles from London, belonging to Sir Thomas Fanshawe, the lord of the manor of Jenkins in Barking; where, she adds, 'I shall not stor tell after Crismas and then but seldom.' In a postscript we are told: 'My sister Pen has won you [*i.e.* the Countess of Rutland] a crowen and I plad at dice and won you half a giney and a crowen at cribedge so if you ples I will play teel all the mony is gon or more won or if you will not venter any more I will return the mony'—all which throws a light upon home amusements at North Luffenham in James II's time."

In motoring to London from Exton in the twentieth century I pass through Buckden and Stevenage just as did those other Noels of 250 years ago in lumbering coaches and with relays of horses.

"On the Tuesday week following, December 29th, 1685, the Lady Bridget writes: 'A Tuesday my sister Pen and sister Noel and my brother Baptist and I goe to town with an intent to watt of sister Northampton [2] and my brother Gainsborow [3]: we shall sup at lady Exeter's and after super go to the Mueseke meeting in York [4] Bildens where there will be a great dell of company. Lord Northampton [5] is gone down to watt of lady Conway and the bishop of London [6] with him. Lady Dorset [7] is in town but she goes don before Crismas is don and lady Northampton

[1] John Cecil, the 5th Earl.

[2] Her half-sister, Mary, Dowager Countess of Northampton, who had married the 3rd Earl of Northampton; he died in 1681.

[3] Her half-brother, Edward, 1st Earl of Gainsborough.

[4] Built on the site of the ancient town residence of the Archbishop of York: it came into the possession of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and in his memory was laid out in a series of streets called after him George St., Villiers St., Duke St., OF Alley, Buckingham St., now lying just west of the Charing Cross Railway Terminus, Westminster.

[5] George Compton, 4th Earl of Northampton, son of the "sister Northampton" mentioned above: the Earl was paying attentions to Lady Conway at this time.

[6] Henry Compton, youngest brother of the 3rd Earl of Northampton.

[7] Mary Compton, daughter of the 3rd Earl of Northampton, and second wife to Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

and sister Gainsborow with her, and lord Gainsborow goes to Titchfield.[1] "

Bridget was renowned for her flirtations, her cock-fighting, card-playing, and horse-racing, and seems to have been the cause of much concern on the part of her relations, as the collection of letters written to her sister, the 1st Duchess of Rutland, and kept in the Belvoir archives, testify.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Lady Campden (born Bertie) to her daughter Catherine (born Noel) at Belvoir :

" Exton, *February 27th*, 1681.

". . . Albemarle House is sold for £33,000 and is to be put into a great square as Soe Hoe. They say my Lord will be the first Earl that is made and that it will be about Easter terme. My brother Charles " (Lord Lindsey, whose name comes from the ' Lindsey and Woolsey' districts in Lincolnshire) " wishes Bridget well married, but he says men now look to be corted as women used to be formerly. . . . The men in London do not think of marrying."

In a book of " Memoirs " of an ancestress of my husband's, the Hereditary Duchess of Aldenburg, almost the same words occur, and the letters are dated over a hundred years previously, taking us back to the sixteenth century. So the ancient plaint goes on from one generation to another, each speaker of the time-honoured words imagining that such things " never happened in *their* day."

In 1685 Bridget writes to Belvoir from Jenkins, a country house near London :

" I am in a perpetual hurry for we goe to town 3 or 4 times a week and come down so late that I am forced to lie in bed all the next day. . . . It is easy to goe up and see a play and come down at night. I have been with Mrs. la Croy the great fortune teller, one thing she told me was I should never have the small-pox." (She died of this dreaded illness at Exton after nursing her two nephews. All three died on the same day.)

In another letter she gossips a bit thus :

" All the town will be at the Masquerade at Montague

[1] Near Southampton.

House [the British Museum now occupies its site], and Lord Devonsher desires none to be there but people of quality. . . . Lady Banbury's sister Lady Frances is marred Abell the singing master and her brother is extreemly consarned at it. Lord Banbury putt her out of the house. . . . My sister Noel, and I was at Burley yesterday ; my Lady Gainsbourer [her brother Bab's wife, who was the daughter of Sir Thomas Fanshawe of Jenkin and Cottesmore] met us at Burley in such a dress as I never saw without disput. Her iengan manto is the worst of the kind. . . . I hope you are as just in burning my letters as I am in not shoeing your verses."

But her sister did not burn them, and now, after 250 years, one can get a glimpse of the character—pleasure-loving, whimsical, and warm-hearted—of Bridget. Suitors there were, but she would have none of them, and the most persistent seems to have been Challoner Chute, of the Vine, whom her mother discarded as " not good enough."

And so she died a maid ; sporting, plucky, and kind to the end. Good-bye, brave Bridget Noel. You deserve a little praise for the same deed as has made William Bentinck's name famous in history. He took his king in his arms when suffering from smallpox, and you did not fear to nurse your brother's children when ill from the same dire disease, and so to risk all and give it without a murmur.

CHAPTER II

THE " GOOD OLD DAYS "

The " good old days "—What " H. B." and " H. A. G." have to say about them—What I say about them—Romance—Is it dead ?—Human nature always the same—Seventeenth-century and eighteenth-century letters—Glamour of the past tinges our judgment—Henrietta-Maria suffers from cold—Margravine of Bayreuth overrun with rats and mice—Cruelty of Crusaders—When were the " good old days " ?

So much is talked about the " good old days " and " things were different in my time," and yet, on reading history, we cannot help but see that, though fashions altered, human nature has always remained exactly the same.

When, after all, were those " good old days " ? Opinions differ as the following sets of lines show. They appeared consecutively in *The Times* in 1920 :

ADMONITION

The times are grave and wise men mourn
The ancient Wisdom and her ways,
The quiet folk are overborne,
Nor simple sense has any praise ;
Debt counts as wealth and pulp as gold,
Hard work is shame and thrift is greed,
Only the bad are overbold,
Take heed ! Take heed !

Riot and Luxury and Strife
Go forward to their certain goal ;
The angry tongue, the fevered life,
Burn like a furnace in the soul.
Rolls on the torrent to the Fall,
Bearing with unarrested speed
Our own and our dear Country's all,
Take heed ! Take heed !

We need our fathers' nobler ways,
Old virtues founded on their Faith,
Their quiet homes, their ordered days,
Their joy in work, their calm in Death.
Shall we who love them not proclaim
Their merits for the present need,
Their censure on our modern shame ?
Take heed ! Take heed !

H. B.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS[1]

To H. B.

Shall we have back the good old days,
Our grandsires and their nobler ways ?—

The press-gang's soft inducement, and
The highwayman who bade us stand ;
The boy-sweep who in joyous pride
Thrust up his brush and gamely died ;
The woman, leather-breeched, who drew
The loaded coal-truck, children too ;
Three-bottle men, their heads afire ;
Jus primæ noctis for the squire ;
Death for a horse ; the village stocks ;
The bribe in place of ballot-box ;
The soldier doomed, if poor, to find
The rich in front, himself behind ;
The hunting parson, pink in church,
His hungry flock left in the lurch ;
Dissenters forced to pay church dues,
But not allowed the church to use ;
Papist and Jew in this allied,
To both their civic rights denied ;
The tortured bear, the baited bull ;
Cock-fighting,—horrors to the full ;
The victim of ill-balanced mind
Like a wild beast in cage confined ;
The gallows in the public eye,
With gaping crowds to see men die.—

Shall we have back the good old days,
Our grandsires and their nobler ways ?

H. A. G.

Do these vaunted "good old days" exist only in the imagination of the last generation ? The past, I feel sure, was not as good as "H. B." would have us think, nor as bad as "H. A. G." tries to prove. Bridget Noel's homes were not quiet, her days were not ordered, yet she died a heroine's death and her family were known as the best of landlords, my great-grandfather being one of the first big landowners in England to give allotments to his labourers —in fact, this was the idea of Mr. Baker, his agent, and was carried out at Exton, where it still flourishes.

Apropos the lines :

> Papist and Jew in this allied,
> To both their civic rights denied.

It was Lord George Bentinck who first agitated for the removal of this bigoted and gross injustice.

My sympathies are entirely twentieth-century, and I

[1] *The Times*, April 17th, 1920.

want always to go forward with the children, not to drag them back to me and old days and old ways which are dead and gone.

Admirers of those "good old days" might argue that, however gay and wild they were in those bygone times, their doings were nevertheless tinged with romance. The gallant who carried his lady's tiny glove above his visor; the lover who crept up the ivy-clad stone steps to the castle window; the rich young lord who brought back a lovely village maid to unsuspected grandeur; the Montagues and Capulets who died because of foolish family feuds,—This it is said is romance and such stories are handed down to us by poets haloed by the glamour of their minds.

But when we turn to correctly kept family archives, we often find exposed, to our consternation, another side of the picture.

One has only to read fifteenth-, sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century "memoirs" to know that youth is always the same. Whatever the clime, whatever the time, they bargained, quarrelled, raced, gambled, betted on horses and cocks, and even succumbed to the attractions of trade by buying mines and sending out ships to search for "treasure-trove," which they subsequently sold to the highest bidder; and these things were done by the women as well as the men.

And so the "good old days" were by no means as good as they are sung, and it is surely the centuries hanging over them which tinge the lives of those ancestors of ours with a perfection which in reality they did not possess.

Here are a few extracts from letters written between 1672 and 1688 by Lord Rutland, Lady Bridget Noel, Hon. Peregrine Bertie, Lady Campden, Lord Roos, Lady Chaworth, Edward Bedingfield, Lady Katherine Manners, Roger Herbert, Lady Northampton, Lord Danby, Lady Margaret Russell, Lord Powis, Lord Lindsey, Lady Rachel Russell, and Lady Sherrard.[1]

From a letter to the Countess of Rutland, written in 1688:

"A design has been discovered to poison or shoot the Prince of Orange, and that £10,000 has been offered for the same."

[1] Belvoir Castle MSS., vol. ii.

" The Earl of Clanricardie, who fifteen years ago turned Roman Catholic, now declares himself a Protestant in Ireland."

K. Powlett writes in 1688 to Lady Margaret Russell at Woburn Abbey :

" My father is at present fighting with Lady Orrery for rifling his mother's cabinetts when shee lay a-dying and carrying away what he thinks is his."

Peregrine Bertie to his niece the Countess of Rutland (Venice, 1688) :

" In Paris in Carnivall time the operas was the greatest place of diversion, but now we are forced to visit their churches, where the company goes at the same time for pleasure and diversion. Devotion to their shee saints is most prevalent here, and as for miracles done by old Fathers they are nothing neare so much discorsed as conquests by young virgins."

Bridget Noel to her sister, Lady Rutland :

" My Lady Gainsborough had ill luck at cards for she lost £40 last night."

Edward Andrewes (a portrait painter) :

" I am very ambitious to serve their Honours and hope I may reasonably expect £10 for a large picture and £6 for a small one. Mr. Kneller [Sir Godfrey's brother] gets £10 a head."

Bridget Noel to Lady Rutland, mentions an impending duel between her brother John Noel and Lord Sherrard (1687).

From Charles Bertie to his niece Lady Rutland about the duel :

". . . for the least my Lord Sherrard can say is that hee is sorry his passion betrayed him so far as to strike my nephew and indeed what honour can my nephew have if hee should be at such an old passionate coxcomb who is lame, crazy and aged ? I confess I am no friend to your races since they lead to such jarring amongst neighbours."

Bridget Noel to Lady Rutland (1685):

"I am very sorry for poor Mistress Hatton having the small-pox, but I hope she will escape with her life, and then it is no matter if her face is a little disfigured being her father is able to make an adhishon to her portion. I have bought some grey night clothes which cost £5-5-0. Lady Harriet Berkeley is said to have gone away with only a night gown and slippers, and the Berkeley family know so little about her that they proffer £200 to whomsoever can discover where she is."

A letter to Lady Rutland (1682):

"Some say that the Earldom my Lady Lichfield has to sell for £8,000 must be the first Earl of all and she is not to sell it to any under the degree of a Viscount."

(1678) "Mr. Hide buys Mr. Secretary Coventrie's place and pays him £10,000 for it. Mr. Sidney Godolphin buys Mr. Hide's place of the Robes but I hear not what att, and Lady Shrewsbury hath bought Mr. Godolphin's of the Bedchamber at £4,500 for Mr. Bridges. Mr. Churchill hath given £1,800 to be Master of the Robes to the Duke which Mr. Villiers sold him who is gone Master of the Horse."

Henry Savile to Lord Rosse (1677):

"There is noe news here but of the two new Irish Earles Ranelagh and Longford."

Lady Roos to Lord Roos:

"Lady Dorill (that was, and now Lady Morgen) is run away from her husband. Lord Atholle, by Lord Lauderdale's favour, is made a Marquis."

Lady Chaworth to Lord Roos (1676):

"Mighty brave clothes preparing for the queen's birthday. Miss Phraser's gown is ermine upon velvet embroidered in gold and lined with cloth of gold and 'twill come to £300 and freights, Sir Carr Scrope who is very mutch in love with her fears marrying her seying his estate will scarse maintain her in clothes. Lady Stanhope hath sold Mocton for £18,000 to Judge Ellis. Mrs. Jennings and her daughter have had such a falling out that they have fought;

the young one complained to the Dutchess that if her Mother was not put out of St. James Palace (where she had lodgings to sanctuary her from debt) she would run away, so Sir Alleyn Apsley was sent to bid her mother remove, who said that with the grace of God she would take her daughter with her as two of the maids at Court had lost their virtue there and she didn't wish her daughter to be a third.'

Lady Campden to Lord Campden (1682):

"Lady Mary Heningham lately sent her daughter 150 yards of blue mazarine damask which cost £200. . . . Madame Montespan is to be clapped up and would have been executed (but she is with child they say) for poisoning another of the King of France's mistresses. Mr. Coke of Norfolk is talked of to be made a Lord and Mr. Piercy renews his petition again to the Earldom of Northumberland."

Bridget Noel to Lady Rutland (1686):

"I am glad you have bought Savage's share of the mine. I should be extreemly willing to wenter £20 more for my part."

Charles Bertie writes how they played cards all night and could scarce hold up their heads for sleep.

Lady Anne Howe writes in 1681 that "the Morrocan Ambassador hath a very bad opinion of the ladies of England," and also that "Lord Purbecke makes what haste he can to consume his lady's fortune by gameing and all extravagance." It is also recorded that the Countess of Sussex and the Duchess of Mazarin "*attired in evening dress* display their skill in fencing to the admiration of several men looking on."

This company spent much time in cock-fighting, racing, dancing, and cards, and thought nothing of travelling up to London from Sussex three times a week, losing £1,000 at cards in one night, and spending the following day in bed exhausted.

In a remarkable letter from Sir J. Leveson Gower to his father-in-law, the Earl of Rutland, about 1700, we read:

"The Queen [Queen Anne] is resolved not to follow

the example of her predecessors in making use of a few of her subjects to oppress the rest. She will be the Queen of all Her subjects and would have all the parties and distinctions of former reigns buried in hers and expects that those whom she employs shall give the first example."

The Queen would not, at first, confer *any new title whatever*, but after a while she agreed to carry out the promise made by her predecessor, and so the Earl of Rutland was made a Duke in 1703. He seems to have applied for advancement in the peerage as early as 1689, as his father-in-law, Viscount Campden, had done; the latter was given an Earldom by Charles II.

Money nearly always passed at these transactions and the early Stuarts were notorious for the way in which they sold titles to keep their coffers full. The chief difference to-day is that no very high titles can be bought, and the price paid for the low ones is far higher than was ever paid in the seventeenth century for high ones.

We hear only of a few great romances which jut out of history, compelling attention, and we give no thought to the other myriads of lives who were "born to blush unseen" in those "good old days" when there were no trains, no motors, no bicycles, no means of movement for anyone save the rich; no baths, no light, and the country ravaged with small-pox brought on largely by dirt. Numbers wasting their sweetness on the desert air, with never one momentary flash of romance to illuminate their lives. Tragedy? Yes, plenty of it—sometimes brutal, sometimes subtle.

To-day we *do* the things which our forbears read of and marvelled at as the deeds of fairies, wizards, and necromancers.

Romance and chivalry are not dead, and they were not the perquisites of those nebulous times "the good old days."

Was it more romantic to give her glove to adorn his helmet on the tournament-field than to tie his colours on to his cap at a point-to-point meeting? Was a gallant who tip-toed towards his inamorata in brocaded waistcoat and silken hose begging the favour to step a measure with her, having spent all the day at a lady's "salon" discussing current gossip, more romantic a companion than he who

has just dropped from the skies, having probed behind the clouds, and soared above the birds and the mountains, or dived deep into the ocean and mastered its mysteries?

Was it more romantic to jog for miles along a country lane behind a lover on a tired horse than to fly from the irate parent in a shining thing of aluminium which, under the hand of man, does everything but speak, or tear along the Bayswater Road or "out Hendon way" clasping your young man's waist from behind on a motor-bicycle? Before she married, Henrietta-Maria of France, daughter of the greatest of French kings, and wife of Charles I, had to lie in bed on cold days, as there was no coal; and the Margravine of Bayreuth, great Prussian Frederick's wretched daughter, was taken to her husband's castle to find rats and mice in possession and the brocades hanging in damp strips from the walls.

A study of the domestic portions of Paris Museums proves what little faith the Crusaders had in their wives' virtue, and what was there which was noble or uplifting in the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries?

So peculiar were the views of the educated people of the day that it was possible for the eldest son of the Prince of Béarn to be killed from falling into the courtyard of the castle while his high-born nurse and her courtly admirer played ball with the heir to the throne of France!

Then came the Inquisition, and the struggle against Spanish cruelty in the Netherlands, when during long shocking years of religious persecution people could not sleep tranquilly at night. Hangings, decapitations, sequestrating of property, imprisonments and the like were the order of the day.

Catholics and Protestants destroying each other while mesmerizing themselves to the belief that it was done for the love of God. A journey to the Loire and a study of the castles in Touraine whose history reeks with cruelty, vengeance, lust, and brutishness, a glance at Nüremberg's "Iron Virgin," at the hideous chopping machines in Venice, at the Castle of Sant' Angelo, of Spain under Philip II and the dreadful Isabella, of Berkeley Castle and the many dungeons wherein piteous remains of men and women groaned themselves to death, would surely shake the belief of any but the blindest of idealists in the beauty of the "good old days"!

Out of all this horror was born the French Revolution.

The King and Queen were killed, and then to the surface came Napoleon, one of the greatest murderers in history, who fought for his own glorification and for nothing else, and whose war-loving heart gave birth to the fearful words: "A boy stops a bullet as well as a man."

When, then, were the "good old days"?

CHAPTER III

LORD ANNE HAMILTON AND MARY EDWARDS

Noels fail in the male line—Marriage of Lord Gainsborough and a village maid—Tom Noel, M.P., first M.F.H. of Cottesmore Hounds—Lord Gainsborough's three London houses—"Sic transit gloria mundi"—Mr. Nash ("Beau" Nash) at Bath—Gerard Ann Edwards of Welham—His birth—The mystery of it never elucidated—Defies genealogists—The Vernattis drainers of Lincolnshire fens—Tree of Noel descent from Vernattis—Lord Anne Hamilton took on arms of Edwards—Was Mary his mistress or his wife?—Scottish law—Marriage of Lord Anne to Miss Powell before the death of Mary Edwards—Lady Jane Noel marries Gerard Ann Edwards—Lord Gainsborough makes her son his heir.

WINGS of thought have carried me back and forwards, and I must now return to Bridget Noel and her times.

Her nephew Baptist, Lord Gainsborough, married his cousin Lady Dorothy Manners, great-great-grand-daughter of Dorothy Vernon. The marriage of their son and heir marks a curious point in our family history, and just now the heirs male, although seemingly so plentiful, began to fail. Baptist Noel, 4th Earl of Gainsborough, Viscount Campden, Baron Noel of Titchfield, Baron Hicks of Ilmington, and Baronet—to give him his full titles—was out riding one day with his cousin Tom Noel, M.P. for Rutland till his death at eighty-five, and first M.F.H. of the Cottesmore Hounds, whose name is a classic in the annals of British fox-hunting and of whom more anon. It was a sunny afternoon in the Exton woods somewhere about the year 1730. At a turning in the road they came suddenly upon a girl. She was wonderfully pretty and both lost their hearts simultaneously, inwardly resolving to marry her.

They told each other of their heart's desire, and both promised to abide cheerfully by the lady's own judgment.

The girl with whom these men had fallen in love was Elizabeth Chapman, daughter of a yeoman farmer of Exton village. Both paid her their court and begged for her hand, and she chose, as was perhaps natural, the

younger of the two. Unlike the Lord of Burleigh's cottage countess, who—

> Three fair children first she bore him,
> Then before her time she died,

Elizabeth gave birth to three sons and nine daughters! Her lord died in 1751, when his eldest son was only six. Two sons of this marriage died young, and the third, Henry, lived till 1798, and he kept the Cottesmore Hounds till then. At his death the original family of Noel, which I have traced since the eleventh century, came to an end.

The fair Elizabeth was now a widow, and her original admirer, Tom Noel, had not hunted Rutland and Leicestershire foxes for twenty years for nothing! He returned to the charge and was accepted! They lived chiefly at Exton, whence he hunted with his own hounds the Cottesmore till his death in 1788, outliving the love to whom he was so faithful by seventeen years. In a letter he wrote to her from London when he was sixty-two, asking her to open his "buro" with a key he was sending her by Lord Sondes and to get for him the lease from the Bishop of York for Kinolton Rectory, he ends thus:

"Mary [one of his step-daughters] will say this is a weak letter, but tell her it is old Tom's that has no more to say . . . and can only assure you he is allways and will be yours.

"THOMAS NOEL."

This wonderful old man was the grandson of Baptist, 3rd Viscount Campden, and was born in 1703. One of his sisters married Lord Milsington, eldest son of Lord Portmore, and the other lived a spinster in London, where she had a house in Bond Street, which sounds strange to modern ears. In 1828 Lady Barham, my great-great-grandmother, wrote that Lady Robert Manners had told her that Queen Elizabeth had given six rows of pearls—eight yards in all—to the Harborough family, and that the picture of the lady to whom they were given is at Stapleford with the pearls in her dress. (Stapleford originally belonged to the Sherrards, Earls of Harborough; Mr. John Gretton, M.P., bought it some years ago.) Later the pearls were dispersed, Alice Noel coming in for a good share. The Noels and the

Harboroughs were cousins. She left them to Lord Gainsborough. They may have been destroyed when old Exton House was burnt about a hundred years ago, but there is no sign of them anywhere now!

In 1745 one of the family received this letter:

"The Young Pretender Prince Charles Edward had been promised an army of 15,000 men by the French. The news of the fall of Edinburgh and the battle of Prestonpans came like a thunder-clap on the English Government. There was hardly a soldier in the land save the Royal Guards in London."

Oman in his *English History* corroborates this news:

"The militia lay on Finchley Common to protect London, the Bank of England had paid away every guinea in its reserve, and the militia were fully persuaded they were to be attacked by Charles Edward's army."

It seems that England is rarely prepared for fighting.

This Lord Gainsborough was much loved by his relations. He never married, although a slip of paper still exists entitled "Character for a wife for Lord Gainsborough—Good-natured, sprightly, gentle, humane, kind, friendly, a good housewife, making her husband her chief friend and companion. To be as happy at home as at any public place, and to conform to her husband's will in everything, yet to keep up her dignity before company. To be as happy with a small society of dear friends and to be as happy when she has no other companion but her husband."

This was writen by his niece Juliana Evans, who, had she been a boy, would have been Lord Carbery. One of his sisters was Lady Anne, who, like him, abjured nuptial bliss. She was Mistress of the Bedchamber to Princess Amelia, daughter of George III, and lived at North Luffenham Hall, which house was built much like her old home, Exton, and now is the property—although of course much changed—of Mr. Guy Fenwick, a well-known follower of the Cottesmore Hounds. Lord Gainsborough lived much in London, where he had houses in Harley Street, Princes

Street, and 9, Cavendish Square, which last my father sold.

In its place stands a huge block of flats which I pass whenever I drive from 53, Green Street, my mother-in-law's house, to St. Pancras on my way back to Exton. I murmur, "Sic transit gloria mundi," and feel for a moment that I can appreciate the exalted feelings of an Ignatius Loyola or Thomas à Kempis. This of course is highly beneficial to the soul.

I then enter my third-class carriage, in which class, after all, all the nicest people travel.

Lord Gainsborough's youngest sister, Sophia, married Mr. Neville of Wellingore, in Lincolnshire; and her niece Sophia Edwards, only sister of Sir Gerard, died from a chill she caught from running about in white dancing-slippers on a frosty morning at Exton on her return from a dance at her aunt's house at Wellingore.

In an extract from a letter from Juliana Noel (Lady Carbery) to her sister Lady Jane Edwards, she describes Mr. Nash ("Beau" Nash) at Bath:

"We soon reached the rooms, and the first sight that presented itself was the one I most dreaded to see—Mr. Nash himself. I shall not pretend to describe his figure. He stopped, stared in our faces and mumbled something to Mr. Browne. . . . He is not unlike Mr. Farringdon" [could this be Mr. Farington of the Diaries?], "but has a redder face if possible and sorer eyes. . . . All the Beau Monde was assembled and Mr. Nash approached us again. . . . We seemed to be in some degree of favour with him, and he spoke with great gentleness—for *him*. Lady Cardigan and Lady Betty Montague came in soon after us and Lady Jersey with Lady Caroline and Lady Emilia Hervey, Lord Bristol's sisters. *It seems they go about a good deal to all those publick places and generally by themselves.*[1] At last up comes that dreadful being Nash and calls upon *me* with old Lord Newark at his elbow. I rose, not without the idea of that jailor who saluted his prisoner with 'Please, sir, arise and be hanged.'"

Jane Noel was the eldest married sister of all those of whom I have been talking, and she married Gerard Anne Edwards of Welham in Leicestershire, around whose birth

[1] My italics.

and being there is a curious story entailing the possibilities of great issues.

Just now I spoke of the Vernatti family, who are the people around whom is woven the plot of the novel, *The MS. in the Red Box.*

Sir Philibert's great-niece Anna Margaretta Vernatti married one Francis Edwards of Welham. This man was highly successful in business, and was one of the founders of the New River Company. His immediate family were of the richest in England.

Francis Edwards and Anna Vernatti had an only child Mary, who, on her father's death, was the greatest heiress in the land, and was the chief figure in the story I mentioned earlier in connection with Sir Gerard Noel, who was her grandson.

From an Act of Parliament we learn that she owned freehold manors, lordships, tythes, tenements, and hereditaments in the counties of Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Middlesex, Hertford, Kent, and the City of London, also many shares in the New River Company. At her father's death it was estimated that she was mistress of an unencumbered income of £50,000 to £60,000 a year.

About 1730 she met Lord Anne Hamilton, younger son of James, 4th Duke of Hamilton, who was killed in a duel with Lord Mohun in Hyde Park in 1713. His mother, who was the Duke's second wife, was daughter and sole heiress of Digby, Lord Gerard.

Sir James Balfour Paul, Lord Lyon King-at-Arms, who goes into the matter at some length in the *Scots Peerage*, says that he received his name from Queen Anne, who was his godmother, and that " his family encouraged him to make up to the heiress." The Edwards were a well-known family in Leicestershire, of recognised birth, and so immensely rich that a *liaison* with a penniless ducal spendthrift would never have been thought of or tolerated by them.

Mary Edwards was a headstrong young woman, which can be seen from her expression in the many portraits which exist of her, and, moreover, she was completely independent and mistress of a fortune which would even cause comment in these days of Fords and Rockefellers. Lord Anne, unencumbered matrimonially, was heavily encumbered financially and sought a rich wife.

I know nothing of their morals, but these do not concern

GENEALOGICAL TABLE, SHOWING DIRECT DESCENT IN THE MALE LINE OF THE PRESENT EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH FROM 4TH DUKE OF HAMILTON

Descendants
(*inter alios*)
of
ABRAM VERNATTI

- Sir Philibert, ob. 1645 (Chamberlain to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia)
- Maximilian, ob. circ. 1665
- Sir Gabriel, ob. 1665
- Peter, ob. 1655
- Mary = Wm. Armiger

Peter, ob. 1655:

- Constantine Vernatti, ob. 1703 = Mary Tooke, ob. 1684
- Phillibert Elizabeth Anthony
- Diana = William Bridgeman

Constantine Vernatti = Mary Tooke:

- Anna Margaretta, ob. 1765 = Francis Edwards, ob. 1728

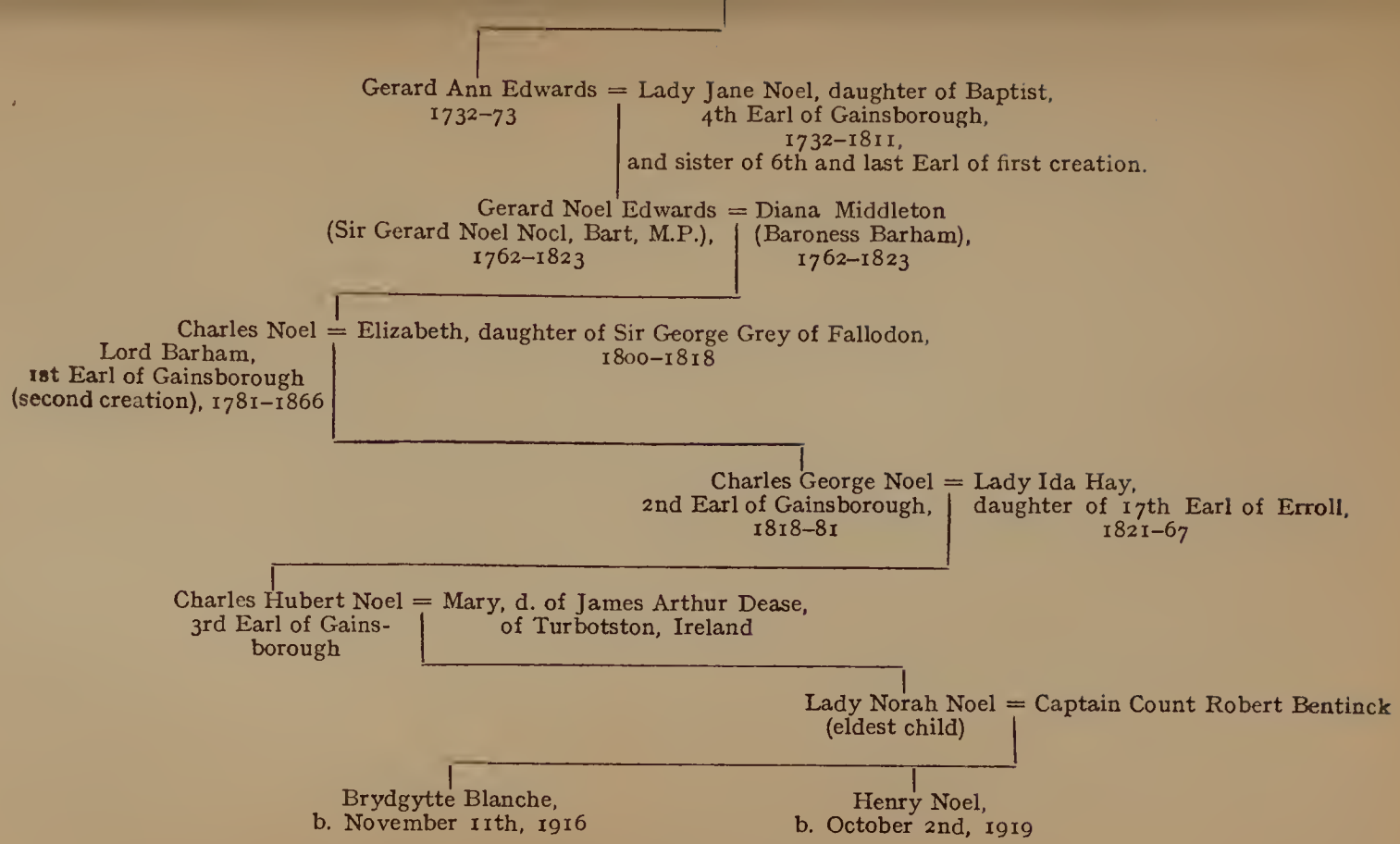
Anna Margaretta = Francis Edwards:

- Mary Edwards, ob. 1743, aged 38

4th Duke of Hamilton = Elizabeth, da. and sole heir of Digby, Lord Gerard

4th Duke of Hamilton = Elizabeth:

- [1] Lord Anne Hamilton, who married in 1742 (one year before the death of Mary Edwards) Miss Powell, from which union is descended the present Duke of Hamilton


Gerard Ann Edwards
1732–73
Lady Jane Noel, daughter of Baptist, 4th Earl of Gainsborough, 1732–1811, and sister of 6th and last Earl of first creation.
Gerard Noel Edwards (Sir Gerard Noel Nocl, Bart, M.P.), 1762–1823
Diana Middleton (Baroness Barham), 1762–1823
Charles Noel Lord Barham, 1st Earl of Gainsborough (second creation), 1781–1866
Elizabeth, daughter of Sir George Grey of Fallodon, 1800–1818
Charles George Noel 2nd Earl of Gainsborough, 1818–81
Lady Ida Hay, daughter of 17th Earl of Erroll, 1821–67
Charles Hubert Noel 3rd Earl of Gainsborough
Mary, d. of James Arthur Dease, of Turbotston, Ireland
Lady Norah Noel (eldest child)
Captain Count Robert Bentinck
Brydgytte Blanche, b. November 11th, 1916
Henry Noel, b. October 2nd, 1919

[1] A mysterious connection the precise character of which has baffled genealogists.

the subsequent events which form the strangest story in the Peerage and one, moreover, which has never been elucidated. Whether they ever went through a ceremony of marriage I do not know, although I am personally inclined to the belief that they did, for as Lord Anne took the name of Edwards and the arms of Edwards, and took the lady—who was, it will not be forgotten, the most famous heiress of the day—to Hamilton Palace as his wife, there is a strong case for a marriage proved by *habit and repute*, and which is usually considered to be evidence of a *marriage having occurred*. If any case were presented it would be tried upon the evidence which could be produced and a certain amount which must exist but appears to be unobtainable.

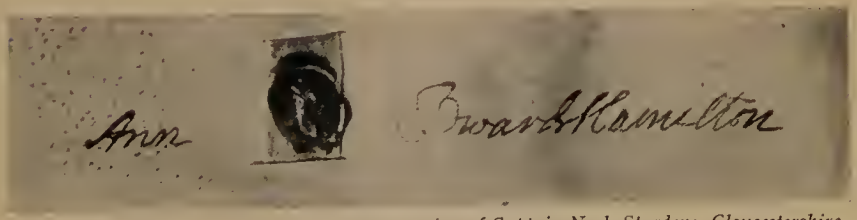
The first evidence is met with in 1731, when, by deed dated July 8th in that year, Mary Edwards gives to Lord Anne Hamilton certain property in Leicestershire. Shortly afterwards he and Mary Edwards were living together as man and wife. Mary always seems to have retained her maiden name. A child of two or three years old existed in 1734 when Hogarth painted Lord Anne, Mary Edwards, and their little boy.

The next evidence is that Lord Anne *took the surname and arms of Edwards*. An Act of Parliament was usually obtained in such cases, Royal licences not being then in vogue. He was a Scotsman, and at no period in that country has it been necessary to obtain authority for a change of surname; but he proceeded to obtain a grant of the arms, which is duly recorded in the College of Arms and can be seen. The arms of Edwards are granted to be borne "by him and the heirs of his body either single or quartered with his paternal and maternal arms." They are not limited to his heirs by Mary Edwards, but to the heirs of *his* body, and consequently the arms of the presently accepted Duke were really the arms of Edwards until a date within the last twenty-five years, when the late Duke[1] *rematriculated* his arms at Lyon Office.

Now, unless Lord Anne was the husband of Mary Edwards, it is inconceivable that he should have taken those two steps, for he would already have been in the position of (1) having ruined an unmarried girl, (2) accepted a gift of land from her during that period, and (3) lived upon the bounty of his mistress. Perhaps these things are not impossible and, for

[1] D. 1895.

LORD ANN HAMILTON, SECOND SON OF FOURTH DUKE OF HAMILTON.
" Husband " (?) of Mary Edwards, whose name and arms he took.



In possession of Captain Noel, Stardens, Gloucestershire.
SIGNATURE OF LORD ANN EDWARDS HAMILTON ON FAMILY DOCUMENTS.

the sake of argument, let us assume for the moment they are the facts. But is it possible to believe that he—remembering who he was—should have assumed the name and should have troubled to obtain a grant of the arms of his mistress? I can hardly think it. His banking account at the Bank of England was opened by him with Mary Edwards's money on September 22nd, 1733, in the name of Lord Anne Edwards-Hamilton, and the grant of the arms of Edwards to him was dated August 15th, 1733.

It is difficult to ascertain the exact date of the birth of their son, named Gerard Anne after his father and his father's mother who, as seen from letters, was always devoted to the child.

He was baptized March 28th, 1733, at the Church of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, as "Gerard Anne Edwards, son of Mrs. Mary Edwards of this parish, single woman," or as W. B. Maxwell would say, "spinster of this parish," and this is the first real evidence that something was radically wrong in this mysterious *ménage*.

As letters, deeds, and portraits show, the father of this child was publicly known in society as Lord Anne Edwards-Hamilton. The little family group was painted by Hogarth and other famous painters of the day, and subsequently this boy was on the most friendly terms with the Hamiltons and was one of the richest men in the land.

After his parents had quarrelled and settled to part company, a final separation appears in a deed dated May 1734.

The deed is executed by "Mary Edwards, spinster, and the Honorable Anne Hamilton, *alias* Anne Edwards Hamilton," and recites that—

"Whereas several differences and disputes have lately arisen among other things touching the right of the said Mary Edwards to Manors, etc., and touching the right of the said Lord Ann Hamilton in and to £1200 Bank Stock in the Bank of England transferred by the said Mary Edwards and now standing in the name of the said Lord Ann Hamilton and touching the right of the said Mary Edwards to £500 India Stock now standing in the name of the said Lord Ann Hamilton," etc., etc. The deed returns the property to Mary Edwards. On it Lord Ann signs his name, "Ann Edwards Hamilton."

Would those legal formalities have been necessary had there not been some form of marriage—clandestine perhaps—at the bottom of it all?

"Up to the date of Lord Hardwick's Act, 1754, a marriage by a priest of the Church of England *without either banns or licence* was valid and indissoluble. At one time these marriages were performed in the Fleet Chapel. The Fleet registers abound with well-known names. . . . In addition to these, weddings were celebrated in the Lawless Chapels, such as Dale Chapel Abbey and the Chapel of the Peak Forest. These exercised the right of marrying at once without banns or licence." [1]

The following extract from a *Times* of 1922 is interesting as bearing very directly on the case under discussion.

"LAW IN PRACTICE—SCOTTISH MARRIAGES—THE CASE OF SHELLEY

"It may be said that there is no subject upon which the laws of England and Scotland differ so widely as that of marriage.

"There is, perhaps, a common ground on which these laws are based—namely, the importance of the contract. But the two countries have adopted different methods for emphasizing this fact. In England it is held that this importance necessitates the clearest evidence of the contract having been entered into, and accordingly regulations as to residence and ceremony, place of performance, and character of the performer have been laid down, and must be observed if the marriage is to be a valid one. In Scotland, on the other hand, the views seem to be that so serious an undertaking is not to be set aside by the want of some mere formality, but is valid if there is clear evidence of the mutual consent to become husband and wife. In Scotland, for example, it would seem monstrous that a flaw in a chapel licence could render a marriage null and void. Yet this has often happened in England. In short, England only acknowledges regular marriages; Scotland, at least ever since the Reformation, has also recognised irregular ones.

[1] *Parish Registers of England.*

"With Scotland lies all the romance, since, at least, Fleet marriages came to an end. How many a novelist has made use of Gretna Green; while Wilkie Collins has in his *Man and Wife* floundered into the intricacies of the law of 'Habit and Repute.' Gretna Green vanished for ever with the passing of Lord Brougham's Act in 1856, the effect of which has just been illustrated by the recent case of Winterbottom, decided the other day by Mr. Justice Hill. There is an incident in the life of the poet Shelley which bears a certain resemblance to that case. Shelley and Harriet Westbrook, in 1811, left England for Scotland with a view to marriage. Being both legal infants, parental consents were requisite, which would not have been given. But they did not stop, like other lovers of that day, at Gretna Green. They went to Edinburgh and sought a regular marriage. They attended before a certain Reverend Joseph Robertson, a minister of the Church of Scotland. For such a marriage residence and proclamation of banns were necessary, and there had been neither. Nevertheless a certificate was some way or other produced to the effect that there had been both, and they were married. Robertson was afterwards convicted in the Criminal Court, banished from Scotland, and deprived of his orders. But this seems to have been because of subsequent irregularities. The Shelleys' marriage, although irregular as regards church law, was, of course, valid by that of Scotland, as there was a clear exchange of consent.

"The recent case of Winterbottom, so fully reported in *The Times*, is, of course, the direct outcome of Lord Brougham's Act. Prior to 1856 there could have been no doubt as to the validity of the marriage. It was that statute alone which called for evidence of previous residence. In Glasgow this kind of irregular marriage is very common, especially about the time of the Fair holidays. Popularly they are called marriages before the sheriff, and sometimes, even more absurdly, marriages by special licence. The sheriff does not marry the parties, who have already married themselves, and there are no marriage licences in Scotland."

Mary Edwards was well served by her legal advisers, and a vast mass of deeds, leases, agreements, and so on testify to the magnitude of their task. The aim of her life was to keep her possessions together; to transmit them undimin-

ished to her son, and to ensure their passing intact to his descendants.

She made her will on April 13th, 1742, entailing her property to her son, then a boy of ten, and his heirs, if any, failing whom it was to go to John Mitford, eldest son of William Mitford, who had married her first cousin Margaret, sister to William Edwards, Treasurer of the New River Company, who had died unmarried in 1737, her nearest relations in blood, and, indeed, the only persons of Edwards blood left.

The Edwards-Hamilton *ménage* and their baby were always welcome at the Hamilton houses, and here is a letter from Gerard Anne—their son—to his wife Lady Jane Edwards (born Noel).

" KNIGHTSBRIDGE, *June 24th*, 1760.

" Had my Grandmama's chariot and called on Lady Catherine Noel Lady Charlotte Edwin [his aunt, Lord Anne's sister], Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Robert Manners and the Duke of Montrose."

" Grandmama " was the Duchess of Hamilton, who, according to family letters, etc., was devoted to this grandson, and one gathers that as a child he must have lived much with her, for his own mother died when he was ten, having recovered her property from Lord Anne and taken everything into her own hands again ; his maternal grandmother died before his own mother, and his father had married again before the death of Mary Edwards, so, without the love of his Hamilton grandmother, he would have been a very forlorn little boy.

The legitimacy of Gerard Anne Edwards has been tried in a Chancery action, in which the heir-at-law of Mary Edwards tried to upset her will, presuming Gerard to be illegitimate. The will was upheld, but apparently it was admitted that under English law and for succession to property *in England* Gerard Anne was illegitimate ; but his legitimacy under Scottish law and for the purpose of Scottish succession had never mattered until 1895, when the late Duke of Hamilton died.

In the *Court Journal*, November 17th, 1900, the following appeared :

" The Duke of Hamilton has applied to the Scottish

Courts for leave to disentail the lands in Linlithgowshire that he inherited with the ducal title."

In 1895, in order to find the right male heir to the dukedom, it was necessary to go back to Lord Anne, the unheroic hero of the drama of Mary Edwards.

After his *legal* separation from his first love and *before* her death, which occurred in 1743, this odd man married again, and *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1742 refers to the marriage—without mentioning a date—of

"Lord Anne Hamilton, brother to the Duke of Hamilton, to Miss Powell with £30,000."

As usual, the insatiable creature sought for gold!

No Peerage quotes the exact date or place of the marriage, and it is said that no licence can be found for it.

Their eldest son, born 1746, died without male issue, and their second son, born 1747, was the great-great-grandfather of the present [1] accepted holder.

Now, what was the reason, one wonders, for this extraordinary story?

Lord Anne was a notorious spendthrift and the Married Women's Property Act did not then exist.

He was a great gallant, and as attractive and good-looking as Mary Edwards was rich and tenacious.

I gather that he must have fascinated her at first, but soon his unceasing demands upon her purse led to disputes. *As his wife*, her fortune was *his—not his wife*, her fortune was *hers*. She was no longer a girl, but a woman of spirit and determination; unconventional and indifferent to the opinion of the world. She was, moreover, the mother of an adored little son, the future owner of a fortune which she saw her wasteful husband frittering to the winds. Words and beseechings were no use, so she cast about for another means of defence, and she hit upon a remarkable one, effective but two-edged. She resolved upon the bold course already referred to of having her son christened as the son of a spinster. A little later we come across the deed dated May 22nd, 1734, between Mary Edwards, Spinster, and the Hon. Anne Hamilton, Esq., called Lord Anne Hamilton, *alias* Anne Edwards-Hamilton already referred to.

[1] 1923.

The maintaining intact for her son of her immense fortune seems to have been the ruling motive of her life. To efface any evidence of a marriage would be easy. The records of such marriages are imperfect, irregular, unreliable, and the registers, if the Fleet Chaplain kept any, were private property. Their custodians were lax, generally complaisant, sometimes venal, and she had plenty of money. Even in our days of advanced morality, tampering with Church registers is not unknown. Her resolution was bold for an eighteenth-century dame whose characteristics are said to have been vapourings and a childish terror of mice—but perhaps it was her Dutch blood which caused her to be so pugnacious.

She never remarried. The case remains a mystery. Could there have been some insuperable obstacle to their marriage? This seems highly improbable; he was thirty and she twenty-six, and *his family were in great favour of the marriage*. Her position was considerably higher than that of his subsequent wife, Miss Powell, and there seems no conceivable reason why they *should not* have married, and every reason why they *should*.

Notwithstanding Lord Anne's glaring vagaries, Mary was doubtless a peculiar woman and had, so tradition says, an extremely quick temper. If the alliance of 1731 were proved to be a marriage in Scotland—no legal proof to the contrary ever having been forthcoming—the descendants of Lord Anne's "marriage" with Miss Powell would have to give place—in the Scottish titles and inheritance—to the direct descendants of Lord Anne's first love, who is now represented in the person of the Earl of Gainsborough, head of the Noel family.

The reason for this is that Gerard Ann Edwards, son of the two characters in this extraordinary drama—for it must indeed have been such—married Lady Jane Noel, and their son Gerard was my great-great-grandfather.

Here is a bit of Gerard Ann Edwards's first love letter to Jane Noel. She was seventeen and he four years older.

"Bow Church Yard, Cheapside,
February 23rd, 1750.

". . . Could I flatter myself that you could give me one kind thought it would mitigate in some measure the uneasiness of mind I have laboured under when I reflect on the

opportunity lost of telling dear Lady Jenny that I have long languished in secret to disclose my passion for her. But believe me, Madam, I was so great a stranger in love affairs till I had the pleasure of knowing your agreeable person, and the thoughts of parting with all my soul holds dear made me incapable of telling you how much I loved you before I left Exton. . . ."

Out of this stilted and conventional epistle of the period the few last words gleam like a little ray of hot sunshine.

CHAPTER IV

SIR GERARD AND LADY BARHAM

Lady Jane Edwards—Her son Gerard Noel Noel—Marriage of Sir Gerard Noel with Lady Barham—Her father was Sir Charles Middleton, First Lord of the Admiralty at the time of Battle of Trafalgar—Was created Lord Barham—His only child, Diana, inherited his title—Her son Charles inherited it—He was recreated Lord Gainsborough in 1841—Evangelical propensities inherited from his mother—No dancing or card-playing on Sundays—Sir Gerard's extravagance—His large family—His house at Exton destroyed by fire—Built the present house—Equipped "Rutland Fencibles" during Napoleon's Wars—"Soyez aimable, et vous serez aimé"—"Tigers in the morning, dormice at night"—What is British aristocracy?—"A rose by any other name . . ."—Are we Hamiltons or Edwards or Noels?—Breeding—Sir Gerard and Pitt—Their enmity.

In Exton Park there stands an exquisite little castellated house built in softest greystone and covered with yellow lichen. Often peacocks preen themselves upon its balustrades, and its delicate beauties are reflected in a large lake which lies in a hollow amongst the surrounding trees. It is called "Fort Henry," and is the happy playground during the summer months of trippers from Leicester, Peterborough, Stamford, Uppingham, and Nottingham.

It was built by Henry, 6th and last Earl of Gainsborough. Lady Jane Edwards was his eldest married sister, and he adopted her only son Gerard—one of the richest boys in England—as his sole heir. It was estimated that the fortune he inherited was £1,000,000 in money and £1,000,000 in land. Young Gerard's father had died when he was fourteen, and now at his uncle Gainsborough's death he assumed the arms and took the name of Noel. Later he succeeded to his father-in-law's baronetcy, he having married in 1780 Diana, only child of Sir Charles Middleton, who, as First Lord of the Admiralty at the time of the Battle of Trafalgar, was raised to the Peerage in 1805 as Baron Barham, and in default of heirs male the dignity of Baroness to devolve upon his daughter Diana Noel, and her heirs male to be Barons.

The *Barham*, sister-ship to the *Queen Elizabeth*, was of course named after him, and I will have occasion to refer to

her launching during the war by my mother in another place.

Gerard Noel Edwards, henceforth to be known as Sir Gerard Noel Noel, was perhaps one of the most notorious men of the day. He was born in 1759 at Tickencote in Rutland, a village abutting on to the Great North Road not four miles from Exton, and died in 1838. He had eighteen children and was M.P. for Rutland for fifty years. When poor Diana died in 1823, worn out, one supposes, as a result, he married again and yet again! He died at the age of eighty-one, having been sixty-six when the youngest child—a boy—was born. Long before his death, however, poor Lady Barham retired to Fairy Hill in Glamorganshire as a protest against the habits and customs of her lord and master, which, it seems, partook largely of the nature of the Hanoverian Kings of England. As a contrast to his mode of life she brought up all their children on strictly Evangelical lines and married most of her daughters to Welsh clergymen of that persuasion. She died in 1823.

As the granddaughter of Lord Gambier—well known for his Evangelical activities—she had drunk deeply at that well, and it was through her blood and influence that the nineteenth-century Noels became so zealous in that cause, with the exception, of course, of my father. Nevertheless the blood did tell, for—although a Catholic—he never liked card-playing on Sundays nor the modern "week-end" party, entailing, as it does, so much extra work. He would also never send carriages out on Sunday for the same reason, nor allow dancing on Sunday evenings.

Some argue that what is not wrong on Monday is not wrong on Sunday, but I am certain that my father never held such amusements to be wrong when indulged in on Sundays, nor did he think that they necessarily made the Sabbath unholy. It was chiefly, I think, because he thought it gave bad example and also entailed unnecessary work for the servants, whose free day it should be as much as possible.

In order to meet his current expenses, Sir Gerard had several sales at Exton, of which accounts exist, showing the numbers of beautiful things he sold—dinner and dessert services of priceless china, gold dinner services, pictures, and any number of thoroughbred horses.

Notwithstanding his many faults, he was a fascinating

man. His folly was extreme, his extravagance hopeless, and although the fortunes and lands he inherited from his father and uncle were immense, he dissipated the larger part of them. He was adored by the farmers, tenants, and labourers on his estate, and was a kind and generous though very eccentric relation.

He inherited property in Kensington and Hackney, three London houses, Barham Court in Kent, the Manor of Charles near Dartford, Ketton, Exton, Cottesmore Hall and Catmose in Rutland, Campden in Gloucestershire, Middleton and Moxhull Park. Of these there remain to-day of houses only Exton and Cottesmore Hall and Catmose, which last belongs to my cousin Henry Noel.

He was a delightful companion, gay and amusing. He hated bores and being bored. He spent lavishly upon his own pleasures, yet was at the same time a great public benefactor and employed an enormous amount of labour. He was also a great patriot, and raised and equipped at his own expense a corps of Rutland men which he called the "Rutland Fencibles," who were intended to withstand the loving designs upon English shores of Napoleon's troops. The French in those days were much feared by England. There are three enormous portraits of Sir Gerard in the uniform of Colonel of those Fencibles; one at Exton by Sir William Beechey, one at Campden by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and one at Oakham Town Hall. Nollekens carved him as a child and Tilly Kettle limned him as a boy. He is also a prominent figure in the picture by Sir George Hayter now in the National Portrait Gallery of the interior of the old House of Commons during the moving of the Address to the Crown at the meeting of the first Reformed Parliament in 1835.

In a letter to him in 1748 when at Mrs. Young's house at Eton, aged eleven, his father amongst other exhortations begged him "always act and live so that you may be able to hold a pleasing and satisfactory conversation with your own mind. The most happy height one can arrive at in this world is to be able to *look* into ourselves, to *please* our own selves. As you advance to manhood really *grow a man* by striving in all your actions to answer the end for which you was created. Despise and loathe all vice; it is derogatory to that great and glorious character ascribed to sincere and worthy Christians."

From a picture at Exton.

CHARLES MIDDLETON, BARON BARHAM, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY AT THE TIME OF TRAFALGAR.

The original of this is on H.M.S. *Barham*, and went through the battle of Jutland without being hit.

Three years later, when he was fourteen, his mother writes to tell him that his father is sending him £100 by Mr. Beach the Steward.

When he was twenty-four and the father of a little boy (my great-grandfather), there is a letter to him from his mother addressed—

"À Monsieur Edwards, Gentilhomme Anglais, Poste Restant à Strasbourg,"

in which she speaks of her love for France.

She says: "You are to see my intended place of self-banishment whenever Republicanism drives me from my native land—I mean Nancy in Lorraine."

So even 150 years ago people feared that ever-looming bogey, which, however, never seems to arrive.

Later he writes thus from Brighton:

"From Mr. Edwards to his sister.

"Cricket in the day and at home all the evening has been hitherto my diversion of time except Monday's ball and the following Wednesday the Prince of Wales [1] gave a cricket match and a dinner on the grounds and a ball and supper at the rooms. . . . Mrs. Edwards had never heard Mrs. Sheridan before. . . . Mrs. Sheridan began with pious orgies, and then Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Sheridan, and the Prince sang, "Sigh no more, Ladies." . . . My four boys are delighted with the place and the freedom with which the Prince and the Duke of York speak to them, and their impudence in answering is not much less amusing to their Royal Highnesses."

In a letter to his mother from Savoy he describes a meal he and his wife had at an inn on the Rhone. It sounds so delicious, even after a century and a half, I feel I must give the menu:

"A nice vermicelli soup, fish (des soles), a roast chicken, cherry tart and cream cheese. It is very hot. I travel in a flannel jacket like a rowing one, have a little short cloak and a great coat without skirts, a pair of linen boots, without

[1] Prince Regent.

to draw on over my shoes, a little bag for my hair, and a white hat."

That he had very marked ideas on feminine behaviour is shown by a letter to his sister Sophy :

" ' You think ' too much for a young girl and ' don't think '—' No, I don't think ' that deepens the voice, is dictatorial and forbidding. Better by far is the mode of the question, ' It is so, is it not ? ' ' Don't you think so ? ' These expressions raise the voice to a sweeter tone, lift the eyes for an answer, and give a more feminine and graceful air to the person and manners. . . .

" You are apt to be too loud in the beginning and too inarticulate at the end of a sentence—do not coin words, but use those which are already made. Do not be pedantic. To excite opinions and ideas is the ' fort ' of conversation. Historical facts (by which I mean news of the day) is as much in the power (and more) of your servants and is indeed in general derived from them."

When he was forty-one he wrote to his eldest son, Charles Noel, a schoolboy, thus :

" Write me some fun and put any odd comical thoughts which may enter your head sometimes into as gay language as you can, for to joke well is very useful and entertaining. I find your letters rather more dull and without variety than they should be in order to please. Many of the best and most clever books are the collected observations of learned and agreeable men who have taken pains when they were boys not older than you *to exercise their thoughts as well as their legs and arm* . . . I don't mind if you write me nonsense sometimes so that you write a good racy thing and such stories as have made you and your brothers laugh. . . . In all your improvements remember always to be pleased. . . . The French have a saying, ' Soyez aimable, et vous serez aimé.' I hope that you will have a little French and a little German too when you return."

And when he was fifty he wrote to one of his daughters, who had apparently been having flirtations at Bath :

" Well, I hope that you will recollect that a young man is not continually paying visits for nothing. I under-

stand that he was very frequently at No. 3. Let me advise if such a thing happens again and 'you do not care to be corted' to keep out of the way. My private opinion is that you have too much capacity to be satisfied with sitting at home and cutting out shifts for your children, but if you get as good a husband as I am, I will not complain of your choice. . . . I hope you keep your ancles tight and your feet pointed when you dance; by the way I heard you was in danger from another person, a great stropping fellow; you seem to disturb the peace of the Bath bucks."

Emma—one of his daughters—married a neighbour at Exton, Stafford O'Brien of Blatherwycke Park, Northampton, who was a hunting squire, and she writes this melancholy little note to her brother Leland Noel at Cambridge:

". . . My world is a shooting or a hunting party; tigers in the morning—dormice in the evening: these are they that make me woebegone because I have not one to say a word to."

Poor little Emma O'Brien, and you described them well, for they are still the same in Rutland in this year of grace 1923 as they were 120 years ago. Tigers in the morning, dormice at night!

When Lady Jane Edwards died in 1811 the newspapers state that she lay in state at Ketton for seven days and that 3,000 people came to see her. The funeral procession hence by Uppingham to Welham (the home of the Edwards in Leicestershire), sixteen miles, was composed of mutes, horsemen, and pages, the state lid of black ostrich feathers, the hearse with six horses richly dressed with feathers, velvets, escutcheons, streamers, pendants, schaffroons, followed by 300 mounted tenants with gloves, scarves, and hat-bands.

Sir Gerard died in 1838 and was succeeded by my great-grandfather, who was recreated Earl of Gainsborough. And so it will be seen that there is truth in Mr. Russell's article called "The Peerage."[1]

In this amusingly scathing criticism of the English Peerage this grandson of a peer tells us that there is no

[1] *Collections and Recollections.*

such thing as English aristocracy. The Duke of Bedford (he says) descends from a fishmonger, the Duke of Devonshire from a body-servant of Cardinal Wolsey. The levity of Charles II accounts for the Dukedoms of Grafton, Richmond, and St. Albans. The Duke of Beaufort represents a doubly bar-sinistered descent from John of Gaunt, and that of Buccleuch came in the male line from the ill-fated Monmouth, Charles II's illegitimate son. The Earldom of Munster was created for a son of Mrs. Jordan and William IV. Mr. Horace Round has proved that the Fieldings are no relation to the Hapsburgs (who themselves ceased to exist in the person of Maria-Theresa nearly 150 years ago, although the descendants of Francis, Duke of Lorraine, her husband, continued to claim the name until the present day). Etymologists tell us that Howard is Hogward and that the ancestor of the Dukes of Norfolk was rather like Gurth the swineherd in *Ivanhoe*. But if Lord Anne Hamilton married Mary Edwards, their son's name would naturally have been Douglas-Hamilton. If he did *not* marry her in *any* way, then there is no more reason why one woman's name should be given to the descendants than another, and Gerard Ann Edwards, son of Lord Anne, never assumed the name of Edwards, whereas his son Gerard definitely and legally assumed the name of Noel.

After all, " a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and " when Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman ? "

What, after all, is aristocracy ? A modern conception of it means wealth, titles, and social influence ; but surely it means something far more than this. It means a plucky endurance of pain and annoyance, a cheery stoicism, an unfailing because a natural courtesy, a chivalry which is an inborn enthusiasm for the rights of the weak and a carelessness of all profit and advancement. *Noblesse oblige*, and the feeling that possesses men of great station with great names to place all that they have at the service of the unpopular causes. The word " nobleman " has fallen into ridicule, but it means a " noble " man, a chivalrous, a courteous one ; *gentleman* originally meant a " gentle " man, and Hugh Latimer, four hundred years ago, mourned " that there were so many gentlemen and so little gentleness."

In the possession of Major Henry Noel, Catmose.

CHAIR IN WHICH THE RUTLAND MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT WERE CARRIED.

It was last used for my great-uncle, the Right Hon. Gerard Noel.

From a picture at Oakham presented to the Town by himself.

SIR GERARD NOEL, BART., M.P. FOR RUTLAND FOR 50 YEARS.

Born 1759; died 1838. My great-great-grandfather.

Nevertheless there must be something in breeding, for you cannot get a " Derby " winner from a cart-mare nor a well-bred Clydesdale from a common sire. There is an inexplicable " something " which makes the well-bred racehorse gallop till death and the well-bred carthorse pull till he drops. I do not decry breeding : I admire it ; but to be worth anything it should be coupled with an ever-present gentle courtesy of heart as well as manner, and a spontaneous chivalry without which the aristocrat by birth is no true aristo.

Endless stories are told of Sir Gerard among the people in Rutland, where his memory is fabulous. It seems that he inherited his grandfather Lord Anne's wasteful characteristics, and a favourite pastime of his was to throw gold to the village children for the pleasure of seeing them scramble for it. When driving back from London to Exton—just on a hundred miles—he would cause all the church bells to be rung in the villages through which he passed, scattering " largesse " broadcast from the carriage. For some obscure reason he hated Pitt, although the rest of his family were amongst that statesman's best friends—perhaps that was why.

Gerard's sisters relate :

" . . . Papa and I were at the play on Monday. Mrs. Pitt procured with great difficulty the stage box at Drury Lane. The young Roscius must be seen to be conceived. He is about as tall as Frederick, has a round face, fair and well made, not completely pretty, but has a most engaging countenance . . . those who remember Garrick say they never saw so perfect an actor as this boy. Mrs. Pitt, Mr. Pitt, Sophia, Lord Rivers, Lord Digby, Lord George Cavendish and ourselves made the party."

It was mooted that the extinct Gainsborough peerage should be recreated in his (Sir Gerard's) person. The story goes that Gerard met Pitt as he was going into the House of Commons to vote on a division. Said Pitt, " Well, Sir Gerard, this is the last time that we shall be indebted to *you* for your vote," he having at the identical moment the patent of his enemy's Earldom under his arm, which he was taking to the King to be signed. " Indeed," quoth the other, irritated as he always was by everything Pitt said or did

" I'll be d——d if I'll give you my vote," and he recorded it on the other side. The story goes on to say that Pitt tore the patent in two. Anyhow the Earldom was not given to Sir Gerard, but to his eldest son Charles Noel, my great-grandfather.

Here is the official version of the above.

" During the convulsing period of the Reform controversy a list of supporters of the Government who could be made Peers without adding permanently to the House of Lords was compiled. The name of Sir Gerard figures among them, his son being already Lord Barham, which he had inherited from his mother ; but the crisis passed." Sir Gerard remained " Sir Gerard " !

CHAPTER V

MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S FOUR WIVES

Sir Gerard and French spies—Sir Gerard Noel and Sir William Lowther —Elizabeth Grey of Fallodon—My step-great-grandmother and Queen Victoria—Strict religious views of the former—My great-grandfather at Elba with Napoleon—"Frances-Anne," Marchioness of Londonderry—Victoria Noel, bridesmaid to Princess Royal and Crown Prince of Prussia.

DURING the days of Pitt and Napoleon the country was said to have been as alive with French spies as we were told it was with German ones in 1914.

Pitt was having a great case against one of these, and Sir Gerard for some curious reason—presumably to annoy Pitt—took up the case in favour of the Frenchman. He retained the best legal advice obtainable and spent money recklessly. He won the case. The next day he was seen walking down the Mall—he was very tall and slender, a most noticeable figure—with only one tail to his coat. When asked why, his answer was that the d——d spy case had cost him such a lot of money (£70,000) that he could only afford one tail.

Another time his eccentricity showed itself in a different form.

In 1805 he let Cottesmore Hall to Sir William Lowther (1st Lord Lonsdale), who kept it till his death in 1844, when Sir Richard Sutton—a subsequent Master of the Cottesmore Hounds—rented it, and later Sir John Trollope, M.P., lived there.

Sir Gerard Noel did not love Sir William Lowther, and—so the story runs—asked him not to drive to Stamford Fair, as was his wont, through a private road of his, which, however, cut off a good bit of Sir William's route. Ignoring Sir Gerard's request, the Sieur of Lonsdale continued, however, to do it, and Sir Gerard, seeing a midland fog descending on the landscape soon after the coach-and-four had driven through, rubbed his hands in glee, for a childishly foolish thought had presented itself to his odd mind. Collecting every available workman about the place, he got

them to build up a high strong wall across the road, and that night, when my lord returned in jolly mood, and servants hanging on behind, blowing blasts that would waken the dead—slap-bang! and the whole "equipage" was into the wall.

> Were those the good old days?
> Our fathers and their noble ways?
> Their quiet homes, their ordered days (?)

Although in the House of Commons for fifty years, he did not often make speeches—in fact, he is only reported eight times in Hansard, the occasions being: (1) The Duke of Cumberland's Establishment Bill (1815); (2) Petition of Mr. Pearson *re* a discovery for a cure for scrofula (1815); (3) Petition against Property Tax; (4) Persecutions of Protestants in France, 1816; (5) Corn Laws (Rutland Petition), 1819; (6) Friendly and Parochial Benefits Society; (7) Bill of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline, 1820; (8) Petition of Olive (styling herself) Princess of Cumberland.

Like many of the Noels, Sir Gerard's eldest son, Charles, 1st Earl of the 2nd creation, was a much-married man. He had four wives: (1) Elizabeth Welman, who had no children. (2) Elizabeth Grey (sister of Sir George Grey of Fallodon, who was Home Secretary and great-aunt to the present Lord Grey of Fallodon.) She was only seventeen and he over fifty when they married. This beautiful little creature died the year after in giving birth to my grandfather. (3) Arabella Hamlyn-Williams, who had two sons and two daughters: (i) Gerard, who married Lady Augusta Lowther, aunt to the present Lord Lonsdale. (ii) Henry, who married his cousin Emily Noel, daughter of the Baptist preacher, Baptist Noel, and had several children, of whom Tom, the eldest, married Edith Byron, and whose eldest son John was in the Yorkshire Light Infantry and a prisoner practically during the whole war in Germany. He was amongst those who went to The Hague in 1917 and was under the care of my brother-in-law, Baron Alexander van Heeckeren van Kell, who was appointed to be commandant of the English contingent of prisoners of war in Holland. (iii) Louisa, who married Sir Andrew Agnew of Locknaw, father, amongst others, of the present Sir Noel Agnew, Colonel Quentin Agnew, one of the King's Gentlemen-at-Arms, the

ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF SIR GEORGE GREY OF FALLODON, BART., AGED 18.

My bewitching great-grandmother. She died, aged 18, in giving birth to my grandfather.

MY BROTHER ROBERT IN THEATRICALS AT CAMBRIDGE.

Died of illness in B.E.A. during the Great War (1914–18).

late Lady Kinnaird, and the late Lady Drummond of Hawthornden, whose first husband was Mr. Harry Clifton of Lytham, in Lancashire. (iv) Catherine, who married Lord Southesk (then Sir James Carnegie), and was grandmother of Lord Carnegie,[1] who married Princess Maud of Fife.

My great-grandfather's fourth wife was Lady Fanny Jocelyn, Lord Roden's daughter—very beautiful and deeply religious. She was Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and the story is well known that she felt it her duty to beg to be excused from travelling from Scotland to London on Sunday with the Queen. The Prince Consort—so Colonel Kingscote told me, lunching in 1916 at Berkeley Castle before the death of Lord Fitz-Hardinge—came to her room to tell her of the Queen's wish and my step-great-grandmother was forced to tell him of her views. Later these were again foremost when they were in Paris during the Second Empire, and had to refuse twice to dine at the Tuileries, as both invitations were for Sunday.

This is a letter my great-grandfather wrote to his brother Leland, who was more latterly the clergyman at Exton :

"FLORENCE, *February 27th*, 1815.

" . . . Last week I was in Elba and had a private audience of Napoleon ; he talked very pleasantly, but I had no opportunity of saying anything on the great subject which would make him happier even at Elba than ever he was on the throne of France. [My great-grandfather was an ardent Low Churchman.] Poor fellow ! he is sick of his life, which I believe he is writing,[2] and says he is dead. . . . While alone with this singular man in a small room, I was struck by the contrast to the scene in which I had last beheld him in the midst of his Marshalls of France and all shining in the beams of victory. How vain is human happiness—let us seek a crown which is unfading and so be with Jesus for ever.

" Your affec'ate brother,
" CHARLES."

He and his fourth wife had two children, Roden and Victoria. In a letter written to a cousin from Paris the latter thus describes Napoleon III :

[1] 1923.

[2] I do not know of it.

"Very ugly indeed with small green eyes, and a moustache that sticks out like two enormous black pins at the sides." [1]

She had to tell him that they never went to the theatre, on his asking her about the plays she had seen. She describes the Prince Imperial as "a nice little fellow, decidedly like the pictures of his uncle, with large solemn light blue eyes and called 'my precious king' by his English nurse." She tells of a big dinner-party during which the Empress balanced a plate upon her head and was reproved from the other end of the table by a gravely spoken "Eugénie!" (He always pronounced her name as though written ügenie.) Later they paid a visit to the Imperial couple in the summer of 1858 at Fontainebleau. They were asked for six days, but stayed three, as her father was not well. Some of the guests were Mme de Montijo, the Walewskis, the de Mornys, Moquard (Napoleon III's secretary), and the de Persignys—he had been French Ambassador in London and told Lady Gainsborough that "votre fille a un petit cœur bien sérieux."

Aunt Victoria's upbringing was certainly on the serious side, and her mother, although so much at Court on account of being with the Queen, declined—like the rest of the Evangelical world—all balls and theatre-going.

She was connected through her sister-in-law, Lady Jocelyn, with Lord and Lady Palmerston:

Hat der Teufel einen Sohn
Ist es sicher Palmerston;

and her eldest sister, the widow of Lord Powerscourt, had married secondly Lord Londonderry, who was stepson to the famous "Frances Anne," Lady Londonderry. She was the daughter of Sir Henry Vane Tempest and Lady Antrim, and through her mother had the rank of an Earl's daughter. She was the mother of the 5th Lord Londonderry and quite a renowned personality in her day. My great-aunt describes her thus at one of her concert parties:

"Frances Anne was all over jewels from top to toe, a ring on every finger, enormous diamond necklace round her neck, and a belt of pearls round her waist. You may imagine

[1] *Lady Victoria Buxton*, a Memoir, by G. W. E. Russell.

From a photograph at Exton.

BRIDESMAIDS OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND AT HER MARRIAGE WITH THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, FATHER OF WILLIAM II OF GERMANY.

Names reading from left to right: (1) Cecilia Molyneux, (2) Victoria Noel (my great-aunt), (3) Constance Villiers, (4) Susan Murray, (5) Emma Stanley, (6) Katherine Hamilton, (7) Cecilia Gordon-Lennox, (8) Susan Pelham-Clinton.

how ludicrous she looked. The other night, when she gave a ball, I'm told she sat on a throne and the band played ' God save the Queen ' as she walked out ! "

At the close of the year 1857 the Queen appointed Victoria Noel one of the bridesmaids to the Princess Royal, who was married on February 25th, 1858, to the Crown Prince of Prussia and became the mother of the ex-Emperor William II.

Just before the wedding she writes to her cousin " Dody " Stuart, daughter of the Rector of Cottesmore, near Exton :

" Last night we went to a small party at the Palace, such pretty music, singing glees and English songs. The Queen was very kind, and so was the dear Princess. . . .

" . . . She is so young (only seventeen) to go out into a foreign country. Oh that she may be kept trusting in and loving that blessed Saviour Who died that she might live. . . . This afternoon we [the bridesmaids] went to try on our wreaths at Lady Abercorn's."

CHAPTER VI

WHAT IS TRUE ARISTOCRACY?

Charles Bentinck, my brother-in-law—The late Sir Mark Sykes—Noel and Charlie Buxton—Pacifists, Quakers, Christians, and d—— Bolshevists—The late Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower—Religious sects in England—Ritz Hotel—House of Commons—Reformers—Tired women—Are they machines?—The love of a "lord"—Creation of titles no worse now than in Pitt's day—Description of "Aunt Victoria"—The late Roden Noel, poet and philosopher—His brave modern mind—His poetry—England and America.

AUNT VICTORIA married Sir Fowell Buxton in 1862 and had a numerous family. Her eldest son Victor's only daughter Lucy married in 1922 my brother-in-law Charles Bentinck, who is in the Diplomatic Service.

Since Sir Francis Lindley left Athens on the occasion of the murder of the Greek Generals, Charles has been "Chargé d'Affaires" there, and has played his rôle with dignity and discretion. In May 1923 the King conferred upon him the C.M.G.

My aunt's younger sons, Noel and Charlie, started life as pronounced Liberals, and since November 1922 have been in the House of Commons as ardent representatives of the Labour interest.

For many years Noel Buxton was greatly interested in the Balkans, and in a letter written to him in 1915 by the late Sir Mark Sykes, the latter said:

"In anything you may desire to do, I hope you will believe that I have now no prejudices as regards the Balkan States. . . . You represent, though you do not realise it, the great Gladstonian tradition in the Balkans. Your name means much, and I hope you will not be too retiring and continue to work on."

In 1914 both Noel and Charlie went on a political mission, with the object of preventing the adhesion of Bulgaria to the side of the Central Powers. (This was the country of

the gigantic man with the huge nose whom I saw so much discomfited by the snub administered to him in Vienna in 1911 by Adini Windisch-Graetz, and about which I will speak later.)

The mission failed, and in the attempt they were both shot at by a Turk, who was imprisoned for the act.

Charlie was shot through the lung and Noel through the jaw. Both had to go to hospital, and when they came out they obtained permission to visit the man in jail and inquired of him into the psychology of his action! On leaving his would-be murderer, Noel bequeathed him a coat, thinking that he might be feeling cold. He did indeed fulfil the Christian precept!

In these cousins of mine (and no other Buxtons are related to me) pacifist blood flows strongly.

Noels are not pacifists; Buxtons are not pacifists; but Noel-cum-Buxton of the first generation are so!

On their father's side they are descended from the great Quaker Mrs. Fry, who did not fear to invade the Courts of Napoleon I and the Emperor of Russia to plead at the very fountain-head in the cause of prison reform.

To certain mentalities all who are not "die-hards" are looked upon as "Bolshevists," usually preceded by the word which begins with a "d." Quaker blood has always definitely stood out against war, and heredity is very strong; yet notwithstanding their feelings, convictions, and sympathies, when the great conflict came the Buxtons shouldered the musket and ten of Aunt Victoria's grandsons fought in the Great War, two being killed. Charlie, better known as C. R. Buxton, was in the Devonshire Yeomanry 1909–1910, but was rejected for active service on account of heart weakness. Their great-grandfather was known as the "Emancipator."

Some there are who resent—if they possess it—Quaker ancestry and its traditions. But why? The Quakers are surely one of the finest and most Christ-like bodies of people in the world. Their work in the tragic parts of chaotic Europe passes belief, and they are indeed the angels of peace and goodwill. Those belonging to the Quakers can pass anywhere on the Continent to-day, unarmed, and certain that they will not be molested. Is not this a wonderful proof that they *are* what they *stand* for—lovers of peace and good citizenship; haters of strife and of bloodshed?

It also shows that the "*people*"—in no matter what country—will reach out gratefully and affectionately to any whom they see come among them with kindly friendship and goodwill. If men of a certain section in society join the Labour Party, they are called faithless to their "caste" and are often socially excommunicated for holding different opinions from those of their "set." Yet is it not perhaps this very thing which has given birth to the devastatingly dangerous cry of "class-warfare"?

If it is only deemed seemly that men and women should join that particular party which seems natural to their social standing, "class warfare" is certain to exist.

Why is it so perfect when one of the *hoc genus omne* joins the Conservative Party, and so terribly shocking when a fine-haired hidalgo throws in his lot with Labour?

In a charming monograph which appeared in *The Times* at the death of the late Lord Alastair Leveson-Gower, the writer remarked that all true aristocrats are democrats at heart. It is one of the truest things ever said, and is one of the real secrets of England's greatness—that and her island position and her quite extraordinary number of religious sects, from the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church and the Church of England down through the Quakers to Lady Huntingdon's Connection and Seventh Day Adventists. England's mind is not dead, my masters, and she is a hard nut to crack.

Wonderful, mysterious, grand, clever old England, who keeps the Ritz Hotel front-door closed on Sundays and the side-door open!

Personally, I do not fear Labour, and I have the greatest faith in the British working man; no body of people anywhere in the wide world has such profound and inborn good sense.

Is the House of Commons only a Valhalla, or is it what its name implies?

Some of the greatest torch-bearers in history came from the People, who, just because they *were* the People, heard very clearly the beating of the heart of the earth, and so perhaps were more fitted to blaze the trail for reforms, of which they themselves had experienced the burning, crying need.

So when ideals for great reforms are found in the mind and the heart of one born in the leisured class; when such

a one is willing to give up " prestige " for these convictions, it were ill of us did we not doff him the hat.

I have sometimes wondered whether it is possible for even the greatest and the most thoughtful of men really to understand the difficulties of the working woman? Although there are many more opportunities for amusement and diversion possible for her to-day than there were fifty years ago, I doubt whether she is sufficiently able to avail herself of them to make her realise that she is living in a period of great changes, and I am speaking now of the married woman living in a country village. For her the day's work seems endless, and when finished at night her only prospect is to begin all over again, and this is not only once or twice a week or a month, but every day, year in, year out, till the day of her death, unless, indeed, some rare stroke of luck come to change her circumstances.

Of course this is an age of improvements, and, till the invention of trains, none but the very richest persons could travel at all, and that only in their private coaches or later in the stage-coach.

Till about a hundred years ago it took twelve days to get from London to Edinburgh, and our grandfathers—those of them who happened to be rich men—could not cross London with anything like the ease and the pace which is possible for the poorest among us to-day.

Yet how often does one hear a work-woman remark with a whimsical smile that she sometimes thinks her husband believes her to be a machine and that she can go on for ever rising early day after day, whether the sun is shining in at the window or whether she has to grope, with fingers stiff from cold, for the matchbox in order to make a glimmer of light in the uninviting darkness of a foggy winter's morning? We are told that work is good. True it is. There is no fun like work, for it is educating, beneficial and enthralling, and there are few lives which are not pursuing some work all the time; but there is work and work, and how many women have said sadly to me, " Yes, work's all right, but I'd like to be able to stop just *sometimes*." This sort of work is drudgery, and the women of the labouring classes in agricultural districts have more real drudgery to do than the men.

In the villages nearly all the men have bicycles, while comparatively few of the older women have them. The cheapest of these cannot be got for much less than £8, and

the nearest town with good shops and cinemas is seldom nearer than four miles, and thus really too far to make a pleasant ride easy for the mother of a young family. After the chief stress of the work is over, and with the lack of easy opportunity, she at length seems to lose the energy to make any exertion to go from home, entailing as it does so much fatigue and worry. The life of the average labourer is far less monotonous than that of his wife. Much interest and movement attaches to the work of woodmen, carpenters, blacksmiths, grooms, shepherds, and builders. The study and knowledge of trees and the skill needed to succeed in the above-mentioned callings all tend to develop the man and take him "out of himself," so to speak. Following the plough is perhaps the most monotonous, yet it gave us Bobbie Burns! Men can be out all day, while the woman is never away from the tiny house, full of small children and the endless preparation of food, washing-up, and the washtub.

I have heard Members of Parliament bewailing the great public expenditure of the country and holding out as a mode for its reduction the promise to the working classes that the children shall not go to school so young! But going to school young is a boon to the working mother! Sympathetic and kind though a person may be, until they have themselves "lived the life" it is impossible that they should understand it with all its many difficulties. Thus the chief responsibility is always on the woman's shoulders. True it is that the man has to earn the money, and the tragedy now is that there is no work in so many places; but the country places are generally much happier in this respect than the towns, for, even when there is no work to be had, the rent, rates, and taxes are so extremely low that life is never the problem it is in the towns.

But, given that the money *is* earned, it is for the woman to make the most of it and to see that not a farthing is wasted and that there is always food on the table for the hungry wage-earner and the growing children, who come home ravenous from work, games, or school. The men provide the money, but it is for the woman to "make it do." Lincoln's neat saying that "you can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time," tempts one to use one of the lines in a slightly different way. For the sake of

the working woman it should be remembered that they can't "all of them work all the time," for there are times in their lives when they should have the modicum of work and the maximum of rest.

The House of Lords is a most heterogeneous conglomeration of humanity; the quaintest admixture of "grave old dodderers" and "gay young friskers"; in birth much varying, in mental capacity unequal. Though it has not yet become an "Assemblage of Notables," it is nevertheless the most representative assemblage of males in England, and a really popular institution. Who does not love a lord? The very word "hath a falling sound," and to many, very many among us the well-known song from Rutland Boughton's *Immortal Hour* would make a suitable hymn for morning and night use in England: "How beautiful they are, the lordly ones."

William Pitt applied himself largely to the task of swamping the older families and making the House of Lords—that supposed-to-be illustrious place—representative of wealth rather than of birth. In seven years he made eighty-five peers, and when he started to carry the Act of Union, he brought his total to 141. Did he out-strip the Coalitionists of 1918–1922?

Chemists, doctors, fishmongers, lawyers, merchants, soap-boilers, bankers, contractors, generals, brewers, admirals, loan-mongers who have financed wars, landowners, town-owners, cinema-owners, newspaper-owners, racehorse-owners, coal-owners, and some who own nothing—all find a place in that sedate Chamber.

But of all the 'cracies—Democracy, Plutocracy, Autocracy, Aristocracy, and Bureaucracy—it is the last one at whose door must lie the largest portion of the harm done in our day.

It gives me an elfin pleasure to know that my pretty great-aunt, with all her early-Victorian grace and dignity, her profound religious beliefs, and her natural good, warm, unaffected nature, should be the mother of two twentieth-century Labour Members of Parliament!

Though an invalid nearly all her life, she was ever the centre of her little world. She never grew old, she never "shut-up" her development, she was never "finished"; but, like some radiant ageless plant she put forth fresh shoots till she slipped out of our grasp.

Not all families are blest with such a mother and grandmother as she, who, in some indescribable way, was the pivot upon which all her circle revolved. It was because she " gave " and never " took " that her gracious influence was so great and so enduring.

No less an authority than Holy Scripture tells us that the " giver " is blessed. What greater power, what greater blessing, can a family boast than to have in its midst one like her to whom all can look with love, with trust, and with respect ? When I speak of " giving " I, of course, do not mean it in its material sense. A five-pound note is very nice, so is a ton of coal, or a diamond necklace ; but I speak of the *love* of the givers, whose greatest gift is a continuous outpouring of the best that they have within them, their unending sympathy, just and kindly criticism, praise when it is due, or a well-timed compliment, enthusiasm for, and a real interest in, the person who seeks the benison of their golden greatheartedness. It is of this kind of " giving " that I would like to sing the praises. Such a gift (or its opposite) is usually the perquisite of the older ones amongst us, and how rich can the harvest be of the man or woman who has reached the age of sixty, or again—how poor ! As the sower sows, so shall he reap, and nothing is so significant of a past life as its old age. What a joy, what an anchor, parents or grandparents can be when they have made themselves, by their radiant and generous personalities, the lifespring of their circle ? Always eager to know their childrens' friends, always interested in youth and its longings, its difficulties, its hopes and its fears. Always " giving-out "—sympathising, worldly-wise, discreet—not treating youth as a foolish thing of no account because it is dead to them ; for they can make themselves, on the contrary, the centre of youth and beloved by youth if they " give " and do not " take."

Let us visualise one from whose soft, silky greys and mauves comes the faintest perfume of roses as she moves, and in whose laces and lawn nestle unaudacious pearls. She is always to be found in the same place at the same time. Her chair is drawn near the fire in the winter or close to the sunny windows or the shade of trees in the summer. Near her a low table holds the newest and most-discussed books. Here she sits reading, working, writing, and thinking. Yes,

this woman has the time to sit and think. Here she sheds her warm and loving personality upon the many pilgrims, relations or otherwise, who are magnetically drawn to her by reason of what she is. As she sowed, so has she reaped, and these fruits are her harvest. Subtly she makes them talk of themselves, and chiefly the talk is of what they think rather than of what they have done, and what they and others have said. If they are glad, she rejoices; if they are sad, a tender, understanding sympathy goes out from her to them. "How are you?" her guests exclaim on entering this haven of peace, this backwater from the rush of their workaday world. Her answer is momentarily astonishing, perhaps a little disarming to strangers. Quickly her answer comes in a pellucid voice which has never yet lost the engaging lilt of its youth—"Don't let us talk about me. Anything else you like; but don't let us waste a minute of our precious time in talking about anything so dull and unprofitable and petty as my little illnesses." And so it is we tell our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows, our mistakes and successes. To her we can pour out our hearts because it is of us she is thinking and not of herself. She can listen sympathetically, speak wisely, and keep silence profoundly. Such a one can identify herself with the inmost interests of all her little circle without preaching or offering unsought advice, and thus, by the 'giving' of herself and by her love for and interest in youth, she keeps a place in the heart of youth.

It was like this that Aunt Victoria was. Bless her.

Her only brother Roden Noel was a poet, and such a poet that his work drew from a critic like John Addington Symonds the following eulogium:

"His poems have never yet received the attention he deserves. . . . Mr. Noel's poems are not exactly such as he who runs may read. He is what Goethe would have called 'an incommensurable man.' It is probable that they will not receive recognition till a Noel Society has been founded. By this I mean to place him in the same rank as Mr. Browning, who waited for his popularity until a band of students were enrolled to dedicate their time . . . to a study of . . . his labyrinthine thought. If this happens in the case of Mr. Noel, people will discover that an impassioned singer, a philosopher of marked originality, a tender-

hearted Christian and a *democrat* [1] *in the noblest sense of the word* has been appealing to them in words of wayward beauty and varied melody during more than a quarter of a century almost unheeded. . . . 'A Modern Faust' justifies this somewhat audacious prophecy. It is at once the most audacious and the most intelligible of Mr. Noel's poems—the purest in style, the widest in scope, the ripest in artistic execution, and the maturest in expression of its author's views. . . . It combines lyrical measures with the thorniest moral problems, and attempts a provisional solution of what most men regard as insoluble. Its theology —strongly tinged with mysticism and assuming the fundamental doctrine of spiritualism—is such as only a minority of thinkers can at present accept, . . . but the lyrics are so musical in their peculiar kind, the blank verse is so characteristic, the prose is so vigorous and packed with sense, the unrhymed metre is so well adapted to its purpose, that unprejudiced students will be forced to recognise a master's hand; and in a master it is assuredly a merit, not a defect, to have created a manner of his own. . . . We are compelled to admit that no poet of this century in England has more resolutely faced the riddle of the world."

"The universe appears to Mr. Noel like to Giordano Bruno, a God-penetrated unity. Nothing is real except spirit, and all is spirit. This does not make him a shallow or complacent optimist. No one has felt the world-pain, the agony of sin, the cruel curse of evil, more acutely. No pessimist, not Leopardi or James Thomson, has depicted what men and women suffer with such poignant realism and such tender sympathy. Some of his writings must be reckoned among the most sensuous and passionate productions of our literature. . . ."

Mr. Symonds describes the following as "the most exquisitely wrought and delicately tinted of his lyrics":

> . . . Then, with a fountain's delicate rain noises
> (A silver moss leaps plashing when it poises)
> I heard afar melodious young tones
> Of children, warbling limpid antiphons,
> Of singing children, sister answering brother,
> And flying, flying after one another.

[1] My italics.

FOUNTAIN SONG

1st Voice. "'Where is the rainbow?
Where may I find it?'
2nd Voice. 'In a Fountain falling
With the sun behind it!'
1st Voice. 'Where the flying silver
Falls loose, dishevelled?'
2nd Voice. 'At an airier fountain
Your look be levelled!'—
1st Voice. When gems enhancing
Aërial blue,
Are glimmering, glancing,
A delicate dew!'
2nd Voice. 'Come you, and show!
I never shall find!'
2nd Voice. 'Wait till he blow!
Ah! whims of the wind!'
1st Voice. 'Silent in airy dew
Playfully wafted,
Rainbow, the fairy, flew
Swift from the shafted
Watery column!
He will beguile
Old, over-solemn
Faces to smile!'
2nd Voice. 'Here, over the leafage
Glowing to golden,
Not for a moment
Will he be holden:
A glamour of glory
Over the trees!
Ever murmuring story,
Low melodies!'
1st Voice. 'Now he is laving
Clear in the pool!
Wavelets are waving
Delicate, cool!
He is all azure,
Purple and yellow,
Following pleasure,
Beautiful fellow!
Awhile appearing,
Now here, now there!
Vanishing, veering,
A Glendoveer!
Everywhere!'
2nd Voice. 'A bird who is washing
In a waterlily bath
A very fine flashing
Leaf-laver hath!
The young jet of joyance,
Clear with no colour,
Will yield all her buoyance
In a ruffling corolla,
Fall, a resolving
Soft silvery flower,
Woven water involving
Heaven-hues in a shower!

Deliciously dying is
Dear as the fleet
Swift thrill of flying
Morning to meet ! '

His " Ode to England " is so modern as to be absolutely topical and his gesture to America might be used by any present-day British statesman. I do not know the exact date of its writing, but surely not less than forty or fifty years ago.

Arm ! England, arm ! For all men point the finger
Toward thee with scorn they little care to veil:
" Doth not the mouldering hull of England linger
Upon her sea of gold with idle sail ?
Once she was other ! Once we shrank dismayed
Before the lightning of her baring blade ;
Once through the storm her ocean glory burst,
She, stormy-petrel, she the ocean-nurst,
Upon her foes, who pale beneath the stream
Of her bright ensign, like Aurora, gleam
Over foam-billows bounding wild: hurrah !
England is drowsier than at Trafalgar ! "

Arm ! England, arm ! The halcyon hour must wait
When Love and Righteousness shall vanquish Hate.[1]
Jesus of old was royal hailed in scorn :
Now the World crowns Him—still it is with thorn !
Nobles and kings go armèd to the teeth:
Lo ! where thy loving sister bleeds beneath
Their haughty feet: she calls thee to her side:
They clank their swords at thee with insolent pride.
" Old England, mumbling, paralysed, and cold,
Shrinks closer clutching at her hoards of gold ! "
Why should the mailèd sons of tyranny taunt
Thee, champion of the free, with windy vaunt ?

Arm ! England, arm ! they mouth at Liberty,
Who with a Mother's impulse turns to thee !
Fair is our dream of universal peace ;
But there be wolves, and lambs of tender fleece.
Tyranny summons all her swarms of slaves,
Horrent with weapons: Daughter of the waves !
Is it a time for thee to loll and bask,
And murmur at the burden of thy casque ?
Yea, thou art sedulous to nurse thy health,
Resentful of a menace to thy wealth :
But in the hour of thine extremity,
Look for no pitying tear to cloud one eye
Among the sister nations loitering by !

. . . . . .

If thou, the hope of Freedom, lie supine,
Indifferent beyond thy belt of brine,
Where Freedom wrestles with a libertine,
Beware for thine !

[1] Italics mine.

"Shall not God judge the race that cannot feel
Itself a member of one living commonweal?"
That nation dies; elects to be alone;

. . . . . .

Canst thou, then, fear to arm thy children free,
Who cradled lay upon the bosom of Liberty?
Whom from herself she nourished, whom with motion
And lullabies of the everlasting ocean
She soothed from earliest infancy,
While, in loud winds and waves careering, she
Sings to her mariners who rule the sea!

. . . . . .

France waved the banner of the free,
When it fell from the hands of Italy;
Alas! she fails—but England, thou
Hast a Daughter of starry brow,
Whose arms receive thy setting sun;
She, in a forest vast and lone,
With awful gladness hears intone
Niagara, and the Amazon!
Freedom before her mountain citadel
Placed you, two giants, each her wakeful sentinel![1]

(The words in the poem within inverted commas are the scoffing words of England's enemies to her).

That half a century ago Roden Noel should have placed England and America as "the wakeful sentinels of Freedom and Peace" cannot fail, in the light of subsequent events, to strike the imagination.

Till I read for myself Roden's work I had no idea what a profound and fearless wrestler with topics of which we are all talking to-day he was. His brain, now under the sod thirty years, becomes once more a living thing as we read his words.

Of him Robert Buchanan says:

"Out of the portals of a temple of white marble glimmering through the fogs and clouds of contemporary literature, Roden Noel stept like a young god with a message from the old Greek world. The joy of earth was with him. . . ."

[1] From "Poems" by Roden Noel. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Trübner.)

CHAPTER VII

A RUNAWAY MARRIAGE

My grandfather's conversion to the Roman Catholic faith—His wife, Lady Ida Hay—Bridesmaid to Queen Victoria and Prince Consort—Edward Noel's terrible adventure in the East—Comte de Montalembert—My aunt a Sister of Charity—Blanche Noel—Her runaway marriage—Charm and attraction.

WHEN my grandfather changed his religion the situation between himself and some of his relations became rather strained, as is, I am afraid, generally the case, although one wishes that it might be otherwise. But conditions arising from these differences seem to be eternal and have caused some of the greatest romances, the most cruel injustices, the most terrible tragedies, and fabulous turns in Fortune's wheel, not to mention countless bloody wars in which so-called Christians have hated, fought, and killed each other for "the love of God." My grandfather's transference of faith gave him, as far as can be judged, intense happiness, and he erected a beautiful church at Exton attached to the house, amongst countless other religious charities. He died in 1882, having outlived my grandmother by many years.

She was Lady Ida Hay, daughter of the 17th Lord Erroll. She had two sisters—one of whom married Lord Fife and the other Count Stuart d'Albanie. Lady Fife's only son married, of course, the Princess Royal, and her daughters married respectively Lord Dupplin, Mr. Coventry, Lord Townshend, and Mr. Adrian Hope. Lady Dupplin had one daughter, who, had her sex been different, would have become Lord Kinnoul. She married Herr von Hindenburg, and as Marie von Hindenburg is known as the author of many interesting books. She now lives in Berlin. Lady Dupplin married twice subsequently, and by her third husband she is the mother of Mr. Duff Cooper, husband of Lady Diana Manners.

My grandmother spent much of her girlhood with Queen

From a drawing at Exton.

LADY ELIZABETH FITZCLARENCE, COUNTESS OF ERROLL.

My great-grandmother.

Victoria, and was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of the Queen and Prince Albert. The brooch of which I give a photograph was the Prince's present on that occasion, and consisted of an eagle made of turquoises with ruby eyes, a diamond beak, and holding two large pearls in its claws. The other photograph represents a bracelet in dark blue enamel and diamonds. William IV gave a pair of them to each of his daughters by Mrs. Jordan, and my grandmother's was bequeathed to her by her mother, who was Lady Elizabeth Fitzclarence. One bore the King's cipher, and the other, A. R., was that of Queen Adelaide.

Much of my grandfather's Catholic life was spent in Rome, Venice, and Austria, and the friendships he and my father made with the Bandinis, Rospigliosis, Clarys, de Grünes, and de Lignes still flourish. He started the Gloucestershire Volunteers, which forty years later were to do so well as a " pucka " regiment in the Great War and with which my brother Campden went to France. My father had one brother, Edward, who was in the Rifle Brigade, and became the father of three sons, all of whom in different ways were exceptionally gifted. Edward, the eldest (C.I.E. 1918, D.S.O. 1919), started his career through Woolwich and then joined the Foreign and Political Department, Government of India. For the last twelve years Kurdistan has been his special study—he lived in its wilds nine years on end—and few men of to-day know its people, laws, and customs better than he.

He was captured during the war and endured two months of the most terrible and astounding torture. Beaten through dense thickets of thorny trees with weights attached to his ankles till his body was torn and bleeding, made to lie in a mud hut which was too small for him to stand upright in or in which to lie stretched out and of which the floor was a thick mass of indescribable filth and unspeakable vermin it is a mystery how he survived sane.

For sixty consecutive days he was taken out by his jailers and told he was to be shot. Their plans were made and he was tied to a tree, guns were raised and pointed at him, and just as he thought the order to fire would be given, the men were commanded to lower their guns and return him to his vile imprisonment. He was saved by General Dunsterville's force.

My uncle's second son, Hubert, is a doctor practising

in St. James's Square, and was in France and Egypt during the war in that capacity. The third son, after being twice buried in France—he was in a Yorkshire Regiment—went at Sir George Younghusband's desire as the cinema photographer with the Everest Expedition (1922–3), taking wonderful pictures at 27,000 feet, and has since lectured throughout England with the film. He it was who was named after Sir Baptist Hicks, and who insisted on becoming John.

My grandmother, I have always been told, was an ultra "grande dame," and the Comte de Montalembert, well-known writer of the great book *Les Moines d'Occident*, describes her as having the most pellucid and beautiful speaking-voice he had ever heard.

My father's second sister, Edith, became a Sister of Charity and died at their convent at Mill Hill, near London, where she gave her life and money to tend the children of the very poor. His third sister, Constance, married Sir Henry Bellingham and was the mother, amongst others, of Lady Bute. Her eldest daughter became a nun and her youngest son died in France in 1915. Her eldest son, Edward, was a General in the Army and had a post in Berlin under the British Commission till 1922. He married Mrs. Gough, widow of Captain Gough, and they have one daughter.

My aunt Blanche, my father's eldest sister, had a fascinating personality and was adored by the poor people. Her lovely white skin, blue eyes, and bright golden hair went far to give the impression of beauty. Though not really pretty, I have always been told that she was wonderfully attractive.

What, after all, is attraction, and how does it differ from charm? Perhaps in so far that, roughly, there is only one kind of charm and many kinds of attraction.

The maiden—pretty, of course—who promptly winks at a young man the minute she meets him might be dubbed attractive by him, yet charm might not be hers.

Of the many kinds of attraction, the sort which doesn't depend chiefly on good looks is the most effective; indeed, in many cases looks are the least important ingredient in the subtle mixture known as attraction. Intense vitality, pressed down and running over, is one of its fundamental characteristics. When the power of fascination has deve-

MY GRANDMOTHER, LADY IDA HAY.

Daughter of 18th Earl of Erroll, Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland.

OCH GIVEN BY THE PRINCE
SORT TO THE BRIDESMAIDS OF
EN VICTORIA, OF WHOM MY
GRANDMOTHER WAS ONE.

e, composed of turquoises, diamond beak,
y eyes, holding two large pearls in claws.

ONE OF A PAIR OF BROOCHES GI
BY WILLIAM IV TO HIS DAUGH
LADY EL FITZCLARENC

(She was Lady Ida H

loped to its greatest height, it has generally been effective —in women—as a spur to drive men to great or to evil deeds, and thus it needs must be living, pulsing, vital. Such vitality cannot exist without health. Radiant health, married to a natural spontaneous yet a not too exuberant vitality, will nearly always be attractive. Add to this a melodious speaking-voice, an occasional childlike helplessness, a knack of listening well, side-glancing eyes, demure silences, and the natural possession of " little ways," and we have an attractive woman. How many happy homes have not those distracting " little ways " threatened to ruin ?

Can attraction be taught ? Up to a point, yes, for who has not seen the plain, plump, shy, dull school-girl float subsequently into society as a pretty, slim, and attractive young person ? Such things are not unknown amongst us, but to achieve success the chrysalis must have a lasting belief in itself. Beauty specialists can do much.

Charm can also be acquired, but the " allure " of a charming woman is quite different from that of the attractive one. Most people will agree that the charming person is charming, but opinions will differ vastly as to the attractiveness of the attractive one ! Some women attract only men and do not wish to do anything else. How often does one not hear the sentence from women's lips, " I can't see what men see in her," and yet this girl or woman possesses a subtle " something " which the French call a " fluid " which men find irresistible. Others attract only women, and again there are some who—perhaps the most normally constituted—have good friends in and attract both sexes equally.

The girl who is spoken of as ' a good pal " or " a topping good sort " may and does get on famously with men, and would in all likelihood make in the long run the best wife, yet she is not always the girl who is clutching his heart and whose tantalising face like a will o' the wisp appears continuously before his vision.

The ingredients of attraction are often impish and naughty —sometimes even dangerous ; but those of charm are indeed " untired gentleness " and " noble feeling warm."

My aunt was very romantic and made a foolish runaway marriage. Her subsequent life with her inferior and useless

husband was spent in America, where for many years she contributed delightful articles to the American Press. She had no children, and at her death her body was brought home and buried at Exton.

And now I have journeyed as far as myself.

MY AUNT, BLANCHE NOEL, WHO MADE A FOOLISH RUNAWAY MARRIAGE AND DIED IN AMERICA IN 1880.

CHAPTER VIII

RELIGION AND POLITICS

On autobiography—My parents—The Deases—The Jerninghams—Priests and politics—Fanaticism—Power—Russia's sufferings—Her birth-pangs—The great neutrals—Politics and religion the headiest of all cocktails—Annas and Caiaphas—Their hatred of Love—Ambition: is it good or harmful?—Dupanloup's respect for children's minds—Excommunication—Princely Churchmen in history.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES have existed since the earliest days and have been a boon to the egoist; yet on the whole the list is not ignoble.

Among them can be counted the Prophets in Scripture, St. Paul, Herodotus, Froissart, Boëthius, St. Augustine, Newman, Goethe, Montaigne, the Duc de Lauzun, M. Bashkirtscheff, Madame Guyon, and Madame de Staël.

These persons did not hesitate to describe their feelings, their views, their difficulties, and their vagaries; gossip, slander, moralities, and immoralities; jealousies, loves, hatreds, and intrigues; sins, good deeds, hopes and fears of a future life.

No one who has read them will forget Marie Bashkirtscheff's worried yet pleasing fear of the first kiss on her forehead from the lips of a man; Newman's wail, "O that thy creed were sound, for thou dost comfort the heart, thou Church of Rome"; and Augustine's bitter, strong cry, half human and half divine, "O God, make me chaste—but not yet."

Such books add much to the world's history of humanity and tend to please, comfort, and amuse posterity, while giving it much to emulate, avoid, admire, and abuse.

Nevertheless, distance does lend enchantment, and is it not largely owing to the fact that we never knew these people which has made them great?

Ages ago they ceased to be persons and became institutions, and in all probability they were thought peculiar, selfish, odd, or impossible by their relations. More than likely the greatest ones were thought mad.

Imagine marrying one of them. Imagine them in the ordinary round of life, at the wash-tub, taking the children to Margate, or doing the household accounts? Imagine marrying Herodotus; sitting morning after morning at breakfast with St. Paul, or asking St. Augustine whether or not to sell your Imperial Tobacco shares while he was feverishly writing his *Confessions*.

No, one has got to be dead a very very long time before one attains any importance; as long as Tutankhamen.

Letters add much interest to life, especially those not written with a specific view to subsequent publication, and those of Father Tyrrell, Mazzini, Bismarck, Clarendon, Jane Welsh Carlyle, Queen Victoria, Mathilde Wesendonck, Beethoven, Lady Jerningham, Madame de Sévigné, R. L. Stevenson, Charles Lamb, and Walpole all throw light on life from different yet important angles.

What is so pleasant or comforting as to find out that people whom posterity has decided to call great have thought, felt, suffered, and been made happy in just the same way as have we, unimportant atoms?

In 1880 my father (then Viscount Campden) married, as his second wife, my mother, Mary Dease, eldest daughter of the late James Arthur Dease, of Turbotston, co. Westmeath, who was the eldest of three brothers well known throughout Ireland for their charm, their wit, and their good looks. In 1853 my grandfather married Charlotte Jerningham or Jernegan, as it was called in Norfolk in the twelfth century, and one of the oldest Catholic families in England, of which they are justly proud, for they suffered much in loss of fortune and property in consequence of their adherence to that faith.

My grandfather was always against Home Rule, though the staunchest of Catholics and the truest of Irishmen. He maintained that in those days, '53 to '74 (when he died), the country was not fit for it, although Gladstone, whose follower he was, was working for it then.

He said then that if they (the Irish) got the education for which they were always agitating and which had been refused them for generations, they would be fit for Home Rule in forty years. Strangely enough it was almost exactly forty years later that the present Home Rule Bill was passed.

TERNAL GRANDFATHER, JAMES ARTHUR DEASE, OF TURBOTSTON, CO. WESTMEATH.

Maternal [illegible] of Arthur James, 7th Earl of Fingall.

He was a man of many parts, having a really beautiful tenor voice, a gift for writing—as is shown by the many able articles he contributed to the *Dublin Review*, when edited by that remarkable genius the late Lord Acton—and a witty and easy power of versification.

Apropos of the question in hunting circles as to the payment to farmers for their poultry losses, he wrote the following :

> The witches in Macbeth declare
> That " fair is foul and foul is fair."
>
> The truth of this is plain to show,
> For foxes' " fare is fowl," we know.
>
> So sportsmen all should be agreed
> To pay for " fowl is fair " indeed.

In 1871 the then Lord Kenmare died, and on being succeeded by his son, Lord Castlerosse, Kerry, for which the latter was Liberal member, became vacant. Lord Kenmare's wife and my grandfather's mother were sisters, and it was at his cousin Lord Castlerosse's suggestion that James Arthur Dease's name was put forward as his successor. The priests, whose candidate my grandfather was, begged him only to *say* " Home Rule "—for this agitation, under the auspices of Dwyer Gray, the Editor of the *Freeman*, had just begun—but he absolutely refused to do as they suggested, being the most upright and honourable of men, with the result, strange as it sounds, that his Protestant adversary, Blennerhasset, an upholder of Home Rule, was returned. It was the first time that the priests' candidate had failed. Subsequently he was offered Carlow, and then his native county, Westmeath. Still, however, he refused to stand for Home Rule ; so an Englishman was put against him in that interest. This was Lord Robert Montagu, a recent convert to the Church of Rome and a fervent follower of Disraeli's. He had just lost his seat in Parliament—where he represented Huntingdon—on account of his religious views.

Apropos of this change, someone told the news to Dizzy thus : " That stupid fool, Montagu, has gone over to Rome." The great Jew's answer was, " You mean that clever fool." Lord Robert's daughter, Mrs. Walter Fenwick, is a friend and neighbour of ours at Exton.

But now my grandfather was a doomed man. After a tempestuous meeting at Castle Island, where he had spoken out his views on the delicate question, he was returning to his hotel in the company of Lord Kenmare and Sir Maurice O'Connell, brother of the "Liberator." Feeling had apparently risen high, and as he walked through the streets someone threw a pumpkin at him. At that date he was middle-aged and in robust health, but soon afterwards he began to be ill, and at the early age of forty-seven he died, leaving my grandmother with a family of nine children to bring up, the youngest being born after his death. She survived him thirty-one years, but her heart was in his grave. It was always held that this blow began his illness. How little did his assailant, excited (as Irishmen generally are) by the ephemeral feelings caused by a passing political emotion, imagine the tragic result of his stupid action!

Again and again in life one is brought face to face with Mazzini's profound thought: "If, before each action we contemplate, we were to ask ourselves—if everyone were to do this, would it be for the good of the world, or not?"

My Dease grandfather's mother was Lady Theresa Plunket, daughter of Arthur James, 7th Earl of Fingall, a collateral descendant of Blessed Oliver Plunket, who was recently canonised in Rome (May 1923). In speaking of the bitterness engendered by religious disputes, it is interesting to compare the actions of religious and lay bodies of men in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries towards those whom they considered "heretics" or "Romans," as the case might be, and therefore fit to be tortured, physically and mentally. Thus we read in a little account of Oliver Plunket:

"'Blessed Oliver Plunket' was born at Loughcrew in Ireland in 1629 and was closely related to the Earls of Fingall and Roscommon.

"He had spent twenty-four years in Rome, when, on July 9th, 1669, at the early age of forty, he was nominated Archbishop of Armagh, and on November 30th following received his consecration.

"Reaching Ireland in March 1670, he at once began that wonderful apostolate which ended only with his

death. His labours were extraordinary, both in their ardour and their result. Often without shelter for the night, and living only on rough oaten bread, he travelled over mountains and valleys on foot in search of the lost or scattered sheep of his flock. The diocese, which he found torn by internal factions, he restored to ecclesiastical discipline by holding Synods; and the wholesale desertions from the Catholic faith, caused by the cruel persecution of the Protestant oppressors, he stayed by establishing schools and instructing the ignorant.

"At length, when Blessed Oliver Plunket had been archbishop ten years, he was arrested and thrown into prison. The infamous Oates plot had stirred up a cruel persecution against Catholics in England, and certain persons, whom the holy archbishop had punished for their evil life, were led by a desire of revenge to accuse him of being privy to a similar plot in Ireland. Blessed Oliver Plunket was brought to England, and after a most unjust trial, at which he was not allowed to call any witnesses, he was condemned to die as a traitor. He was sentenced to be drawn, hanged, and quartered, and this cruel death was inflicted on the martyr at Tyburn on July 1st, 1681."

Tyburn faces the Park on the Bayswater Road, not a hundred yards from Marble Arch.

The "pendant" to this we find on p. 352 of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*:

"The 'Holy Office' from the days of Torquemada the Dominican monk was almost entirely in the hands of that band of Brothers.

"In the eighteen years of Torquemada's administration 10,220 people were burned alive, and 7,321 punished with infamy, confiscation of property, and perpetual banishment, so that the total number of families destroyed by this one friar amounts to 114,401. It taught the savages of India and America to shudder at the name of Christianity; it condemned not only deeds, but thoughts."

Are these acts admirable or reprehensible? What do they prove? Love of God or love of power? Fear of Satan or fear of the loss of power?

For it is *power* which is most feverishly sought by nations as by individuals. Yet it has sometimes been seen in the

history of nations as well as that of families that gold does not always bring power, or rather—I should perhaps say—there seems to be something yet higher and stronger and greater than gold, an inexplicable authority which rules that MORAL natural right shall conquer in the end. This has been amusingly put colloquially by the well-brought-up old lady who was thankful that there was anyhow a God in heaven to see that Providence didn't go too far.

What has happened in Russia is terrible, is shocking, but Russia is not on a level with the emancipation and evolution of Western Europe of our time.

We, too, have had such days. Henry II's followers killed for him "the turbulent priest." Wolsey's fate is taught to every English school-child. The whole of European history is one long list of Cardinals and Princes killing one another in order to gain power. What about our Tudor Queens and their manner of getting rid of Churchmen whose views they considered—rightly or wrongly—to be a menace to themselves or to the State?

Russia is suffering now the most terrible and agonising of pains—the pains of birth.

The wails of her pangs have reached every heart in the world and have not failed to touch them; yet—mother as she is of the future—like all other mothers she must bear those pangs alone, for, till her new child is born, no one can really help her much. Britain may administer a soothing anæsthetic, but if she wishes to produce a strong young giant she must do it herself. The world is the body, each country is a limb; cut them off or make them impotent, and what follows but death? Great bitterness engenders counter-bitterness. Europe without Russia is inconceivable, without Germany inconceivable, without France inconceivable.

It is good that Russia has been made to see that the authority of international law cannot be ignored; it is also good that Britain has realised that one cannot keep the naughty children of Europe in the corner for ever; they might—like R. L. Stevenson, who became so engrossed by telling himself stories when put in the corner that he wouldn't come out of it—begin to tell themselves stories; stay in their corner; not mingle with the rest; lose the feeling of brotherhood, and then what would happen to the European family?

Russian priests—or Popes as they are called there—were not always the most exemplary of human beings; indeed they are often exactly the contrary, so my Russian friends used to tell me before the war. The fact that their priesthood was hereditary was by no means a good idea, and did not lead to producing a high type.

Does a doctor refuse to give medical aid to a criminal? Did any doctor worthy of the name deny help to a wounded, suffering enemy? Very few, I trow; but, if any did so, they were despised and hated.

Priests, doctors, nurses, these should be the great neutrals; the healers, spiritual and physical, the comforters of those whom the rest of mankind are commanded to torture.

The love of politics and horse-flesh is born in every Irishman—and small blame to them; but if they cannot leave the former alone, let them not enter the Church of God, the Prince of peace.

Politics and religion mixed is the headiest cock-tail ever invented. That it *is* a mixture cannot, I fear, be controverted. It is very, very old.

Pontius Pilate—not a priest but a neutral layman—stood for law and order. He was more weak and cowardly than wicked in giving up Jesus Christ to His enemies, who were indeed rather the Jewish priests than the Jewish people. Annas and Caiaphas, the powerful and smugly confident leaders of Jerusalem's spiritual life, saw in this Divine Man's teaching of Love and the Spirit a dangerous menace to their very existence, founded as it was upon the Law. Pilate, the layman, saw no fault in Him "worthy of death," and insisted that the inscription over His gibbet should be "This is the King of the Jews," and not, as the priests desired, "He *says* He is the King of the Jews."

Anyhow, he had vision and prescience. He found no fault in Christ; he maintained that he *was* the people's King. On the other hand, the priests—the should-be spiritual "connoisseurs"—averred that the Saviour of Mankind was evil, that he was *not* the King.

No one witnessing the Passion Play, as I did on May 14th, 1922, at Ober-Ammergau could fail to be struck by this extremely salient feature, in reality the outstanding point of the wondrous representation in which the words of the play follow absolutely the text of the Bible. The priests

hated the gentle Christ because they *feared His power*. They mocked Him, they reviled Him, and, most dangerous weapon of all, they ridiculed Him, and thus by their pertinacity in wishing Him harm and by their relentless pursuance of Him, their fanaticism at last succeeded in overriding Roman neutrality and they won their hearts' desire—namely, that of seeing the outstanding figure of the world's history hanging, suffering, dying, and dead upon an ignominious cross. That He rose again has put confidence into all men's hearts.

Because the realisation of ambition may lead to acquiring power, some men have decried it, and certain it is that ambition may be degraded, and, when it works only to a person's own advancement, pleasure, or fame, it can indeed bring moral catastrophe. The bitterness of envy destroys the pleasure of emulation, and all joy in life has gone for those in whose lives ambition has become a selfish, heartless pursuance of their own ends.

Emulation and envy are the exact opposites, for the latter grudges another all its good and can see cause for praise in nobody. If a man's ambition is confined to this world alone, at the last " summing-up " he will find, perchance, that in its gratification he has lost his own soul.

But rightful ambition may have a great moral worth ; a desire of service in social life, to right some grievous wrong and not to turn back and stop till this has been completed. If there were no ambition, very little work would be done. William James avows that but nine-tenths of the world's work would be accomplished.

Good ambition carries us forward and keeps our faces turned towards the sun. It is that which teaches men how to work with others to a common end, and how, if necessary, to sink—to a certain point—their individuality if the cause demands it. To be ambitious of titles, of place, of civil pageantry, is as small and vain as the coveted thing ; but to be ambitious of true honour, of true glory, and to work out as well as possible the best that is in us, is the very principle of and the only true spur to virtue. Real heroes are those men who aim at removing wants from creation and false teaching from our minds and memories ; and, were they not ambitious for such ends, what would they achieve ?

Is it ambitious to aim at a solid, though it may be a moderate, independence ? Surely not—for without it no

man can be really happy nor truly honest. A boy on the verge of manhood once answered, when asked what his idea of true happiness was: "To be perfectly well and to be entirely independent." It is well to find out from our sons when they are young if they have any particular bent or pronounced gift, so that we may foster it even though it may be against our preconceived idea of a career for them. How many men who have subsequently become great were in their youth persecuted by their relations, who tried, as it were, to squeeze a square peg into a round hole? There must certainly be many men who are ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the country where they were born and for that country; they wish to deserve some consideration amongst their fellows. Even the most insignificant among us tries to collect a little circle of admirers and delights in the superiority he enjoys amongst them. This little ambition—which is, after all, rather natural—can, if rightly directed, become of real use. To desire to leave our country better, happier, and more comfortable than it was when we entered it should be the ambition of every man and woman. As long as a name be connected only with noble deeds, it shall not perish; and to be possessed of such an ambition can surely not be wrong?

Princely clerics who have conducted politics on the Continent since the Middle Ages are responsible for much trouble. Highly concentrated clericalism is always autocratic.

Some, like Fogazzaro, see the little germ of the lust of worldly power eating into the heart of the Church and beat with angry yet impotent hands against what they know is wrong.

But what they beat against is too strong and too powerful. They are like the ardent, noble child—in whose innocent heart burns an inborn sense of true justice—flaming up furiously against the powerful parent, nurse, or teacher whose business it is to uphold the system which generations have found to be expedient. But because a thing is expedient it does not follow that it is true.

Reason must be respected, but religious fanatics have not done so; for reasons of political and religious convenience they have, and do, ignore our right to think for ourselves on matters of the deepest importance.

Private persecutions on account of religious views are

as rife among us to-day as were the bloody public ones of past centuries. So much should the liberty of the individual in such matters be respected that Dupanloup thus expressed himself upon the matter in regard to children :

" So long as I interest myself in the education of children, I shall always hold in respect the human liberty of the smallest child, even more than of a grown man, for the reason that the latter could protect himself against me—the child could not. No, I shall never so outrage childhood as to look upon it as a material which I cast into a mill and take out bearing the stamp of my will. *A child's will must be his own.*"

While agreeing entirely with these words, one must not forget that in the Catholic Church a man cannot protect himself when his mind differs from the rules which he has been taught.

Excommunication is generally the result if he makes his thoughts sufficiently public. One wonders how much the twentieth century mind really believes in excommunication ?

Perhaps it is the fear that the mere word holds in the minds of devout members of the Church of Rome ? Perhaps it has the effect upon them as had the words " Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durrrrhammm ! " which an irate Englishman hurled with a growl at Roman street boys as they followed him, begging for alms. They were terrified into submission and quiescence !

In the sixteenth century William the Silent—one of the greatest men of any time—understood deeply the danger of political propaganda run under the cloak of religion. He largely broke the power of the intrigues of such churchmen as Granvelle, but he broke his own heart also, and died by the knife of an assassin hired by the Church of Philip II.

Napoleon was another who, in the high-handed, autocratic way so often to be found in self-made men, realised the danger of political Churchmen, and later the same impulse was the spur which moved Garibaldi and Mazzini, the latter one of the greatest spirits of modern times. It is curious to note that, notwithstanding the bitter criticisms which we English seem to delight in hurling at succeeding Governments, *we are one of the few countries in Europe that has not got an anticlerical party.* It proves much and is worthy of the study of thoughtful persons of all creeds.

Religion is no doubt a powerful lever, and its uses for moving men to political action has never been ignored since history began. A pity. Religion can be misused, and it very often is. The fact that it has deliberately turned away from St. James's original definition of it, is largely the reason of its loss of power over men's hearts to-day.

" For religion pure and undefiled before God is this: To visit the widows and the fatherless in their tribulation and to keep oneself unspotted from the world."

CHAPTER IX

NOELS—WHIGS—AND EXTON

Home Rule—Religion and patriotism—Irish wit—Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland—Whigs and Tories—Varying religious beliefs of my family—Their religious bias—Eleven of them Members of Parliament since 1562—Arabella Romilly—Exton : its beauties—Lady " Betty " Noel, Duchess of Portland—Baron Eckhardstein—His enormous appetite—My half-sister Agnes—Her popularity—Her death—Lines I wrote to her—Description of her in " The Times."

THE Home Rule agitation came, in its first organised form, mainly from the inspiration of Irish Protestants. Gladstone had drawn the anger of many on himself by disestablishing the Irish Church, and so, partly in petulant mood, partly in despondency, and partly out of genuine patriotism, the Irish Protestants set the movement going. At first, for obvious reasons, the priests were not so much in favour of it, and Maynooth in my grandfather's time did not produce the type of priest which it unfortunately does to-day.

My grandfather's next brother, Edmund, was a friend of Gladstone's and sat at Westminster as a Home Ruler. He married Mary Grattan, granddaughter of the great Grattan—only Irish patriot to be buried in Westminster Abbey. Edmund Dease said more witty things in a day than most Englishmen say in a lifetime ! Once a newly rich Dublin distiller's wife gave a big ball in London, and she asked the then Lady Cork (a daughter of the 1st Marquess of Clanricarde) to invite the guests.

Someone who was anxious to go and who knew neither lady asked my great-uncle how she could get an invitation. The only way he could suggest was to " draw the cork to get at the whisky."'

The same lady was going to entertain for one night a very important personage. She asked Edmund Dease to go and see her newly decorated house and was anxious to hear his opinions on the arrangements. Explaining how she had done up the whole house, she came at length to the bathroom. " This," she said, " I have had done in blue

satin. Do you like it ? " " It generally is sat-in, isn't it ! " he answered, in his amused, soft voice.

He was an enormous man, tall and fat, yet his voice was the smallest and the softest I have ever heard. The late Mrs. Skeffington-Smith was a neighbour and great friend of his. In her youth she was renowned for her beautiful figure. At a dance she asked my great-uncle whether he liked her gown. " A little more gauze would enable one to prolong one's gaze," he answered.

My grandfather's youngest brother, Gerald,[1] married Emily, sister of the late Sir William Throckmorton.[2] So perfectly did he fulfil his difficult task, and so wonderfully popular was he, that whatever Government was in power he remained on as Chamberlain, so that it was said of him in Castle circles, " Men may came and men may go, but Dease goes on for ever." Continually from 1880 to his death in 1903 he held that post, and so covered the reigns of Lords Spencer, Cowper, Zetland, Londonderry, Houghton, Carnarvon, Aberdeen, Dudley, and Cadogan.

His life and his heart were certainly in Dublin Castle, and no one during those years contributed more to the friendly understanding of England and Ireland.

Courtesy, which has been described as one of the highest virtues of civilisation, was his in supreme fashion. He was with his militia at Aldershot during the Crimea, and later became its most efficient Colonel, and, besides being a soldier, he was a M.F.H., a tip-top four-in-hand whip, a Governor of the Bank of Ireland, Director of Railways and Chairman of Guardians and County Council. Like all busy, energetic men, he rose early, and never missed, during his long and useful life, to read a chapter of the great mystic Thomas à Kempis before he dressed.

Like many political names, that of " Whig " was first applied in derision. It is a shortened form of " Whigamore," a word given to the Covenanting men of the south-west of Scotland—derived variously from " whig-sour-whey " and " whiggane," a sound made by drivers to urge on their horses.

After the Restoration the word seems to have been applied to the whole Presbyterian party in Scotland, and later in

[1] Colonel Sir Gerald Dease, K.C.V.O., Chamberlain to many Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland, in which post he died in 1903; knighted 1897.

[2] Sir Nicholas William Throckmorton, 9th Baronet, of Coughton Court, Warwickshire.

England to all who were suspected of opposition to the king. The term came to be the designation of the party which made the Revolution and which, through the medium of the great Whig houses, ruled England until the time of George III. At the time of the Reform Act, in which Sir Gerard Noel took an active part, it was supplanted by the term Liberal. Holland House and Devonshire House were of course strongholds of Whiggism.

Like the Deases, the Gainsboroughs were also Whigs, but Protestants, and when in 1849 my paternal grandfather became a Catholic in the wake of Newman's apparently irresistible mental fascination, he was asked to stand as Home Ruler for Cork—his father, the gay Sir Gerard's eldest son and a Low Churchman, being still alive.

Although the result of the Gorham case and the Oxford Movement drove many an English Churchman to the arms of Rome, it had the result of sending some to the ranks of strong Nonconformity, and amongst these was Baptist Noel (my grandfather's uncle), who in 1849 joined the Baptists and was publicly rebaptised by immersion in John Street Baptist Chapel. He was a fine-looking creature, with an astounding command of forcible language. This and his well-known voice made him one of the most popular preachers of the day. Amongst other sermons he published an "Essay on the External Act of Baptism," over which subject people tie themselves into knots of controversy and bitterness, and which apparently no amount of cutting can solve. The Noels have always had a religious bias—an intense desire to worry out the belief of their upbringing and an upsetting propensity to seek the truth for themselves.

Although much interested in politics, the proposition that my grandfather should stand as a Home Ruler for Cork never materialised.

Since 1562 there have been Noels in Parliament as follows:

(1) Andrew Noel, 1562.

(2) Sir Andrew Noel, 1586 = Mabel Harrington.

(3) Baptist Noel (afterwards Lord Gainsborough), 1685, brother to Lady Rutland and Bridget Noel.

(4) John Noel, 1710–19.

(5) John Noel (son), 1721—for Northamptonshire.

(6) William Noel, K.C., 1722–57, for Stamford and West Loo.

(7) Tom Noel, first M.F.H. and owner of Cottesmore Hounds, 1732–88, hunted Rutland for fifty years.

(8) James Noel, 1734–52.

(9) Sir Gerard Noel; father of House of Commons; b. 1759, d. 1838, and was member for Rutland for fifty years.

(10) Gerard Noel = Lady Augusta Lowther,[1] my great-uncle; member for Rutland 1847–83.

(11) Ernest Noel = Lady Augusta Keppel,[2] 1847–86, for Dumfries Burghs.

Their bent was Whiggish, and my uncle Gerard (my great-uncle) was the first of our family to stand definitely as a Tory. He was Lord of the Treasury, Chief Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings. But the great interest of his life was the garden. He and the late Lord Redesdale—so well known as Bertie Mitford—were for years responsible for the flower arrangements in Hyde Park. He had started life, however, as a soldier, and joined the 11th Hussars, while my father (his nephew) was in the 10th. Like some other members of our family, he had a literary bent, and was responsible for a novel called *The Wise Man of Sterncross*. During his lifetime there were two Lady Augusta Noels, although related in no way to each other. The other Lady Augusta was a Keppel, and she married Gerard Noel's first cousin Ernest, a son of Baptist, the well-known preacher. He is still alive, and is ninety-one, and marvellously well in every way, which he puts down to having gone regularly to Homburg for years and years. He was born in 1831, and was seven years old when Sir Gerard Noel, his grandfather, who was alive in the reign of George II, died. This is a curious and intimate link with the past. He married three times, and is childless. Lady Augusta was the writer of charming novels, the most popular being *From One Generation to Another*.

The word "Tory," like "Whig," was also originally applied in contempt, and was at first the name given to Irish outlaws and rebels, and was not applied in politics until the Popish Plot in 1678. We find it, however, in a letter written in 1654 by Principal Baillie of Glasgow University to one Dr. Spang in Holland, and applied by him

[1] Aunt of present Lord Lonsdale (1923).
[2] Aunt to the present Lord Albemarle. (1923).

to the forces which endeavoured to maintain the cause of Charles II.

My grandfather died in 1882. My parents, who, since their marriage a year before, had been living at Campden, then came to Exton, and my childhood from then to my fifteenth year was spent at this beloved home.

"Give my love to Exton—dear, beautiful Exton. Exton in June decked in her lilacs is the loveliest and the most lovable spot in the world." These were the last words that my cousin Arabella Romilly ever said to me. I can see her yet, standing, swathed *à la* Sarah Bernhardt, at the top of the staircase in her London house, waving me out as I disappeared into the winter fog. Not long after she died. She liked to think that she was the only Lady Arabella in England! She was born Arabella Carnegie, daughter of Lord and Lady Southesk. Lady Southesk was my grandfather's half-sister.

Exton seems to have a power of making people love her. In no way is she grand or magnificent or stately. No long, stiff walks set with statues, no marble balustrades and formal gardens planned on the lines of *Le Nôtre*. Her great fascination is that she has no plan; she just grew in her own sweet way. Rather low, she lies enfolded by spacious lawns which lose themselves in the soft greenery of earth-brushing forest trees. A line of small lakes flow through the grounds, which are wild and varied, and on the water float ducks, swans, and Canadian geese, which last utter the most weird and haunting note as they lazily flap round and round the house each night before going to rest.

The grounds contain ruins of the perfect Elizabethan house, where lived, as I have told, the Princess Elizabeth of England (sister to Charles I and wife of the Palatine of the Rhine, for a few months King of Bohemia), Catherine Noel (1st Duchess of Rutland), Rachel Noel (2nd Duchess of Beaufort), Elizabeth Noel (1st Duchess of Portland), and all my ancestors for the last four hundred years. The mother of these two last was born a Wriothesley, daughter of Lord Southampton, and her mother was a Frenchwoman, daughter of Daniel de Massey, Baron de Ruvigny. As her second husband, this Lady Gainsborough married John Sheffield, Duke of Normanby and Buckingham. She was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1704.

Her daughter Elizabeth was the lively "Lady Betty Noel" of Tom Taylor's play, *Lady Clancarty*, and went with her husband when he sailed in 1721 to Jamaica to take up his duties as Governor there. They left behind them their two sons, William and George, in the charge of the Duke's stepmother, Jane Martha Temple, Countess Dowager of Portland, from whose only son, the Hon. William Bentinck, my husband is the senior descendant in direct male line.

William Bentinck, although born at Whitehall and therefore an Englishman, went to Holland on attaining man's estate and married a German, the reigning Countess of Aldenburg, by whom he had two sons. My husband is descended from the elder, and Mr. Henry Bentinck of Indio, Devonshire, is descended from the second.

Apparently William and his wife didn't get on too well and lived apart. He was said to have been even cleverer than his better-known father, William Bentinck, who planted his family in England. One of the two pictures facing page 98 is the Castle of Doorwerth, near Arnhem, which belonged to the Hon. William Bentinck, and in which his clever, attractive German wife lived a good deal. It was sold to the Dutch Government some years ago.

Countess Bentinck has left the most remarkable and interesting collection of letters from Frederick the Great, the Princess of Zerbst, Voltaire, Catherine the Great, and the Queen of Sweden. These belong to Mr. Henry Bentinck. She didn't get on with her elder son, it seems, and left everything which she could to her second-born.

Here is a large field open to novelists and historians to trace the workings of the mother-heart! So often they have loved their second sons the best, and have thus largely changed the course of family histories.

In *The National Review* of September 1913 Mr. Goulding gives a quaint account of one John Achard, who was the Swiss tutor to William and George Bentinck, and several letters from "Lady Betty," written to him about her son's education, also appear.

The park at Exton—which is one of the loveliest in England, there being not a bit of iron anywhere near it, neither round a tree, a clump of trees, nor the area itself, —extends over about 1,000 acres, made smaller by war legislation. It is utterly wild and natural, and is full of

deer—Red, Japanese, and Fallow. It is a perfect home, and even strangers who pass through it hunting are attracted by its indefinable and subtle charm, which is not possessed by places far more magnificent. It is essentially not grand, and it is essentially lovable.

In a letter written to a daughter which appears in the Memoir of her life,[1] my great-aunt Victoria Buxton says, "I could never love a place as I loved Exton"; and my cousin Alma Kinnaird,[2] whose mother was Lady Louisa Agnew and born a Noel, always told me that Exton held a place in her heart as no other spot in the world.

Baron Eckhardstein[3] and "suite" came once to look at the place with a view to renting it. I say "suite," as their party consisted of several personal attendants and a doctor. He was the most enormous of men. If he always ate as much as he did that day, his size was not surprising, for besides having had breakfast in London before starting, they had eaten in the train; on arriving at about 11 they had more refreshment, then luncheon at 1.30, tea at 4.30, during which meal they mentioned the fact that there was a restaurant carriage in the train, and over and above this they had brought with them an enormous luncheon- and tea-basket!

During the afternoon Baron Eckhardstein disappeared completely, much to the perturbation of his friends. When he returned and told us that he had been roaming over the ruins of the old house, their fears were really justified, as it was dangerous even for small, light people to wander there, and how the old charred and rickety floors supported the colossal weight of the Silesian giant, clad in a monstrous shaggy fur coat, I cannot imagine.

My father's first wife was Augusta Berkeley, daughter of Robert Berkeley, of Spetchley Park, Worcestershire, and Lady Catherine Berkeley, a daughter of Lord Kenmare. She died leaving him with a baby daughter, Agnes, my darling half-sister. My sister's death in 1915 was the first great sorrow of my life—the first death leaving a blank. Her loss prompted these lines, and very inadequately I felt they expressed something of her child-like happy nature, so aloof from earthly and physical things, yet so keenly

[1] G. W. E. Russell.
[2] Died 1923.
[3] In 1904, when he was at the German Embassy under Count Metternich.

DOORWERTH, NEAR ARNHEM, HOLLAND.

The home of my husband's ancestors, built of rose-coloured brick. Now belonging to the Dutch Government.

OLD EXTON HOUSE NEAR OAKHAM, ENGLAND.

The home of my ancestors. Built of grey stone. Now in ruins.

and warmly interested in all that was human—human joys and delights and human pain and suffering. Few girls could have had a more varied and devoted band of admirers, both men and women.

Ah ! no one loved the Spring like you,
Nor knew the notes of birds so well,
Nor loved the places where white snowdrops grew,
Nor cared for soft nests in the dell.
Who ever had so dear, so bright a face,
And eyes so sweet, withal so merry ?
Who ever sang a folk-song with such grace
Or loved to pick the flowered cherry
Which trails like filmy lace through all our woods ?
What others sought first flowers so sure
Of rapture, and so loved the many moods
Of journeying clouds ? Who was so pure,
So glad as you ? To whom to *live* was bliss.
And here is Spring, and you away !
Ah ! dear—would you were here ! I send my kiss :
Where *you* are it is surely day !

Ob. *March 1st*, 1915.

The following appeared in *The Times* after her death, and Sir George Newman, head of the National Health Department in the Home Office, wrote to me, saying that although he didn't know my sister, he had cut it out to put into his " Day Book," as he had seldom read of such a rare character.

" Those who were fortunate enough to be the friends of Lady Agnes Noel are realising how poor and mean the world looks that is no longer lit by that radiant presence. She was not one who busied herself with causes, nor felt herself called upon to do so-called good works. Indeed, she could not work where the motive was not one of personal love. Her real genius lay in the realm of friendship, and in that realm she never spared herself, and she gave far more than she ever took. An innate reserve—a sort of spiritual aloofness—made her personality always an elusive one ; but of her own intention she kept nothing back, and she lavished herself upon her friends with a careless and high-handed generosity which knew no *arrière-pensée* and sought no selfish end. And she had much to give. No untoward circumstance but was transformed by her keen and infectious humour. No trouble, however mean, that was not lightened by her sympathy. But it was not to her personal friends only that she showed the milk of human kindness.

In the houses where she stayed every servant loved her, and if any there were counted dull, odd, or " bores," Lady Agnes Noel would be sure to seek them out and shed over them all alike the grace of her incomparable charm. She gave them a confidence in themselves and a happiness in her presence which at once put them at their ease.

" To her, as to a child, every day was fraught with endless possibilities of romance and enjoyment. A day on the moors or in the woods was one long rapture from beginning to end, and she would listen with the children to a chapter from *Alice in Wonderland* with the delight of six years old. Many will remember her singing of the old English folk-songs and the Irish melodies. She was untaught, and her singing had neither the finish nor the artificiality of the schools; but to sing was pure delight to her, and in no other way could she express so fully the loveliness of her rich and gracious personality. She sang without thought of effect or desire for applause, and to give pleasure to a friend or to anyone sick or sad was reward enough to her.

" This is not the place to speak of those deeper and more intimate virtues which made Lady Agnes so intensely lovable to her friends. Hers was the perfect humility which would exult over the qualities and successes of her friends with pride and delight, because she had never felt the breath of envy nor known the lurking grudge; hers the utter unworldliness which loved goodness for its own sake wherever she saw it, under whatever guise of mediocrity, and rushed to meet it as the moth to the lamp; hers the purity of heart which was ever learning and loving, forgiving and being sorry, trusting and admiring. So to her was given ' to see God ' with unclouded vision and undaunted heart; and in the Church she loved so greatly, to whose dictates she submitted herself with such loyal devotion, ' she sought and found her rest.' To us who are left it will surely be granted ' to find in our dull road, her shining track.' "

CHAPTER X

BEGINNING TO "TAKE NOTICE"

French convent at Dinard—Mrs. Hughes-Hallett—Lord Anglesey as Adam—Lady Eden and bicycle-riding—Dresden and singing—King George of Saxony's funeral—Keeping chickens: insatiable brutes—George I at Twickel in Holland—My wish to be an opera-singer—Lovely Lady Westmorland (Sybil St. Clair Erskine)—Men and beauty—Violin-learning from Sir Edward Elgar—On the "Hawk" with Gerard Noel—Queen Victoria's funeral—Paderewski's enfolding handshake—Lord Kitchener and marriage—Egerton Castle and Sir Herbert Tree—Unholy Water—Max Beerbohm's witticism.

WHEN I was fifteen my parents let Exton for six years to the late Lord Binning, and we went to live at Dinard. We stayed there for two years, and used to go each day to a convent, where we learnt French and saw for the first time girls cheating at their lessons. My sister and I were very much shocked, and became still more shocked when we realised that the girls couldn't understand what we were shocked about! They thought nothing of pretending to be saying their lessons by heart while they were reading them all the time.

It was here I first heard of Mrs. Hughes-Hallett; she was the Queen of Dinard. We were told wonderful stories of her Swedish exercises and how she never got up till tea-time. It was at one of her fancy balls that the late Lord Anglesey appeared as Adam. He didn't stay long! However, I was only a school-girl and wasn't there to see the sight, but my parents, who were there, told me of it.

About this time bicycle-riding for ladies began to be the fashion, and I remember being thrilled at seeing Lady Eden and her pretty sister Miss Grey wheeling their machines past our house every afternoon, beautifully arrayed in coats and knickerbockers and swathed in long cloaks. They were making their way to some secluded spot where they might indulge in this strange and unwomanly pastime!

That reminds me that Dresden gossip said that one of the reasons the late King George of Saxony disliked his daughter-in-law, the ex-Crown Princess, so much, was

because she insisted on riding a bicycle in the streets of Dresden, although correctly attired in a skirt. I often saw this lady at the opera when I was there, and her gay enthusiasm was very stimulating to the artists.

When I was seventeen I went to Dresden with a dear friend who had been my mother's old governess, and we stayed there for about eighteen months. There I learnt the piano, violin, and singing; but the first-named lessons were soon stopped as I never practised and my piano master said that I had "sehr viel talent, aber Sie sind zu faul" ("You have much talent, but you're too lazy!"). However, I applied myself with much assiduity to the other two subjects and it was one of the happiest times in my life.

Orgeni was the great woman-teacher of singing there at that date (1898), and I had a few singing lessons from her. She was a Viennese and most erratic, and would keep her pupils waiting for over an hour sometimes for their lessons. She was very thin and had a hawk-like face in which two coal-black eyes shone, and her hair was like a snow-white aureole. She was a pupil of the famous old Lamperti, and of Garcia and his wife Madame Viardot-Garcia, whose book of exercises I still have. The latter replied, when asked the secret of her success on the stage, "Because I am first a woman and then an artist." Patti put down much of her phenomenal success to appealing to the best and not the worst in human nature. Always be on the side of the angels.

Talking of singers reminds me of the story of Grisi, who, when walking in St. Petersburg with her two children, was met by the Czar. He asked her if the children were her little Grisettes. She answered, "No; they are my little Marionettes." (She was, of course, married to Mario.)

Madame Orgeni's particular claim to renown in the singing world was the wonderful way she produced flute-like head tones. Her *coloratura* teaching was famous. A favourite song for showing off the clear, bird-like head tones as brought forth by her was the song of the "Queen of the Night" in *Zauberflöte*. Two of her best-known pupils were the Australian contralto Edith Walker, who sang all the great contralto rôles at the opera-houses of Europe, and Wedekind, the *coloratura* singer, so well known to all opera-goers in Dresden for the last twenty-five years. My singing lessons in those days (1898) cost three marks an hour, and it was a

full hour of study, although naturally I didn't sing the whole time. It has often struck me as disastrous that the study of the voice should be such an expensive thing in London, when, added to this obstruction in learning the lovely art of singing, it is exceedingly difficult for purely British artists to get good engagements in England. Orgeni charged fifteen marks a lesson.

One of the outstanding memories of Dresden is the " Sistine Madonna " in the Picture Gallery there. Of course I had seen hundreds of copies of it, both good and bad, but I had no idea what it was really like till I entered the small room which is reserved for it, and for it alone, in Dresden.

A hushed awe descends upon the people gathered there. One feels as though one were in church. It is no doubt an inspired work, and the sweetness of the faces of the chief figures will never, I am sure, cease to draw sightseers and seekers of beauty from all over the world to its shrine. I believe high-brow critics deem it a lack of artistic education to admire it !

At a later date—in 1904—I witnessed the King of Saxony's funeral in this Athens of the Elbe. It was a curious, beautiful, and rather uncommon scene. On October 15th, 1904, King George of Saxony died at Pillnitz, his house outside Dresden. He was born in 1832 and had been married to Marie-Anne, Infanta of Portugal, who had been dead since 1884. He was the father of the present ex-King of Saxony, who had married a Princess of Tuscany, famous or notorious, whichever word one prefers. His second son married a Princess of Bourbon, and his third son is a priest. His eldest daughter is one of the cleverest, most good-natured, and energetic Princesses in Europe, and her name was put forward as a possible wife for Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria.[1] She has made riding expeditions through Egypt, and knows as much about Egyptology as most professors. Since the Revolution her circumstances have naturally changed. She now lives at a villa near Dresden, and, like so many of the " new poor " British, she is interested in poultry keeping.

Now, keeping chickens seems to me like pouring water into a bottomless well. The brutes are insatiable ; and it is *always* " time to feed the chickens." Considering that the monsters only lay one egg a day, the commercially minded

[1] Shot at Mayerling.

surely can't think that it is a good return for the amount of food and energy sunk in the undertaking? Hens, I am told, in their natural state should lay one egg a month, but they have been so "egged" on to lay eggs that now they produce one a day; but I think ten a day is the least they ought to do, considering the appalling amount of time spent on their care and nutrition by people whose parents have used capital to the extent of four or five hundred pounds a year on their education for a period of at least fifteen years!

Men whose education was paid for by the rates rule England, while the youth of the land whose parents made frantic efforts to send them to Eton and put them in the Household Cavalry and the Brigade of Guards are keeping poultry!

The second daughter of King George of Saxony was the very unhappy lady who had the misfortune to marry the late Archduke Otho-Francis-Joseph of Austria. Mercifully for her, he died in 1906, after having made her life a veritable hell (or worse, for, after all, hell, the theologians tell us, is only fire, and fire at least is purifying). Few women in Europe can have suffered for twenty years as did this Princess. Alas for the truth of the saying "As happy as a queen" and "marriages are made in heaven"! She is the mother of the late ex-Emperor Karl of Austria.[1]

The King's funeral took place at 9 p.m. in Dresden, and the embalmed body of King George was dressed in uniform and placed on a bier, which was brought to the town from Pillnitz down the river Elbe.

Slowly, slowly, the enormous barge-like boat floated on the face of the moving waters. Round the edge stood soldiers with bowed heads and reversed arms—great, tall, blond giants they were—and at intervals torches flamed towards the black sky.

It was like a Saga, except for the fact that the man who lay there was no hero, but only a narrow-minded old bigot. No one loved him, and his soul was bound up with mediæval laws and cold, stern Church rules which had quite frozen up any milk of human kindness which might once have been there.

For three days the dead monarch lay in his glory; a waxen image with transparent hands clasped across his breast. Thousands streamed through the great church to take a look at the unloved monarch who never held a place

[1] Died 1922.

in his people's hearts. Such a contrast to his genial, popular brother Albert, the late King!

The Church ceremony took place at night, and to it were coming all the crowned heads of Germany and every conceivable Prince, Duke, and Count of any importance in the Empire. These were all to congregate in the lovely old castle so well known to visitors to Dresden. It was first built in 1530–35, but has been altered since then, when it was the home of Frederick-Augustus of Poland, Elector of Saxony—lover of Aurora Königsmark, the mother of Prince Maurice of Saxe. Aurora's brother, the gallant and fascinating Philip von Königsmark, was the lover of the unfortunate Dorothea of Zell, whose cruel old husband, George I, confined her in a fortress in 1694 on account of this intrigue. She never came out of it. Her daughter was the mother of Frederick the Great. At the Court of Hanover, where they lived after their marriage, there was a Countess Platen whose jealous love for Königsmark and hatred of the Queen caused her to instigate his death. Countess Platen hid behind a door while the deed was being perpetrated, and when the body fell and the murderers slunk off, she crept out of her hiding-place and stamped her sharp little heel several times into the dead man's face.

George I, who died while driving to Germany, stopped on his way from England to his native country at a place called Twickel in Overyssel, Holland. Here, in the orangery, he ate too much fruit, and it is said the effects of his gluttony caused the sudden illness from which he never recovered. Twickel is one of the prettiest places in Holland, having beautifully-laid-out woods and grounds, more resembling an English place than any other property over there. It belongs to a connection of my husband's.

The Castle at Dresden is four-sided and encloses a large and beautiful courtyard. At one point a double glass door opens on to it, and it was here that all the royalties of Germany coming to the funeral of King George were set down. From here they passed to the church, which was a concourse of great and minor German royalties, Princes and Counts, all in the most dazzling uniforms. The music —given by the opera-house orchestra—was exceedingly beautiful. Through the kindness of a "friend at Court" we were able to see the ceremony.

It was a strange sight, with the moon lighting up the

thousand tiny panes of the beautiful windows which looked on to the courtyard, and resting upon the gleaming uniforms of the brilliant throng of men who hurried in and out of the old Castle.

The only other sovereign whom I saw lying in state was King Edward VII, when I was taken by Lord Finlay, at that time Lord Chancellor, but of course King Edward was not embalmed.

With the exception of the fact that the face of the Saxon King could be seen, the lying-in-state of King Edward was more grandly solemn and impressive. This, I think, was largely due to the fact that—in some secret manner—one felt that the sorrowing stream who slowly, slowly pressed forward down the stone steps of Westminster Hall and respectfully wended their way towards the sun-bathed bier, came because they had truly loved the man whose remains his British and Indian soldiers were so devotedly guarding.

Thérèse Malten was the "diva" at Dresden when I went there first in 1898, and she was Richard Wagner's favourite "Brünhilde." I was there for her twenty-five years' jubilee, and in coming forward after her performance of Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser* to receive the acclamations of the audience, she came too far in her excitement and the terrifically heavy curtain with its bar of iron descended on to her head. She was ill from concussion of the brain for weeks in consequence, and it was a desolate ending to her jubilee day. Madame Edvina told me that the test-song chosen by Jean de Reszke (of whom she was a pupil) for testing whether the head notes were rightly placed was "Elsa's Traum" in *Lohengrin*.

When I was in Dresden I seriously wanted—as I suppose did many other girls—to study for Grand Opera! I went to see "behind the scenes" (a place fraught in my mind with thrilling mystery), and, when I got on to the stage, I was surprised at the seeming smallness of the auditorium. Suddenly filled with "theatre fire," I advanced boldly towards the footlights, taking the prescribed stage stride to neutralise the sloping planks, singing "Dich Theure Halle," Elizabeth's song in the opening of the second act of *Tannhäuser*. With outstretched arms I sang with all my heart—to an empty house!

Turning to the attendant, I said proudly—I was seventeen—"I could easily fill this house!"

" Wait till it's full, Fräulein," was his cryptic answer.

Graf von Seebach, well known in musical and artistic circles all over Europe, was the " Intendant " of the Royal Opera House in Dresden, and the engaging of different foreign " star " singers was chiefly in his hands.

Melba came there, too, and did a Verdi opera, and I, in my youthful ardour, called on her with a photograph to be signed. She was very nice, but not at all pleased with the photograph, which was by no means flattering, and was, moreover, an extremely dirty copy, it being the only one which the town could provide ! She was much upset at the German fashion of the honoured guest at a tea-party being dumped on to the sofa and asked to remove her hat. " For tea-parties my hair is done to keep my hat *on*, not to take it *off*," she remarked ruefully.

She sang in Italian, while the rest of the company sang in German. Calvé, who came there also to give three performances of *Carmen*, sang in French. An extraordinary thing happened on the night of the first performance. In singing the great song " L'amour est enfant de Bohème," with which she had so identified herself, something went wrong and the orchestra did not wait for her when a big *ritardando* was made. Terribly upset, she ran down the stage and clapped her hands into the conductor's face, saying in a loud voice, " Mais, que fais-tu donc, imbécile ! " The result of her having given rein to her excited anger was that she was asked to leave the town, and she did not fulfil her three nights' engagement !

In Dresden the bud of girlhood began gradually to unfold into the flower of womanhood, and I began to wonder and to dream about the world into which I was moving. Life seemed to me to be " an arch wherethrough gleamed the untravelled world," or, as a greater one has said, " an oyster " waiting—marvellous thought—to be opened by me ! Geographically the world is the same always, but to each individual it is entirely different. Indeed, it is we ourselves who make our world.

I left Dresden when I was eighteen, after having visited with my governess Saxon-Switzerland, Berlin, Weimar, and Munich.

Music was my greatest joy as a child, and I well remember how the singing of the late Lady Henry Grosvenor (sister to Lord Wester Wemyss and a cousin of my father's) first

inflamed my desire to be able to sing. She sometimes used to come and stay at Exton when we were children, and I shall never forget the impression made upon my childish mind by the lovely way she sang Scottish songs.

Another person whose singing I remember was the late Lord Westmorland. He came to Exton soon after his marriage with Lady Sybil St. Clair Erskine. I was about nine or ten, and very sensitive and shy. As I entered the drawing-room he was singing the now old-fashioned song called "Silver threads among the gold," and she was playing for him. Once or twice he rested his hand upon her head, and I was rooted to the spot where I stood by her unforgetable loveliness.

It was, I believe, at this moment in my life that I realised that there was another kind of love besides that which I had for my parents and brothers and sisters, and they for me.

I always look back with gratitude to them for having, as it were, although so unconsciously, unlocked the golden door for me with their magical key.

Another musician who used to come in those early days was the late J. L. Molloy, writer of many charming songs. Of him I have a somewhat different impression to record.

My younger sister Clare was pretty. She had never, I think, had an ugly stage in her adolescence. I, on the contrary, was plain and abominably conscious of it! Being plain, I was vain; being pretty, she was not!

On the occasion I am referring to, Mr. Molloy had brought a present to give to one of us. It was a large black and gold book with gold leaves and a gold lock which clasped it together and held its secrets safe. We both entered the drawing-room together in white frocks and blue and pink sashes, and Mr. Molloy called us to him. There were several people in the room and perhaps he did it over-hastily, but, taking me upon his knees, he gave me the book with the little key attached and said I was to write all my secrets in it.

I was, of course, delighted; but imagine my feelings when, later, we left the room to go to bed, I heard him say ruefully to his wife, "Such a nuisance, I meant to give the book to the pretty one, and I have given it to the plain one by mistake."

It was a sad and sore little girl who cried herself to sleep that night, and I believe it was then that I began dimly to understand the value which men put upon beauty.

The pursuance of music has, then, since those happy Dresden days when I knew most of the chief arias of the best-known German and Italian operas by heart, been my self-imposed pilgrimage.

Sir Edward (then Mr.) Elgar gave me my first violin lessons when we lived at Campden in Gloucestershire. In those days he lived near Worcester, and used to come in once a week to the small music-shop near the cathedral, where his sister, a gentle, nun-like lady, kept the family shop. He always dressed in a tweed shooting-suit and knickerbockers, and never looked at all professional. A peculiarity of his was (and is) the never-ceasing blinking of his eyes, which, besides being highly infectious, also undoubtedly imparts nervousness.

When I went to Dresden I was rather put off by being told that my hands were too small for violin playing and my mouth too small for singing !

Sir Edward gave me some of the original MS. of *The Apostles* when I went to visit him and the late Lady Elgar some years later at their charming little house on the Malvern Hills.

With his help and the devoted work of Miss Martin of Ham Court, Lady Mary Lygon (now Lady Mary Trefusis) inaugurated the Worcestershire Musical Festival, which did much splendid work and became such a success.

On one occasion he was conducting some rehearsals at which a certain well-known lady consistently and unfailingly sang out of tune. Poor Mr. Elgar was terribly perturbed, and at last one day, his patience having reached breaking-point, he called out, nervously rapping the music-desk with his stick, " If the lady who *knows* she is singing out of tune continues to do so, I shall *name* her."

Many years later I met him again in rather different circumstances, to which I shall refer later.

In 1901 [1] my father took me down to the Solent, where we stayed on the Admiralty yacht *Hawk* with my cousin Gerard Noel [2] for Queen Victoria's funeral. His flagship was the *Revenge*. The bringing of the Royal remains from the Isle of Wight was a solemn and wonderful sight. As the yacht bore its tiny burden through an avenue formed by ships of the supreme fleet of the world, one saw in deed and in truth

[1] Queen Victoria died January, 1901.
[2] Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, K.C.B., etc., etc.

the passing of a great era. Is there something of chivalry that urges men to greater deeds for their country when ruled over by a Queen rather than a King? To me it seems that England has been greater when ruled by women than by men.

It was at about 4 p.m. that the *Victoria and Albert* passed the *Revenge*, from which ship we viewed the sight. Palest lemon suffused the tender late-winter sky, and an astounding silence hung over us which the booming of the minute-guns seemed to accentuate.

We were all devoted to my cousin Gerard Noel, who, although bear-like to a degree on the quarter-deck, was the gentlest and most courteous of men in drawing-rooms. Once staying at Exton when we were all young we wanted him to play "limericks" with us. He had never done it before and begged to be excused, but we made him comply. The word was "Venice." When time was up, he quite cheerfully began to read his contribution, whereupon we became hysterical, for this is what he had written—as a "limerick," mind you:

When once I was in Venice,
I thought it very nice;
But since the Campanile
Has been eaten by the mice [1]
I think it's very silly.

He was the conqueror of Crete.

The evening of the Solent procession my father and I returned to London at midnight in order to be able to get to our seats first thing in the morning, as the crowds were terrific. Our places were in the House of Lords stand in the Mall, abutting on to St. James's Palace.

Gerard was a great admirer of his and my ancestor, Sir Charles Middleton, who was created Lord Barham in 1805 when he was First Lord of the Admiralty, and whom I mentioned earlier in my book. Gerard was a firm advocate for cruisers and submarines as against so many huge and costly "Dreadnoughts."

From my earliest girlhood there were certain people whose fame drew my imagination and filled me with an overwhelming desire to know them. Two of these were M. Paderewski and Lord Kitchener.

M. Paderewski I met at the house of the late Mr. Egerton

[1] Referring to the fact that it had just fallen.

Castle, most charming and pleasant host and renowned swordsman. His genius for books was a delight to me, and often at breakfast he would start getting them down from the shelves to look up subjects which had been touched upon in conversation, and in a few minutes there would be a pile upon the table.

M. Paderewski has the strongest, the most enfolding and warm-hearted handshake I have ever experienced. He is also, I should say, tremendously sensitive to his surroundings. One evening I was present in a small drawing-room which contained a full-sized Erard (his favourite instrument). Only about five of us were present and he played a good deal. Coming straight up to me after he had finished playing, he said abruptly, " You didn't like that ; it was too loud, wasn't it ? "

No one, in my opinion, plays like M. Paderewski. He is a unique genius, and, to me, the most wonderful pianist in the world. He shines in congenial society and can be witty in five languages. It was from him that I first heard of the " Welte-Mignon," most human of piano-players. He said that the Berlin firm who had it had begged him to do some records for them, and at their special request, but against his will, he had played some Chopin on to it, for he told me that Chopin was the one composer who should never be played by a piano-player.

" I was certain it wouldn't be a success, although I did it to please them," he told me. " But," he went on, " three years later I returned to Berlin and went to see my friends at the ' Welte-Mignon ' place. They begged me to listen to myself playing. Bringing a chair, they placed it in a distant secluded corner, and there I sat. All was silent, when suddenly on my ear fell the sounds of the Chopin I had—unwillingly—played, " et vraiment, Milady " (he relapsed here into French), " c'était mon âme qui jouait." It was high praise for a machine, I thought.

We were once discussing the merits of the French and English languages, and I maintained that French was a poorer language than English, if only for the reason that she lacked words for the two most important things in the world—*love* and *home* ; for the French words *chez-moi* or *foyer* in no way convey the real inwardness of *home* and they have only one word, *aime*, for both *love* and *like*. He laughingly agreed that I was right, saying that the

meaning of the word *aime* depended upon the tone of voice in which it was said.

Lord Kitchener I met in Cairo in 1914, and I sat next to him at luncheon at the British Agency. For no reason he suddenly asked me what my idea of a genius was! I was rather taken aback and had no answer ready, unless indeed I had said, "You, my lord." But in a few seconds I had wriggled away from the topic to find myself on a worse one! What sort of woman did I think would suit him to marry, was his next question!

Please remember that I had only had the pleasure of his acquaintance for about ten to fifteen minutes at this juncture. I must confess that there was a slight reason for his second question, for we had hit upon a mutual acquaintance, an elderly, extremely rich, and able lady with a large property and one of the most beautiful gardens in England.

"Well—what about her? Would she do?" he queried.

"No," I answered.

"Why not?"

"Because she's much too clever."

He laughed, and said, "You're quite right. But what sort of woman *would* do, then?"

I was so much amused.

He was very nice to us and wanted us to stay for the ball he was giving that week, but we were leaving the next day. None of his predecessors in Egypt had been able to prevail upon the British Government to build a ballroom at the Agency, but the great Lord Kitchener had got one! A man who knew him extremely intimately and loved him very dearly told me that it was pathetic to see him sometimes—times when he was quite alone with this particular friend and felt that he might let his iron hold of himself relax or even break down. My informant told me that what struck him the most about Lord Kitchener was that although seemingly such a tremendously strong and self-sufficing personality, in reality he was so highly sensitive to his responsible position that it sometimes seemed to be more than he could bear. He would occasionally tell this friend that the feeling that, when all other advice had been asked, taken, and failed, people would then approach him as the last tribunal and—practically—an infallible one, weighed him down and depressed his spirit in the

most terrible manner. In the friend of whom I speak, Lord Kitchener had found a man who combined a subtle and almost feminine understanding of his moods—a trait rarer, I think, in men than in women—with real affection, deep sympathy, and a profound discretion. I am not referring to Colonel Fitzgerald. He—as all admit—was one of the most delightful people, charming to talk with and an enthusiastic gardener. Personally he was more attractive to me than his world-famous master.

Mr. Egerton Castle told me this story about Sir Herbert Tree :

At a dinner party where he was present, the servants —after dinner—poured water into silver basins out of silver ewers on to the fingers of the guests and offered them purple linen fringed napkins to dry their hands !

Someone remarked that it reminded them of holy water as used during services in Catholic churches when water is poured over the hands of the priest.

" Unholy water, I call it," said Tree.

Another story about Tree. In Catholic services for the dead the words occur, " And let perpetual light shine upon him, amen." At Tree's death Sir Charles Cooper said he thought that the words " And let perpetual *lime-light* shine upon him, amen," would be even more appropriate !

When Tree was doing the play *Business is Business* he worked up a tremendous scene of rage on finding that his son had been a waster.

All those who saw it will, I am sure, remember the frenzy of impotent fury he portrayed as he lay on the floor practically foaming at the mouth, and beating and clawing the ground.

When it was all over he asked his brother, Max Beerbohm, whether he had acted well.

The answer was : " I never saw your skin act so well."

CHAPTER XI

SUPERNORMAL EXPERIENCES

Planchette—" Voices "—Spirit-writing—" The world needs love and prayer "—A different type of experience—Dead soldier—" Holy woman " in Florence—Spiritualism very strong wine—More women psychic than men—Lord Bryce and the parrot—" Did you say ' Damn ' ? "

EVER since I was at school so-called spiritualism has interested me and I often used " planchette." Then for many years I gave it up. But a few years ago I was persuaded to try my powers, and the result was rather curious. It, however, made me so tired that I have never touched it again.

Father Thurston, S.J., writes in a most illuminating way [1] upon this subject, and a point which he makes is that if the Catholic Church rejects *all* superhuman phenomena as being evil, insomuch that no message *can* come through good spirits, or anyhow that no one can be *certain* that they are in communication with good spirits, then it logically follows that the revelation (through voices) to holy men and women of that Church cannot be relied upon, and that no one can be sure that the voices heard by St. Teresa, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. John of the Cross, Joan of Arc, and countless others, were not evil ones masquerading as our Lord Jesus Christ.

This sounds very terrible, but when beaten out to the bottom it is in reality what it comes to.

Of course material knowledge gained from such sources has never been taught as dogma by the Church of Rome, who has always steadfastly warned her leaders *not to teach tradition as dogma*, but nevertheless members of the Church of Rome do believe a great deal which has come from these sources.

To show that messages which are (apparently) from good and evil spirits do " come through," I will give two examples. The first one happened to me and one other,

[1] See article by him, *Dublin Review*, July number, 1920.

a Church of England friend: it took three hours. The second specimen of what is possible happened to a woman I know, and shows the possible danger of such practices. All I will say about it is that I *know* one can get into contact with the spirits of those who have left this earth, and I *know* that one cannot be certain who the spirit is.

After dinner I and my friend arranged the letters of the alphabet in a large circle, placed a tumbler base upwards in the centre of the table. "You ask," said my friend. "I know that you are psychic. I feel very strongly that you will be successful. Just ask if any spirit is here and whether they wish to come to give a message? That is all you need do."

Then we both rested the tips of the fingers of our right hands ever so lightly on the glass. My friend at once dropped her face into her left hand and never looked at the table during the whole time.

At first I felt very doubtful as to my being able to do anything, and also it seemed to me most funny that two fairly sensible women should sit with letters and a glass awaiting unseen spirits in tense and serious silence.

When the atmosphere was suitable I said in a low voice, "Is there a spirit here?" Nothing happened. "Does anyone wish to come to-night?" I asked, and so on, asking the same questions for about ten minutes.

The room and the hour were in perfect silence. Imperceptibly and almost unconsciously to myself my mood began to change. I felt different; I felt that something might happen. The very air in the small room where we were sitting seemed in some strange and subtle way, some very gentle and mysterious way, to be charged with unseen power, and then at last, very, very slowly, the glass under our finger-tips began to move.

So much so was I in no way at all pressing the glass, that my arm tingled with the effort to keep my fingers only just barely touching it, and my friend had no idea to which letters it moved, for she kept her eyes hidden the whole time.

In a low tone I said, "Is there a spirit here?" The glass moved very slowly to the letters Y—E—S, but in an uncertain, fumbling way, going round and round the circle many times before seemingly being able to find the right ones.

Here I must not forget to say that before starting we had both prayed together that in whatever we did we might not do wrong, that only good spirits might come, and that, if any success was achieved, it might be for our good or for the good of any spirit who might come to us.

My next question was:

"Are you a man?"—"No."

"Then you are a woman?"—"YES."

"Are you a friend of mine?"—"NO, NOT REALLY."

"You know me?"—"YES, NOT VERY WELL."

"Who are you?"—No reply.

"Can I help you?"—"YES."

"How?"—"PRAYER."

"But why do you come to me? Have you no loved friends to whom you could appeal for prayers?"—"CANNOT SPEAK TO THEM."

"Why?"—"THEY CAN'T."

"Won't you tell me your name?"—No answer.

"Do tell me who you are."—"DO YOU REMEMBER THE LITTLE GOLD BOX?"

"Yes, quite well; it's in this room! What has that got to do with it?"—"I GAVE IT."

I was utterly astonished, for I had never given the gold box (a match-box) in question a thought. It had been given to me by a woman I had known very slightly as a wedding present. On receiving it I had been surprised, as I had only seen this woman three times in my life, twice at a country-house party and once at a dinner-party in London. Since those meetings the woman had married a very rich man, who had died the previous year. Now, of course, I knew all about the spirit, and so naturally telepathy might and most likely did unconsciously begin here.

But one little incident I will mention, as I think it is worthy of notice.

My spirit-friend had married a foreigner, and we will call her here Elizabeth de Berg; this naturally is not the real name, but is analogous enough to show the point of what happened.

We will say that she was always known to her friends as Lil de Berg.

Now that I knew in my subconsciousness and in my full consciousness who the spirit was, it will be said, and

rightly, that it was very easy to get the name spelt out! Quite true!

I went on with my questions:

"Will you write your name?"—"LIL DE BERGH."

Now when the glass had spelt as far as G, I naturally expected it to stop, but no, it forcibly pulled itself to the letter H, and thus completing the name to its own satisfaction it returned slowly to the middle of the table, having added the letter H, a mode of spelling no one *had ever used.*

Exceedingly surprised, I went on:

"Are you in the vision of God?"—"NO."

"Have you seen It?"—"NO."

"Are you happy?"—"FAIRLY."

"Are you with your husband?"—"YES."

"Where are you?"—"IN HELL."

"Oh, how dreadful! What an awful answer! Are you damned? Then how can you be happy?"—"HELL ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK IT IS, NOT ETERNAL, BUT IT IS FAR FROM GOD."

"What do you do?"—"WE WORK."

"For what?"—"THE WORLD."

"How?"—"BY PRAYER."

"As you came to me to-night you must have had something to say to me: what did you want to say to me?"—"PRAY FOR ME."

"Yes, certainly I will; but don't all your relations pray for you? They are all Catholics, aren't they?"—"I WANT MORE HELP."

"What about all those masses that are said for the souls of dead Catholics?"—"PAID PRAYER NO GOOD."

"What prayers help?"—"THE PRAYERS OF LOVE."

"Can I help you?"—"YES, YES" (those two words were spelt out very quickly).

"How?"—"BY PRAYER AND LOVE; THE WORLD NEEDS BOTH. MUCH LOVE HELPS, AND PRAY—PRAY."

"Shall we pray for you now?"—"YES, YES" (very quickly).

I then spoke to my friend and asked her to pray with me for the spirit with whom I had been communing for the last three hours. The other knew nothing about what had passed.

Together we knelt by the fire and prayed that peace,

comfort, love, and happiness might soon come to her soul and that of her husband, if it was the will of God.

I was rather pleased at my success, although feeling very tired.

We seated ourselves at the table again, my friend resuming her attitude with her eyes hidden and thus unconscious of what was going on. I tried the old formula, once more saying softly :

" Is there a spirit here ? " This I repeated at fairly long intervals, but nothing happened—the glass wouldn't move.

At last, after I had asked the question about ten times, the glass *did* move. It fell over.

We both looked at each other, surprised, and took our hands away, laying them in our laps.

The glass lay perfectly still on the table. At length I put it up again ; immediately it fell over again. (When I say fell, I think it would be more correct to say bent itself very slowly down till it lay upon the small polished wood tea-table, making practically no noise.)

Again I righted it and put it in an upright position, and again—immediately—it repeated the performance.

This happened seven consecutive times.

Then she said rather wearily, " Oh, it's no good ; we'd better go to bed. I'm dreadfully tired too."

Upon which the glass, which was lying sideways upon the table motionless, *began to move by itself*, and it slowly rolled across the table and fell very gently into my lap.

The second example was this. A woman, whom I will call A. L., was doing automatic writing by herself. She was extremely psychical and herself a medium.

Many messages came through ; some clear and sensible, some meaningless. But suddenly a new influence flashed itself into her knowledge—a German word appeared and the writing became quite different.

Then a name was written, a man's name which we call Johann Schmidt. From the information he gave it appeared that he had been dead but a short time, a few months. He had been killed in the War and was a young man less than thirty.

A. L. was rather interested and became curious to find out why he came to her. She thought there must be some connection ; so the next day she asked the landlady of the lodgings if she had ever had any Germans there. The poor

old lady was terrified and at once thought she might be taken up for harbouring spies! She emphatically denied ever even *knowing* a German.

A. L. returned to the question a few days later, and at length the woman said Yes, that she had had a German there several times before the War. He was a traveller for some big German firm and he had used the rooms she had.

This was a certain satisfaction to A. L., as she now knew that there was a reason for the spirit to come to her.

Gradually she began to notice that the influence of Johann Schmidt was ousting all the other spirits with whom she was in touch and that his influence was paramount.

Words were written that she had never heard, but suddenly the conviction came to her that Johann Schmidt was rather horrible. He told her that he hated being dead, that he loved the world and its allurements, its pleasures, food, wine, music, dancing, and women. Yes, above all he loved women. This War had killed off all the youth of the world and deprived them of their legitimate pleasures, leaving the old ones, who ought, in the natural order, to have been the ones to go, still on the earth to enjoy its pleasures. "It's all very well," he said, "to die when you're old and have had all your fun; but to be forced to give up your life while you still cling to it, when you adore the flesh-pots of the world, that is indeed unfair and cruel." He often repeated the phrase "I hate being dead," and A. L. rather gathered from his writing that he resented being forced, as it were, by death to mount to a higher platform than the one he had occupied on earth, although it was probably only a very little higher.

Every night the spirit of Johann Schmidt came to A. L., every day what he said became more and more intimate, and at last, to her horror, she realised that this disembodied being was making love to her!

She was horrified, yet fascinated. She knew that she ought to stop, but curiosity bade her go on. She was disgusted with herself, and yet as the days passed, and she felt that more and more Johann Schmidt was, against her better nature, taking entire possession of her, she hadn't the strength to cast him away.

But it was awful and she began to get frightened. She dreaded to see the words dropping off the end of the pencil which she herself held, yet no more controlled than she

controlled the winds of heaven. She was gripped by his hideous lure.

One night when she was sitting as usual late in her bedroom doing the writing, it suddenly stopped, and she became most certainly conscious of a presence in the room. It came nearer and nearer, and at last she knew that it was quite close to her, that it was standing behind her chair.

Slowly, slowly, she felt it lean towards her ; its arms came stealthily round her shoulders, and its lips closed on the nape of her neck.

In a frenzy of fear she leapt from her chair, wildly battling with the unresisting air around her.

She was nearly mad with fear, and dropping to her knees she prayed that the vile and utterly loathesome spirit should never approach her again.

By degrees the spirit left her entirely, for she steadfastly resisted it whenever it seemed to be near her ; but it was difficult, and for many weeks she was in a most unhappy state.

More women are mediumistic than men. Whether this is because they are of a more credulous disposition or can be more easily attuned to spiritual things, I cannot say.

When my father was travelling in Italy fifty-five years ago he came to Florence to find the town in a ferment of excitement. It appeared that a " holy woman " who lived a hermit's life a few miles outside the town was in a trance, and the people were all flocking out to see her. My father and his brother also went, and he has often told me of his surprise when he saw this extraordinary woman lying in a horizontal position about three feet from the ground. He examined everything most carefully (he was about seventeen at the time), passing his stick round and over and below the invisibly suspended woman.

There was no explanation of this marvellous spectacle.

One thing is certain : no one should ever use mediums. If you are not mediumistic, my advice is—leave it alone ; and even if you are mediumistic, again my advice is—leave it alone. It is very strong wine. We know so little, and the powers of both light and darkness know everything.

Dining one night at the same house as the late Lord Bryce, a Russian, who had much to say of the Russian Court and its unfortunate inmates, was telling me about them and the Czarina's interest in the occult.

Amongst other details of the late Czar he said how attractive he was and dwelt particularly upon the peculiar soft quality of his speaking-voice, a quality that he insisted was more seductive than any other in both men and women.

I told Lord Bryce a story which delighted him and which he said I ought to send to the *Saturday Review*. An aunt of mine had her house full of numerous animals—cats, dogs, parrots, mongooses, and other horrors. The parrot (I'm told most parrots do) used at times very naughty words, and when he did so it was the custom to pour a jug of cold water over him.

On one occasion a little fluffy dog who had just been bathed ran into the drawing-room shaking itself, and spraying the water in all directions. The parrot looked at it a few seconds, and then shrieked, "Did *you* say 'damn'?"

CHAPTER XII

SHIPS THAT PASS

Mary Anderson de Navarro—Her delightful husband—Stutterers—A party at Arundel—Sir Redvers Buller's advice to me—The late Lord Suffolk—His charm—Lord Dunsany, and "Kelly and Sheets"—What is a "gentleman"?—Marquise de Rambouillet and her "Chambre Bleu"—Mr. George Wyndham and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton—The Duke of Argyll and Mr. Knollys, I.P.R.—England and Ireland resemble a badly assorted married couple—Congress of Vienna and Jonkheer Van Boreel—Souls—Their peculiarities—Snobs—Their subtleties—"Also-rans"—A "Dizzy" story told me by Lady Cobham—And another told me by the late Lord Chaplin—The Birmingham Festival of 1913—Gervase Elwes and Muriel Foster—Acté and John MacCormack—Singing-teachers and their "methods"—Are men "greater" than women?—Singers at Mrs. Mackay's in Carlton House Terrace—Exorbitant prices of London singing-teachers—Prelates, monks, friars, and nuns.

For a good number of years after I first "came out" we lived at Campden in Gloucestershire, near Broadway, made famous by being the home of Mary Anderson de Navarro, Maude Valérie White, the American painter Millet, and the architect the late Sir Arthur Blomfield. Mr. Millet was very amusing in a typically American way, and this is a riddle invented by him.

"Why might it give you a cold to eat Gruyère cheese?" The answer being "Because it's very draughty."

He was a great adept at mixing cocktails, and he had a habit of dipping the rims of the glasses into the mixture before pouring it out, and then dipping them again into sifted sugar. He was the first person I ever saw drink these insidious potions.

He was of course a well-known exhibitor for years at the Academy, one of his best-known pictures being "The Covenanter."

His death was tragic, but perfectly in accordance with his life, which had been one of kind-hearted generosity. He was last seen in the "steerage" of the *Titanic*, sympathising with and cheering on some foreign emigrating peasants, who were crazy with fear and couldn't understand

a word of any language but their own, which Millet happened to know.

Mary Anderson is too well-known a figure to need any description from me. When I first knew her she was no longer in the perfection of her beauty, but even a girl unversed in the power of appreciation of human looks by a long and varied experience could tell at once that here was something out of the ordinary. Her low brow, from which the thick yellow hair grew in a naturally picturesque way, the triangle-shaped face, and the perfect figure with the truly marvellously shaped arms, are things which stand out still from my early memories of her. Another thing I recollect being struck by was that she is one of the only world-renowned beauties (whom I, at any rate, have seen) who have not got the "large, lustrous" eyes of the novelette! Her eyes are, on the contrary, rather small. Her chief attraction is her personality, brimming, pressed down, and running over with life and vivacity and that inexplicable thing which the French call *joie de vivre*. An American much in love with her is said to have declared his passion in the following extremely unpoetic manner. Said he, "Mary, I love you. I love you—oh! I love you" (with an American intonation).

But she wanted to know more: *why* did he love her? *how* did he love her? and so on—all the things that the beloved wants to hear!

"I love you," he began again in a puzzled tone. "Well, I just love you"; and noticing still that his lady love was not satisfied, he groped wildly in search of a simile and clutching at last as a drowning man at a straw, he blurted out:

"Oh, I love you as hard as a mule kicks."

At theatricals once when I was doing some scenes out of *Romeo and Juliet*, she lent me the dress she had worn in the Balcony scene. It was of some wonderful white crinkly linen, which, when damped, fell into the loveliest folds. When clothed in this garment I felt that I had indeed entered—if I may use a piece of French theatre jargon—"dans la peau du bon homme" (literally, "to enter the skin of the character").

The late Alfred Parsons often stayed in Broadway, and, many years ago, when Tree was producing *A Winter's Tale*, Alfred Parsons designed some of the scenery. He

took it from a place in the grounds of my home, Campden, where a lovely little valley lies at the bottom of a small wood; numberless thorn trees clothe its sides, and a lonely track wanders through its midst as though leading to nowhere. We were much interested when at the play to see our home painted into the exquisite scenery.

In speaking of Mary Anderson it is impossible to pass over her delightful husband, "Tony" de Navarro. Although of a grave and slightly inquisitorial exterior, he possesses a whimsical sense of humour, a fund of attractive conversation, and is moreover a highly cultured and extremely artistic person. Once when his wife was, as usual, in the throes of "getting up" some bazaar for a charitable purpose, and had turned their house into a veritable pandemonium of busy and willing helpers, Tony de Navarro, looking sad and pale and grave, drew aside a sympathising caller and told him in sepulchral tones that this sort of thing was—well, "Purgatory."

Maude Valérie White, the composer of so many charming and popular songs, was also one of the pleasantest persons who inhabited Broadway in the nineties. Her playing was inimitable, the size and strength of her arm being phenomenal. She was an artist to her finger-tips, and when she played her own songs, singing them herself in that deep, strange, emotional, husky voice of hers, it really had far more effect than much of the tip-top and highly trained singing which is heard on concert platforms.

In 1904 we left Campden and came to live at Exton. I am one of the unhappy people who are afflicted with a stuttering tongue. I have tried to comfort myself with the thought that many distinguished people were also thus afflicted, amongst them St. Paul, Kingsley, Sarah Bernhardt, and Demosthenes!

But it has always been a dreadful thorn in the flesh to me, and I cannot understand why a real cure for it has never been found. One dear little lady said to me, "I used to s-s-stutter, you know, b-b-but I went to Mr. B. and he's q-q-q-quite c-c-cured me."

I am always drawn to people who stutter. It is a kind of freemasonry, I suppose, for one feels one understands their difficulties in a way that no non-stutterer can!

Lord Richard Cavendish is one of the most unconcerned stutterers I have ever met, and his slow hesitation lends

much piquancy to anything he says. Talbot Clifton is another.

I wonder why more men stutter than women?

M's, N's and B's are my greatest difficulty and I have always sympathised with the man who said to the waiter, "B-b-bring me a b-b-b-b——"

"Brandy and soda, sir?" said the man, thinking to help the other out.

"N-n-no, you anticipating b-b-blackguard—a b-b-boot-jack."

When I was about eight, I was much struck by the appearance of a woman who often came to Exton for shooting-parties; she had a tiny waist. One of my aunts, on the contrary, took no interest in her personal appearance and looked more like a sack of potatoes with a string tied round the middle than anything else. I said to my mother, "Why is Mrs. Z. such a very t-t-tight lady and Aunt Katherine such a very l-l-l-l-loose lady?"

Before I married him I was once riding in the Row with my husband, and we met another man whose name also began with "B." I had to tell them that as both their names began with "B" I couldn't say either of them, so would they mind telling each other who they were.

I was once staying in the house with the worst stutterer I have ever known. Our hostess was naturally rather a shy woman, and this made her far worse. Often at dinner when he had, with the greatest difficulty, got through a sentence, she would give a nervous little cough and say, "What did you say?" One could almost hear the sigh which went round the table as the unfortunate man began all over again!

Talking of stuttering makes me think of all the other ills that flesh is heir to, deafness being one of them.

How silly talking to a deaf person makes one feel! For when all is said and done, nothing that one says is really worth repeating. (I am now naturally referring to myself alone.) But when it has to be said three and sometimes four times, it becomes absolute gibberish.

Sir Frederick Milner, who is very deaf indeed, told me he could hear me almost better than anyone he knew. This I put down largely to having learnt singing, which teaches one the proper use of one's vocal chords—how to bring the tone "forward" and not to use what the French

call *voix blanche*, which really means a voice with no " body " to it.

One of the people—now, alas ! gone—of whom I have the most affectionate recollection was Sir Redvers Buller. I often stayed with them at Downes in Devonshire, and my remembrance of him is of one of the nicest and dearest of men.

I first met him staying with the Norfolks at Arundel in 1904. Lady Audrey was there too, and their daughter Georgie, who later became one of my greatest friends. The late Lord Balfour of Burleigh was at Arundel also, and the first night at dinner I sat between him and Lord Leconfield. The latter talked chiefly about his family and hunting. He was very unlike his cousin George Wyndham.

Sir Redvers and I often had long talks together, and he told me many good and wise things. One I remember was this : " It is no good to rely on other people in life, for in reality we all stand quite alone, no matter how many devoted relations or loving and good friends we may have. The sooner you learn " (looking at me) " to be self-reliant, to stand on your own, so to speak, and not to rely upon the sympathy of your friends in the bearing of your most inward troubles, the sooner you will be happy and content. It is not that friends don't give sympathy, but, unless you can bear your troubles yourself, no one can help you to bear them."

How true those words were I did not at the time realise.

Another thing he said was that people in " Society " all belonged to a big family, and that the pinpricks and heart-burnings and jealousies, the successes and the victories, were all like the difficulties of children in school, so that we all should learn to be pleasant, nay, it was everyone's duty to be as pleasant, as cheery, and as intelligent as possible to help the great wheel to turn. I cannot remember his exact words, but this was the gist of what he said. It was sixteen years ago, and I have never kept any notes of any kind. I have very often thought of those words, and his advice has been of the greatest help to me.

He liked the way I sang, and one night at Downes I remember singing a song called " Did one but know," by Maude Valérie White, twenty-seven times !

I told Lord Balfour of a house-party I had just come from which had lasted about two months. This was at Charlton

near Malmesbury, where I had taken part in theatricals, *The Country Girl*, organised by Lord Suffolk. We had acted the play at Charlton, Cirencester, Chippenham, Bath, and London (Court Theatre), although my parents had not allowed me to take part in it at the last place, which decision had the decided approval of Lord Balfour and Sir Redvers. Lord Balfour remarked that we all must have fallen in love with each other or fought.

The late Lord Suffolk died on active service in the Great War in Mesopotamia. He was known to his friends as "Barts," or "Bartley," because when he was a child he had a little horse and cart on which was painted "Bartley & Co." which he called himself. He was always charming to me, and I liked him tremendously. The Howards most assuredly possess above any other family I know that subtle "something" which is so hard to explain, yet which is so extraordinarily attractive—a warm naturalness, a quite sincere friendliness.

"Bartley"—most unselfconscious of men—had this power in a very high degree. There was something so genial, so simple, so true, so warm-hearted, so utterly winning in his manner, that it was impossible not to be drawn to him. It is difficult to describe charm, but whatever it is he most certainly had it.

Matthew Arnold got on the fringes of it in his lines:

> And what but gentleness untired,
> And what but noble feeling warm
> Wherever seen, howe'er inspired,
> Is grace, is charm?

These words might have been written for Lord Suffolk.

His death was an irreparable loss to his circle. The Howards are great gentlemen—*real* ones, and the women are their equals.

I first knew Charlton in the spring, and Charlton's primroses will always smell sweeter to me than any others.

Lord Suffolk had a horse called "The Flea," which had the absurd trick—when cantering along—if you poked its near hind-quarters—of kicking gently towards the off-side, and vice-versa!

Lord Dunsany was often a quest at the Bullers' and it was there that I first met him and his charming wife.[1]

[1] Born Lady Beatrice Villiers, third daughter of the Earl of Jersey.

She has the most starlike eyes and the prettiest hands. Lord Dunsany's literary successes have made him so famous that it is not for me to touch upon him in this connection.

One of his stories was about a famous "snob" whose predilection for titles was well known. The higher the title the better. One day, on meeting him in the club, one of the inmates of that celibate institution accosted him thus: "Good morning, P.—how is the Duke?"

Mr. P. (much pleased): "Which Duke?"

The friend: "Oh, any d——d Duke."

Lord Dunsany has many gifts. He is a wonderful shot, and a student and lover of animal life. He is a past-master of sleight-of-hand and a good reader of poetry.

I once turned my words upside-down in talking of his prowess in this field and said, by mistake, that he was a good reader of Kelly and Sheets (Shelley and Keats).

Sir George Alexander was at the Bullers' house in London on one occasion, and I remember that we discussed his play which was running then—*His House in Order*.

I said that I wasn't convinced by the ending, and felt sure that the reconciliation wouldn't have lasted in real life.

"Ah! that is another play," he remarked.

Sir Redvers, although a soldier, was one of the most cultured and intellectual of men and had many intimate friends amongst the band of beings who called themselves "Souls."

The name "Souls" always reminds me of the riddle, "What would tend to make you rather ordinary if you were a fish?" "Your father being a little commonplace (plaice), and your mother a good old Soul (sole)."

Of themselves they have said that they never thought it amusing to make people feel uncomfortable. This is a good ideal, and I remember with pleasure that it was always said of my father that he always made everyone feel as though they were princes and princesses.

Lately one of the oldest tenant farmers was dying at Exton. He sent me word to come to him, as I happened to be the only member of the family at home then.

I sat on his bed, and as the film gathered over his eyes, he stretched out his hard, toil-stained hand and grasped both of mine. "I want to tell you," he faltered, "what a happy life I have had under Lord Gainsborough. He

CHARLES WILLIAM FRANCIS, EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH.

My father, aged about 35. Born 1850.

MARY DEASE.

My lovely mother, aged about 30. Born 1855.

is the greatest and the best gentleman I have ever known. He was always a gentleman." Six hours afterwards he died.

During my life I have never heard my father use any sort of swear-words whatsoever, nor even raise his voice when speaking to servants, either men or women.

A Polish friend of mine was once asked by her small boy, aged eight, what it meant to "be a gentleman." Her answer was "Clean hands, pure heart."

The answer certainly suits my father, although he was much else besides. I liked the last sentence of the dying farmer, "he was *always* a gentleman." Not only in *some* company and on *some* occasions, but in *all* company and on *all* occasions.

It makes me happy to think of this old man's dying tribute to his landlord.

I venture to say that if all employers of labour had been of his temperament, we should not now be faced with such awful predicaments.

Mr. George Moore, the novelist, told me that he had been at school with my father and of how he remembered him as the "gentlest" boy he had ever known. And indeed my father grew from the gentlest boy to be the gentlest man, and in fact the greatest gentleman I have ever known.

With regard to his political views he was always moderate and just—never a fanatic, never a reactionary wrecker, always quiet and thoughtful. But the whole trend of his mind was towards a steady good Christian Liberalism in the best sense of that often mis-used word. Yet he always voted Conservative! He was feudal and Christian.

Someone once said that a gentleman was a man with a chequebook; another definition is a man who doesn't care a d—— whether he's thought one or not; and lately a learned K.C. remarked in the House of Commons that a man was not a gentleman if he complied with the order when his wife sued him for restitution of conjugal rights! So now we know.

Just now I mentioned "Souls" and amongst them shone two brilliant lights—Mr. George Wyndham and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who both died just before the war.

I have always imagined this set of persons to be a reproduction of the eighteenth-century "Précieuses," those clever, attractive frequenters of the Marquise de Ram-

bouillet's famous " Chambre Bleu," where daring, wit, and beauty could alone gain an entrance.

It was here that Bossuet made his first public address, at the age of fifteen, at 9 p.m., and of which Voltaire remarked that he had never heard a sermon preached so early and so late.

It was at a political meeting at Leicester that I first met the late Mr. George Wyndham, staying with the Rollestons. Sir John Rolleston's manners were of the old school and his courtesy delightfully refreshing.

On another occasion when I was going to spend a few days with them, Lady Rolleston told me that the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Knollys [1] (nephew of Lord Knollys and Equerry to Queen Alexandra) would arrive by the same train from London as I and would I look out for them so as to come up from the station (Leicester) together. At that time I had never met Mr. Knollys, but I knew the Duke. On arriving at Leicester, dense crowds descended from the train (it was Saturday afternoon) and bombarded against an equally dense one trying to enter. I scanned the station for a sign of the Duke, but could not espy him. Suddenly a fat young man in a cap and an overcoat approached me and said, " Sir John hopes that you will go up in the motor ; it's waiting for you."

I thanked him, saying that I had to look out for two people who were going up too, whereupon he laughed and said, " Oh yes, that's all right."

So I, thinking that plans had been changed and that Sir John had sent a message by one of his clerks to tell me of the change, collected my things and went up to the station entrance. Here I found a motor, and a fly for the luggage. I got into the motor and putting my maid and luggage into the fly we gaily started off. On arriving, Sir John asked eagerly where the two men were. I said I had looked out for them, and after waiting a long time a fat young man had told me that I was to go back in the motor, which I had done. " I thought he was your clerk."

This seemed to upset my host, who said he couldn't think who the fat young man was whom I thought was one of his clerks, as he *had* no clerks !

" Anyhow," he continued, " the fly was there and they can come up in that."

[1] Died in Gallipoli.

" Oh, no," said I, " my maid is coming up in that."

" So you've left nothing for those two unfortunate men, and it's nearly impossible to get anything at Leicester on Saturday night ! Well, anyhow, it's no good to bother now. We must leave them to their own devices. Better have some tea."

I felt dreadfully upset at my stupidity, but my host and hostess were so charming that I soon got over my discomfort.

About an hour and a half later an antediluvian fly, smelling evilly of stale straw and as though the cabby and his family had occupied it for the night, hove into sight.

Two figures emerged. One was the Duke of Argyll, looking, as usual, youthful and dapper, as he fastidiously picked his way with short springy steps across the dew-bedecked grass, the while uttering in his light and rather whimsical voice the most amusing of excuses ; the other figure was a great contrast to that of his companion, having a large, good-tempered face. With a fat laugh he rolled towards us—it was my clerk !

" I knew you thought I was a hired chauffeur," were his first words to me as we were introduced. We became great friends, and he helped me more than anyone else to get up my concert in Carlton House Terrace in aid of the Home for Mile End Babies which I started at Exton in 1914. At this concert the Hungarian pianist, Suzanne Morvay, played for me. He was with me once when she and I were discussing the programme. She continually kissed my hands, and this annoyed him. " She'll be kissing your feet if you don't take care," he remarked grumpily.

He was one of the nicest and best people I have ever known, and few men could have done in secret more acts of unselfish kindness than he.

On another occasion Mr. Wyndham had come to address a political meeting at which he was the chief speaker ; it wasn't, however, a success. He was much heckled, and this didn't suit his style, being, as he was, a highly strung person. No enthusiasm of any sort was shown for him, and Leicester is—like some other bootmaking towns —distinctly socialistic in its sympathies. This environment wasn't the right setting for George Wyndham, who, when talking to his intellectual peers in the House of Commons

on a congenial topic, shone and glittered like a polished precious stone. He told me that he was the only man who had made an amusing speech in the House on the abstruse subject of bimetallism! In this he was much interested and kept us up the night of the meeting till 2 a.m. talking about it. I must confess it left me more than cold. He was very "High Church," and was amusing about people of my Faith. "We call you Papists, and I suppose you call us Apists," he said.

Mr. Wyndham, of all English politicians, profoundly understood the Irish character, the blood of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and that of his French wife [1] giving him a Celtic infusion which no doubt increased his sympathies and outlook. It would have been well had Lord Balfour given him a free hand in Ireland and had generously supported him during the years 1902–5, when he was Chief Secretary in his (Mr. Balfour's) Government.

It will be remembered that Henry VIII made the finest Home Rule Bill that country has ever had. He, as Henry, Duke of York, was Viceroy of Ireland, and one of the very few Royal Princes who has ever held that post. A pity! He made a point of travelling through the country and personally listening to the grievances of the people. One rule embodied in his Bill was that no laws abhorrent to the Irish people should be forced upon them. Again, it was, I daresay, his Celtic blood (Tudor) which enabled him at least somewhat to comprehend this excitable, humoursome, and may I add, rebellious people. Certain characters are always "agin' the Government," and the majority of Irishmen partake largely of this peculiarity.

I told Mr. Wyndham that England and Ireland always reminded me of an ill-assorted married couple; the man stolid, good at bottom, slow at the "uptake," eminently respectable; the woman, imaginative, impulsive, clever, unreliable, excitable. They can neither be divorced nor separated on a sound financial basis. He liked my simile.

With his silver-white hair thickly covering his well-shaped head, his dark sparkling eyes and thick black eyebrows, his black moustache above very white teeth, which gave an added brilliance to his charming and quick-as-lightning smile, he might have been mistaken for a French seigneur of the olden days. In silken hose and

[1] Reputed daughter of Duc d'Orléans and Mme de Genlis.

brocaded coat, disdainfully dangling a monocle, he would have added lustre to the Court of the " Roi Soleil."

Speaking of monocles, it is said that the first person to wear such an eyeglass in society was a Jonkheer Van Boreel, who appeared in it at the Congress of Vienna.

(I wonder if the makers of the Peace at Versailles about one hundred years later wore rose-coloured spectacles ?)

The Boreels, like some other Dutch families, can boast English nationality, and possess a baronetcy in this country.

Mr. Alfred Lyttelton was my ideal of what an Englishman should be : intellectual, good-looking, good ; a sportsman, an athlete ; religious, tall, attractive, musical, and a politician with no axes to grind. He had the good of English public life at heart. What more can one desire ? Surely the wish of every English mother is to have a son like Alfred Lyttelton. I know mine is.

Some of the younger " Souls," however, cannot be compared with the elder generation and men like Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Lyttelton.

One of these more youthful types was taking some friends to see the brood-mares, and pointing to a chestnut colt she remarked in a swooning voice, " Is not that a wonderful golden horse-child ? "

Another was once staying at a very " un-soully " house and was taken in to dinner by a youth typical of Eton and Oxford, who told her in an enthusiastic way of his beagling, hunting, etc. Very much bored she put up with it for a little, and then, gazing deeply into his eyes with her pretty face resting in her hand, she said, " And now let us talk of *life*." He was quite upset !

One of the younger ones was once staying somewhere for a dance. For four days she was never seen to eat anything but aspirin and grapes. Her lips were like blood, her face like chalk. Coming down to breakfast one morning looking white and *macabre*, she slid into the room holding a primrose upon outstretched palm, murmuring, " It was sick, and all night I tended it, till at dawn it died."

Their phraseology was their own, and one of their particular modes of greeting was once thus parodied :

" How do ? "

" Not well."

" Why so ? "

" Can't tell."

" Bo-o-o-o-o-o-o."

Stanway, the lovely house of Lady Wemyss (one of Mr. Wyndham's sisters), is near Campden, and it was here that I first learnt the game on which I believe much of Pelmanism is founded. You choose a subject, say fire, and then have a train of thought and each person must say what the last thing makes them think of. It gives scope for tremendous flights of imagination, and—if played by the right sort of people—can be most amusing. The point of the game is to unravel it, each one having to remember what someone else has said.

Lady Grey of Fallodon has the great (and rare) charm of being able to talk well about " things," and never " people."

Talking of " Souls " reminds me of " snobs," not because souls are necessarily snobs, but because they both begin with an S. There are four kinds of snobs—those of birth, of purse, of intellect, and of religion.

A well-known and extremely pleasant man whose nearest relations are some of the very nicest and simplest people in England has in some mysterious and unaccountable way *become* a " snob." Ever since he was a boy he has known a friend of mine, an ordinary country gentleman who never goes to London except on business. When they meet in the country at the courtier's brother's house, the latter is more than friendly, calls my friend " George," and is quite simple and nice. Should they meet in St. James's Street and should the other be walking with a lord, he quickly looks the other way or nervously and coolly murmurs " Er—good morning, Popkins." Now, Popkins, being a perfectly contented person, didn't really care whether this chameleon knew him or not, so with an amused laugh he stopped him and said, " Now, which is it to be ? ' George ' in London as well as in the country, or ' Popkins ' in the country as well as in London ? I don't care which it is, but settle it one way or the other and stick to it, like a good fellow."

My brother Robert used always to be so amused at the way certain society papers described events or photographs which related to people with handles. Thus a group would be described : " The Duke of X——, —dash—, Lady Selina Y——, — dash—, and the Marchioness of Q——" ; or an event would be related like this : " Among those

noticed at Goodwood were Lord Stoney Broke, the Duchess of Lipps, and Lady Sidonia Fitzjames, accompanied by a friend." He always called these persons described by a dash or as " a friend," as " also-rans " !

Others, however, besides " Souls " have peculiarities, and once at Sherborne during the lifetime of the late Lord Sherborne a very bucolic guest was desirous of proposing marriage to a girl staying in the house. He was not only bucolic, but of an intensely phlegmatic disposition !

While sitting in the smoking-room, he rang the bell and told the footman to go up to Miss Z——'s room (his inamorata) and ask her to come down to him, *as he wanted to propose to her !*

In 1913 I stayed with the late Lord Cobham and Lady Cobham at a house which they took at Birmingham for the week of the Musical Festival, of which my host was the President. Lord Balfour was to have been of the party, but on it being resolved to give the *Elijah* instead of the *Messiah*, he changed his mind, his love and knowledge of Händel's music being the cause of this.

Most people in England pronounce this great composer's name as Handel, which gave rise to the rhyme :

> Some say that Signor Bononini
> Compared to Handel is a ninny ;
> While others say that to him Handel
> Is not fit to hold a candle.

Delightful Caryl Lyttelton was there too. I felt that he was too nice to become a clergyman, as he told me was his intention. Since then, though, I have changed my mind, and I most sincerely think that no one can be too nice or too clever to be a clergyman or a priest of any kind, when one remembers the greatness of their calling if they take it seriously, and their far-reaching influence if they use the power they have given them in the right way.

A great link with the past whom I met at Hagley (Lord Cobham's place in Worcestershire) was Sir Algernon West, who had of course been Gladstone's secretary. (Mrs. Gladstone was Lord Cobham's sister-in-law.) He told me that he thought that the society of young people to-day was much more interesting and pleasant than when he was a young man.

Lady Cobham told me how she remembered meeting

Disraeli, and of how on a certain occasion the great Jew was sitting next a charmingly pretty and vivacious débutante at a dinner-party. She was talking to him eagerly about the Eastern question. Dizzy listened intently, so intently that the girl was delighted and convinced that she was making an impression. When she had quite finished he leant towards her and said, " Oh, you little darling ! "

Apropos Disraeli, the late Lord Chaplin told me that it was largely through the enthusiasm of Lord George Bentinck that it was possible to make him (Dizzy) Prime Minister.

Lord Chaplin said that he did not remember Lord George personally, but that the late Lord Henry had told him the story, which was that one evening the Duke of Portland and Lord Henry were sitting together, when Lord George arrived from London in a state of great excitement.

" What's the matter ? " they both asked him. " Is there anything we can do ? "

He then poured out the story of Disraeli's opposition to Peel and that he (Dizzy) was, in Lord George's opinion, the only man suitable to be Prime Minister—that all would be lost unless he was made Leader of the Tories.

" But we can't get him properly supported," went on Lord George excitedly, " unless he has a town and a country house ! He *must* be a county gentleman." Said the Duke laconically, " That's very easily done. We'll *make* him one."

And they did. The next day negotiations were entered into and both town and country " residences," " suitable for entertaining," were acquired by the Duke of Portland. Later, of course, Disraeli paid back all he owed upon the lightning transaction. I have tried to write it down exactly as Lord Chaplin told it me. Lord George, of course, was one of Disraeli's chief supporters.

It is perhaps not universally known that, although Disraeli was received into the Jewish Church at birth, he was given Christian baptism at the age of thirteen, when his parents joined the Church of England.

This story, however, is " by the way," and I will now return to the Birmingham Festival where I broke off.

The week I spent with the Cobhams at this great festival was one of pure delight—a feast of music composed of such *pièces de resistance* as Muriel Foster, Acté, Clarence Whitehill, Casals, and last, but by no means least, that charming man and irreplaceable artist, Gervase Elwes. His wife,

Lady Winifred Feilding, was my half-sister's cousin, so we were more or less connected. This perfect singer was loved by everybody, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton could never praise him enough ; the amusing name which he had invented for him was the " Pope of singing."

When he was studying in Paris with Boüy, the great teacher commented to an acquaintance of mine on Gervase's priest-like cast of countenance. " Racontez-moi un peu de cet Elwes," he said. "Il a l'air d'un prêtre " (" Tell me about this Elwes. He looks like a priest ").

The man said, " Well, he's not a priest. He's a married man with seven children."

Said Boüy pensively, " Aha, ce n'est pas le coutume de nos tenors " (" Really ! It is not the custom of *our* tenors ! ")

In no circle of people, professional or otherwise, did I ever hear anything but the most sincere praise of Gervase as man and artist. The last time I saw him we were both singing at a large concert in Mile End in aid of a club belonging to Lady Mary Howard, at which I once lived. The night before I had heard *Parsifal* at Covent Garden, and I was filled with the belief that Gervase of all people (as apart from a *singer*) was the one man in England properly to interpret this marvellous and spiritual creation of Wagner's. He said that vocally the part didn't appeal very much to him, but I begged of him to think about it, because I felt so sure that he, being a Catholic, and a very devout one, could transfuse the inner meaning of that ideal work better than any other English singer.

For *Parsifal* is the nearest approach to producing the Mass on the stage that one can imagine. And in all reverence and beauty did Sir Thomas Beecham achieve it. Let us hope that his retirement from opera management is only momentary, for no one has done so much for musical art in England as he. Gervase became quite infected by my enthusiasm, and he promised that if asked to he would willingly do the part. Alas that his lovely voice has gone for ever ! and England is the poorer for one of the most charming of personalities and one of the " whitest " of men.

I was in the green-room during the Birmingham Festival talking to Gervase Elwes when Casals (the greatest 'cellist in the world) came in off the platform. The applause for him was deafening and he stood there swaying, his eyes closed and his arms hanging listlessly at his sides. It was

a most remarkable sight. He seemed quite unconscious of the calls that were being made for him, and not till somebody came and gripped his arm and forced him back on to the stage did he seem to realise in the least what was happening.

The following week I stayed at Billing for a night with the Elwes. Clarence Whitehill was there. Besides hearing him do *Elijah* at Birmingham, I had heard his wonderful performance of Amfortas in *Parsifal* at Bayreuth a few years previously. A great wish of mine was to hear him once again sing "Recht so, habt dank, ein wenig rast," which words and music, so full of a deep and melancholy resignation, no other singer could do as he did. So, armed with my *Parsifal*, I arrived at Billing, only to find that everyone there jibbed at accompanying the world-famed artist and also there seemed no intention of asking him to sing. I would have been broken-hearted had I returned home without hearing my lines sung once more, and so I asked him to sing myself! No one dared to accompany him, although there was an exceedingly good accompanist in the room. He asked me to do the few bars which I was so anxious to hear, and so I—who play worse than badly—did! Mr. Whitehill sat near me on the piano stool and sang the lines too beautifully, and when he got to the end he said, "And now shall I sing it again?" meanwhile correcting my straying fingers with his forefinger to evade impending mistakes.

He sang the lines over three or four times, and then wrote his name on my copy, which book I lost—to my sorrow—with my trunk in Germany on July 30th, 1914, on my way home from a second visit to Bayreuth.

Mr. Whitehill was amused when I asked him why he pronounced the word "can't" like the "a" in "asp."

"Why not?" he said. "I say 'I can,' so naturally I say 'I can't.' You say 'I carn't,' so why don't you say 'I carn'?"

Acté, the dramatic opera singer, and beautiful Muriel Foster were the two women "stars" of this dazzling gathering at Birmingham.

It was interesting to compare these two—the one so perfectly fitted for the concert platform, the other only at home upon and suited to the stage. During Verdi's *Requiem*, a very "shrieky" composition, Acté opened her

mouth so extremely wide to get her high notes that I really feared she might get lock-jaw.

That Miss Muriel Foster is at present stopped by ill-health from singing is a great loss to the musical world. At a little house which she has bought on the Cotswold Hills she is leading the simple life and sleeping out of doors. I hope she may soon be quite strong. She possesses the most astounding sense of pitch, which is not always an attribute of singers of repute—Mr. Plunket Greene, for instance, who, although a charming interpreter of songs, is often out of tune. The first time I heard him was in the Opera House in Dresden, where he was billed "Herr Plumket Greene aus London."

Gervase Elwes introduced me to Victor Beigel, whose best-known pupil he was, and with whom I had a few lessons. Mr. Beigel is a great musician, and his pupils are easily detected by their manner of singing, which is noticeable in the art of Mr. Hubert Eisdel. Mr. Beigel believed (quite rightly) that no one can sing without enormous control of their breathing apparatus, and to show his pupils what he meant, he would stand at the piano and then begin slowly to fill with air through his nostrils. By the time his performance was over he had removed himself about a foot from the piano, although his (we will call it) diaphragm was still touching the instrument. He told me that when Cavalieri went to him to have lessons for Grand Opera he illustrated this to her as usual and told her she could never sing in opera till she could do it. "Eh bien, merci, non," she had laughed. "I would rather have a small voice and a small 'estomac' than fill Covent Garden and have a big 'estomac.'"

Mr. Beigel's brother was (pre-war) in the Foreign Office in Vienna, where I met him.

From Mme Marchesi I only had two or three lessons. She was delightful and pleased me much by saying I would make an ideal "Elsa." Mme Albani wanted to change the whole of my mode of singing, so I didn't go to her any more, for I was too old to do that! Dr. Lierhammer gave me many lessons which were most interesting. He had a charming and most artistic way of singing himself which he was happily able to impart to his pupils. I am glad to say that he has now returned to London.

Dr. Lierhammer, Gervase Elwes, Susanne Morway, Herr

Reimer, and a wonderful Polish violinist called Violsky all gave me their services for a concert I arranged in aid of my own little " Home " at Exton for Stepney baby-boys under three years old, in July 1914.

It has often been asked who are the best teachers of singing, men or women, and it is a hard question to answer. Personally, I learnt more from a woman, and this leads to wondering whether women can really compete equally with men on the great platforms of life.

To get at the truth, one would have to judge them both by the rule and not by the exception. Even at their own special callings men can usually outstrip women if they put their hand to the task, for do they not shine as hairdressers, cooks, and dress designers ?

It is, of course, the fact that there are many very gifted women who, had they had the identical mind-training and education which is supposed to be the right of all men, could have equalled men at their own avocations. But even granting this, the world has not yet produced a female St. Paul, Aristotle, Luther, Cromwell, Velasquez, Beethoven, Bach, Goethe, Shakespeare, Lincoln, Euclid, Einstein, Acton, Newman, Leonardo da Vinci, and William the Silent, nor even a living Portia suitable for the Woolsack !

When women have been exceptionally great there has generally been something mannish about them—their looks, their clothes, their customs. Take, for instance, " George Sand," the famous French novelist, whose works display many male qualities. The men to whom she was attracted were men of an essentially feminine type, especially Chopin and Alfred de Musset, who was intensely womanish. What she lacked in herself she sought in her friendships with the opposite sex. Doubtless she was a great woman, but she wasn't a typical one—she was indeed almost a man. One wonders if there is something fundamentally lacking in the usual feminine " make-up " which no amount of education can ever evolve ? It is not that women cannot be or are not cleverer than men, for it is the fact that very, very many are much cleverer. It is not that they lack great talent, that they are unable to think clearly and well and precisely, for many of them think so well and so clearly and so precisely that they could not stoop to the tortuous hair-splitting which sometimes masquerades as justice in

man-made laws and which makes honest, simple, yet logical minds turn away in disgust.

It is not that they cannot size up character—for their intuition is their greatest protection and God's special gift to them; that they are not full of ideas, quick at carrying out a business "coup," and able to lead and command to an incredible extent. But—and it is an important but—the time will always come when women will turn to men for help, even the most determined and self-reliant amongst them. Is this, then, perhaps the difference, the little "something" which is lacking in the eternal feminine? The Victorians said that a successful man always had a good woman behind him. The cynic says that a successful woman usually has a bad man behind her. In the case where the woman fills the outstanding position of importance, she is nearly always advised and supported by able and faithful men. Nevertheless, granting all this, man is still, as it were, the last court of appeal, the Daniel come to judgment.

So until we create the "super-woman," the average man will in some strange and inexplicable way turn the scales when weighed with the average woman.

Another singing teacher with whom I had some lessons was Miss Rowe. Countess Valda Gleichen (now Lady Valda Machel) first told me about her soon after I came back from Dresden, when I was about nineteen. She and her sister and mother (Princess Hohenlohe-Langenberg, who was a Seymour) took a house belonging to Lady Frances Gordon-Duff, one of Lord Fortescue's sisters, near Campden.

On the present occasion a sister of the late German Empress was staying with them, and she was very fond of drawing. She was making a study of pig-life, and spent much time in going round the country to do pictures of this useful and amiable if not ornamental animal.

Miss Rowe—who is a pupil of the world-famous Mathilde Marchesi, of Paris—is now most kindly teaching a girl named Eva Pank from the North of England, whose voice was brought to my notice by one of my mother's servants. She certainly has a marvellous scope and a beautiful tone, and Miss Rowe has high hopes that she will turn out a great singer. I am always struck by the kindness of artists to one another.

Another teacher with whom I studied was Mr. Russell,

but his lessons were so expensive that I soon left them off. He spent most of the lesson in asking me to feel his "glottis" in order to show me exactly what to do with my throat! I thought 1*s*. a minute was rather too much to pay for this pleasure.

It was at a party of Mrs. Mackay's in Carlton House Terrace that I mistook Mr. Landon Ronald for his twin brother, Mr. Russell. He had been playing for Melba, and I remember Calvé, Kubelik, and Sarah Bernhardt were there that night, and also Plançon.

Mrs. Mackay had been kind to the latter when he was a beginner in Paris, and he would sing for her when he would do so for no one else. No one has ever done "Mephisto" in *Faust* like he.

A great singer whose greatness lies largely in his boyish, enthusiastic simplicity is Mr. John MacCormack. I remember a delightful evening spent at his house last July (1923), when he let us hear his voice of velvet and honey till midnight in all the songs I love so well, have always loved, and will always love, no matter wars and hatreds—the wonderful outstanding and supreme songs of Schumann, Schubert, and Brahms. Mr. MacCormack has just been singing in Berlin, where he had sung songs of Schubert which the Germans didn't know!—notably a beauty called "Entzückung an Laura." I shall remember that evening always, when he, so marvellously supported by his perfect accompanist, gave me a feast of pure music.

I had just arranged to have some lessons from Herr Reimers when the War broke out. He has a beautiful voice. Tosti was a charming old person, and taught me to sing his "Good-bye." I often sang it to him from the little platform which he had arranged in his flat in Mandeville Place. All the photographs of his famous artistic friends he had cleverly framed into screens and the panels of the doors. He was like a dear little cheerful white-headed robin, and he smoked all during the lessons. I would say that he was better as a "finisher" than a "beginner," but he was a past-master in the tricks of the trade.

He told me I was very easy to teach. He said, "Milady, vous êtes singe" ("You are a monkey"). Meaning that I could imitate, and therefore didn't take long to pick up what he meant! The last time I saw him was in Rome in 1912. He also charged 1*s*. a minute for singing lessons!

A great contrast to my German teacher, who charged 5*s.* an hour.

In Rome, too, I met Mr. Pierpoint Morgan and we had a long talk.

Another who was there also was a well-known Italian newspaper man, but whose name I cannot remember. He was a devoted friend, admirer, and adherent of d'Annunzio, whom, incidentally, he took as his model in all things—clothes, views, mannerisms, etc., even down to the wearing of a purple carnation—or whatever colour a carnation *isn't.* He told me that d'Annunzio said that there were exactly twenty-seven ways of being in love, and he started to propound me his hero's theories !

When in Rome in 1913 I met the Pope, Pius X, and was much struck by his appearance of real sanctity. He did much to cleanse the Augean stables of Italian clericalism, but died too soon to accomplish the ideal work to which he had put his hand.

At the Versailles Conference one of the lady clerks made a mistake in taking down some minutes which had to do with the more strict adherence of French priests to their vows. She wrote " cows " instead of " vows." When the notes came under the eyes of Lord Balfour (then Mr. Balfour), he remarked, " Isn't this the moment for the ' Papal Bull ' to interfere ? "

As I am on the subject of the Pope I might mention some other prelates whom I have met. Cardinal Vanutelli and Cardinal Hartmann came to the Catholic Congress which was held in London some years before the war. The Albert Hall was a seething mass of humanity, but a hush fell upon the company as the figure of the Italian Cardinal, the Papal Legate, appeared and walked down the middle of the hall to his dais at the organ end. He had an Eastern type of face with narrow eyes. He was nice during the short time he spoke with me.

The memory of Cardinal Hartmann, at that date Archbishop of Cologne, remains a strong picture. He was tall and of a fine, imposing appearance. He told me I was the only Englishwoman in society whom he had met who could speak German enough to be able to carry on a conversation with.

During the War, it is said, he met Cardinal Gasquet (the English Benedictine) in Rome, and that when the German

said, " Your Eminence, we will not talk of war," the Englishman answered, " Your Eminence, we will not talk of peace."

Sir David Hunter Blair was another Benedictine. I often met him at the Butes', and he came to stay with us at Exton.

He was the first who fired me with the desire to go to Bayreuth, and he said a most peculiar thing about it was the sort of hissing noise one heard there as the house was darkened immediately before the opera began. This was the simultaneous withdrawing of their hat-pins from their hats by the women.

The late Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson I also met several times. He was one of the nice stutterers and was always charming to me. Robert Bentinck, whom I later married, went to see him several times on the vexed question of religion and a " mixed marriage," and Father Benson told him that although he was not a Catholic, he considered him most certainly to belong to the " Soul " of the Church. Another well-known priest was Father Maturin, the great preacher, who went down in the *Lusitania*. He had at one time been a Cowley Father (a Church of England monk). Him I knew very well and liked immensely. He was so virile and so gravely earnest and burning with enthusiasm, as indeed was Robert Hugh Benson.

Cardinal Bourne is the least interesting prelate I have met. Cardinal Schulte, present Archbishop of Cologne, gives me the impression of outstanding holiness and aloofness from mundane things.

Bishop Brindle, well known in the Army for many years as Father Brindle, was senior army chaplain, but had to vacate the post as it might not be held by a Roman Catholic priest. He was a great friend of Lord Kitchener's and a charming, holy man. He was tall and slight to emaciation, and his thin white hair, which fell in wisps round his neck, gave him the appearance of a figure in a stained-glass window, especially when robed in the artistic shades of scarlet and purple which prelates, alone of men, are allowed to wear without ridicule. He was a friend of mine, although we didn't agree over the knotty point—so baffling to lovers—of the marriage between a Protestant and Catholic.

Bernard Vaughan was a friend of every English Catholic, besides countless others of all shades of belief. He was in love with goodness, and all the Vaughans are very religious.

I remember seeing his brother the late Colonel Vaughan at the Vatican, where he was " in waiting " the time I saw Pius X. He was very kind to me.

In Rome these gentlemen are called " les femmes de chambre du Pape."

Jesuits are renowned for their brains, and have a very long and severe training—part of which is to teach them to be attractive. They rather terrify me and make me feel that they are surreptitiously giving me a spiritual anæsthetic prior to committing an operation upon my soul. They are not monks; Dominicans and Franciscans are. The former are usually highly controversial.

The foundation of the Franciscan rule was, of course, invented by St. Francis, the greatest human spirit of holiness this world has ever produced. The women followers of his rule are the religious known as " Poor Clares," and, strangely enough, they have kept to their founder's ideals with far more fidelity than the male sex!

Franciscans, as is well known, are communistically far from poor, and have great possessions, notably in the Holy Land. They had wandered far from their wondrous founder's basic principle of *utter* and *absolute* poverty quite soon after his death. The women, however have been faithful, and when they are starving they pathetically ring a little bell, as all know who live near a " Poor Clare " convent.

CHAPTER XIII

VIENNESE SOCIETY AND AUSTRIAN CUSTOMS, 1911

Our wonderful ways of travelling—Prague, city of church spires—Queen of Hearts and Exton—Vexed question of Austrian's nationality since the War—The late Prince Blücher—Blind British Ambassador in Vienna before the War—Jews on the Continent—Monarchical habits of pre-war Vienna—Princess Windisch-Graetz, my hostess—Austrian autocracy—Their rules about "noble marriages"—The late Lord Cromer's coronet—Count Larisch—The Hastings family and "scalps"—King Edward's personal charm—Fastidious Austrian aristocrats—English and foreign ideas of "good" birth differ—Austrian "chef" and the confessional—Princess Pauline Metternich—Prince Friedrich-Adolph of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—King of Bulgaria snubbed—Lady Dorothy Nevill—Am said to be like her as a young woman—Lady Dudley Stuart's feet—The Kinskys and Clarys and Schwarzenburgs—No social clubs for poor in Vienna—Surprise of Viennese ladies at the philanthropy of English ladies.

In travelling, the greatest interest lies in the human, although scenery, music, and works of art naturally have a very great attraction. But the human interest is always the strongest, the most enduring, and human life must always be the lodestar of wanderers.

One of the many ways in which we have triumphed over those days called the "good and old" is in our *mode* of travelling, which has been brought by scientific inventions to be possible to a very large number of the people.

Lord Campbell, author of the *Lives of the Chancellors*, who died in 1860, says that when he first travelled from Edinburgh to London half a century before (at the beginning of the nineteenth century) the journey was reduced from twelve days to three nights and two days. Apropos of this improvement he quaintly remarks, "This new and swift travelling from the Scotch capital was truly wonderful, and I was gravely advised to stop at York, as several travellers who had gone through without stopping had died from apoplexy brought on by the rapidity of the motion" (!).

In 1910 I spent the winter in Dresden, previous to going round the world as a soloist with the Sheffield Choir. An expedition I made there was to Prague, city of bridges and church spires.

The Hradschid (the royal castle) stands on a rock in the centre and dominates the town. The ballroom in this castle is said to be the largest room in Europe in a private house, and so I suppose in the world. It was here that the Palatine of the Rhine who married Princess Elizabeth of England held his ephemeral Court during the cold months of 1619–20. I was shown the window whence one of his followers was thrown. It was a dizzy height and made one quite ill to think of it.

Elizabeth was known as the Queen of Hearts, and most likely inherited her charming and winning ways from her grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots. It was this Queen of Bohemia—the Winter Queen—who lived at Exton for a short time during her girlhood, where a walk still exists known as the "Queen of Bohemia's Walk."

It is a curious fact that although Palatinate is thought of mostly in a German connection, and in reality means "lands given to a *palace* official," England at one time had three—those of Chester, Durham, and Lancaster, the latter having been created by Edward III in favour of Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Lancaster. These "counties-palatine" were so called because the owners of them, the Earl of Chester, the Bishop of Durham, and the Duke of Lancaster, had as much power in those counties as had the King in his palace.

In Prague is a very fine collection of original posters. A large number of Austrians had palaces in this city as well as in Vienna, and it must be difficult for them now to know which to call themselves, whether Austrians or Checko-Slovaks. Many lawsuits are being carried on at present on account of this change.

Among the chief palaces were those of Prince Lobkowitz and of the Wallsteins, in reality the same family as Wallenstein immortalised by Schiller in his work of that name. I saw the latter house and a room which belonged to the great Wallenstein himself.

From Dresden I went to spend New Year with the late Prince Blücher and Princess Blücher, *née* Radziwill, at Radoon in Silesia. The late Prince Nicholas Radziwill, who was killed on the Eastern Front during the war, Princess Blücher's brother, was there—a gay and picturesque figure. It amused him to wear a tarboosh out of doors. One night, to show us how the Tartar troops attacked, he

pulled the table-cloth off the dining-table and flung it rapidly round his shoulders, then he dimmed the lights, and put a knife between his teeth. With a sort of loud sighing (something like the breathing of a lion in the jungle), he rushed towards us, his white cloak streaming behind him. It certainly was a good illustration of what fearsome troops they must be!

He told us terrible stories of Japanese tortures, for he had served in the Russo-Japanese War as well as with the Canadian Contingent in the Boer War—and these he specially delighted in relating to his sister's children when they had gone to bed! One was of tying a man to the ground and then filling an iron pot—in which a rat had been placed—with fire. It was fastened to the man's body, and to escape the fire the rat ate its way through his stomach. The only comment on this blood-curdling tale from his pretty twelve-year old niece was, "Oh, Uncle Nicholas, poor r-rat!" (with a tremendous roll of the "r").

It was a delightful visit. My hosts told me that Sobieski's troops had marched literally through the gardens of the place.

Prince Blücher took me for a long sleigh drive one afternoon and I was astonished to hear that he spoke at least five "patois" to his workmen whom we came across at different places during our drive. For the first time I realised how difficult it must be to govern such a place as Silesia. On New Year's night, after much begging, the old Prince had a bottle of his priceless and unique Tokay brought up. It was historical, I believe, having been won as a wager by an ancestor of his from a Prince Esterhazy known to possess the best Tokay in existence. It was like drinking the sun. After the war it was rebottled, and in consequence ruined.

The Prince had fought at Königgrätz (known sometimes as Sadowa) in 1866, when the Austrians were crushingly defeated by the Prussians.

It was these battles which it was said the old Emperor Franz-Josef thought his armies were fighting in the "Great War," and he often asked whether the d—d Germans were being beaten!

Prince Blücher had fought for Germany, in 1866.

I met him again in Cairo in 1914. He was a remarkable old man, and had met most people worth knowing in

Europe during the last fifty years. He was childishly vain and amusingly interested in his personal appearance. His eldest son married Miss Stapleton Bretherton, authoress of the book entitled *An English Wife in Berlin*. The late Prince married three times, and his son by his second wife married his third wife's eldest sister! Well known for many years as Loulou Radziwill, she had the reputation of being one of the cleverest people and most attractive talkers in Vienna.

When I was there in 1909 Sir Fairfax Cartwright was the English Ambassador. He was a very literary man and whiled away many hours by writing. His despatches were famous; but he was much handicapped by the terrible affliction of his blindness, and it was a marvel to see him handling exquisite *objets d'art*—of which he had a magnificent collection—and pointing out their special beauties to his guests, which he only knew by their feel.

On lunching there one day I was much struck by this as he showed me about the rooms and also by the immense height of the men-servants. During that luncheon, as I sat next to him, the thought flashed across my mind, "How sure a blind Ambassador must be of the integrity of his staff!"

No Jews were ever met in Viennese Society, not even the Rothschilds.

The curtain in the Burg Theatre in Vienna is the most beautiful I have seen anywhere. Through enormous exquisitely painted iron gates one sees in the distance the town of Vienna with its fine steeples pointing slenderly upward.

There was always a great deal of intrigue in the Vienna Court. The Jesuits and the Dominicans vied with one another to get power with poor Archduke Franz Ferdinand. It was a depressing spectacle. The Dominicans were very powerful there, and possess the church where all the Royalties, including "le petit Roi de Rome" (Napoleon's pathetic son), are buried. The panels of the State coach were painted by Rubens, and it was kept in these vaults.

That Franz Ferdinand died was, I think, a providential occurrence and a happy deliverance for himself. When I was in Vienna, I had a curious feeling that everyone I met had a dramatic or tragic story attached to them some-

where, and that even the walls of the houses oozed terrifying secrets.

No other town had such monarchical habits. There the Houses of Parliament went to the Castle to be opened by the Emperor. It would never occur to the Emperor to go to open the Parliament! Count Kinsky was Master of the Horse when I was there, and one day took me over the Royal stables. There we saw the stall in which the poor murdered Empress's favourite Irish hunter used to live. Count Kinsky told me it was called "Macha" (at least that was the way he pronounced it). I thought it was some beautiful Hungarian name, and was much amused when I saw the name written up over the box. It was "Masher!"

My hostess, Princess Adini Windisch-Graetz, told me an amusing story about one of the Kinskys (there are heaps of them).

The one in question apparently had a great horror of creeping, crawling, and jumping animals, the latter known in common parlance as fleas. To get as far away from them as possible, he had a very high bed made for himself, so that the insects in question couldn't hop on to him as he lay sleeping. The bed was so high that he had to have a ladder to get into it. This was a craze with him, and in no circumstances would he ever sleep anywhere else. One day he broke a leg, and her description of his servant's efforts to hoist him up baffles my vocabulary.

The old Emperor Francis-Joseph was a curious mixture, and, although one felt sympathy for him in all the terrible afflictions which were poured on to his head, yet it is impossible to forget that the first important act of his reign was to authorise, or anyhow not to forbid, the putting to death of the youthful Hungarian patriot, Count Karolyi, whose only fault was a burning love of his country and a longing to see it freed from the (as he held) pernicious thraldom of Austria.

A favourite saying in Vienna was "The Balkans, like the poor, we have always with us."

One of the most lovely people in Vienna was Princess Metternich. She was a Spaniard—a San Carlos—and was conspicuous by her height, beauty, elegance, the sweetness of her expression, and a mole on her right shoulder. Her husband was a tiny little man and looked like a Jew. Everyone was at her feet.

Emeralds are the favourite stone in Viennese society, at least most people seemed to possess endless numbers of " cabuchons " in the form of large tiaras, necklaces, and earrings. Practically no men in " good society " were in the Government or in any responsible post, as they only cared for dancing, hunting, and amusing themselves. On the other hand, if any men of the great families tried seriously to go in for any career other than the army or diplomacy, they were almost " taboo," so it seems they did not receive much encouragement to take up useful and serious avocations. In their halcyon days Austrian and German Emperors could take away their relations' titles from them for no other reason than that the person in question had married in a way which didn't please them. But no English King can take away a British peer's title or force him in any circumstance to give it up.

A curious fact in this connection is that no foreign titled person possesses a coronet as do our peers. Foreign crowns and coronets exist only on their note-paper, their silver, their chairs, their stained-glass! I mean the coronet is not lying about in a padded box (like a lunatic!) the way it does in England.

Talking of coronets reminds me of the late Lord Cromer. It was at King Edward's coronation. He had apparently, in a fit of abstraction, sat upon his, which had been elongated so much that it was wobbling about on the top of his head in a most ludicrous way.

The Coronation was a wonderful sight, and more than usually impressive on account of the circumstance of the King's recent illness. I went with my parents, and we had to start very early, about 7 a.m., in order to get to our places in time.

The mode of arrival of the different peers was very entertaining, some coming in fairy-like, pumpkin-shaped coaches, and others emerging from the depths of the earth by the mode of conveyance described to me by one of the late Count Larisch's sons as the " tüppenny tüb."

Lord Loudoun's coach and servants' liveries are one of the most striking in England, being white and very beautiful.

This family (Hastings) is immensely old, and its members collect female titles as an Indian collected scalps. In bygone years some of its members settled in Holland, and to-day the Dutch Minister in Paris is a M. Loudoun.

How strange it was that everything to do with King Edward had such an appealing interest; even those who didn't know him and never could possibly know him felt drawn to him. He indeed showed forth the immense power that personality is. The late Mrs. Lancelot Lowther told me that the most touching and the saddest thing she had ever heard was the singing of "Good-bye" by Mme Melba to a few friends soon after the King's death. But even amongst the children of Mile End, where I once worked, his name was a power and meant something personal to them. Their eyes would glisten at the mention of his name and they would run anywhere to catch a glimpse of him.

Viennese society was quite unlike anything I have ever known, for there the people are quite openly and naturally what we should call "snobs." Perhaps it is "snobbish" to call them "snobbish," but much of the conversation of these fastidious aristocrats runs in this manner:

"Who is she? Is she noble? Has she 16 quarterings? Who was her mother? Was she *ebenbürtig* (literally this means "equally born"). If the answer to "Who is her mother?" should be "She was Miss So-and-so," the questioner would remark, "Oh, what a pity that she wasn't noble!"

There still existed there—as in Germany—rules about making "noble" marriages, and one hears much talk about *hohe adel* and "mediatised" families. This last word means families who had sovereign rights under the "Holy Roman Empire," which institution was dissolved by Napoleon. Princes and Counts of such "reigning" families have rights of equality of birth with Royal Houses.

A well-known German Royal Duchess told some relations of hers who were friends of mine in Vienna that she hoped they'd make "good" marriages, as she couldn't receive them did they not do so; she added, "I *might* know you if you married a 'Von'!"

They have a phrase over there when they want to know who a person is: "Wie war sie geboren?" ("How was she born?"), and if the person in question doesn't possess a title, the answer is "Sie war überhaupt nicht geboren" ("She was, moreover, *not* born"). All this, I know, sounds strange and "parvenu" to English ears, and I may seem to dwell at too much length upon it; but it would be impossible to exaggerate the manner in which people's birth, relations,

MY GRANDFATHER, LORD GAINSBOROUGH.
Born 1818; died 1881.

MY HUSBAND'S GRANDFATHER, LIEUT.-GENERAL COUNT BENTINCK, COMMANDED COLDSTREAM GUARDS, 1846.
My husband is his direct heir, and is thus "de jure" Count Bentinck.
Born 1792; died 1864.

quartering, and claims to " nobility " are discussed in certain Austrian and German circles, and the intense importance they attach to such things. The majority of them do not understand in the slightest degree that " having a title " in England by no means proves that person to be " noble," and even less do they realise that some of our greatest and oldest and best families here have no titles. An " untitled aristocracy " is meaningless to them.

Scottish families appear to be particularly baffling, for many of the oldest ones, who, while possessing a coat-of-arms, can trace their descent from Scottish kings and who have for eight hundred years married into the best-known families of the land, have no title. On account of this some foreigners are under the erroneous impression that such families are " bourgeois."

Lately I saw the rematriculation of arms of an old but *untitled* Scotch family. The chief of this family was definitely described as " Baron of Z——, Baron of Scotland . . . was compelled to swear fealty to King Edward I of England in 1296." Yet the descendant of this man is a "Mr." to-day and his forbears have never been anything else.

They affected to despise trade, yet one of the greatest German families—a mediatised family, called Fugger—were profiteers during the wars of Charles V exactly as was Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, and Jacques Cœur, of Bourges, who financed the armies of Charles VII of France, who so despicably delivered glorious Joan of Arc—Victory's Sweetheart—to his enemies.

Jacques Cœur paid for most of the clothes of the Queen and her ladies—in return for which they gave him their Bibles! Not a royal Princedom like that gained by Herr Fugger!

The de Cröy family, for instance, whose " head " is a German but which has branches in Belgium, consider that even not all Hapsburgs are fit to marry into their family.

In speaking of the Hapsburgs, why do even such learned people as *Times* leader-writers persist in calling the late ex-Emperor Karl " the last of the Hapsburgs " ?

Maria Theresa, who died in 1780, was the *last* Hapsburg, and the present ex-Royal family of Austria are descendants of her and her husband, Prince Francis of Lorraine, which should be in reality their name, just as Holstein-Gottorp is

the right name of the Romanoffs, and Saxe-Coburg of the Royal House of Portugal.

In his youth my father stayed with a Swedish Count who let his nails grow extremely long to show that he did no work. But this was fifty years ago.

I went to Vienna from Kitzbühel, a place in the Tyrol where we had been ski-ing, and in the train I complimented the Viennese chef on the delicious " maigre " dinner he had given us.

" Why you eat ' maigre,' Fraülein ? You English ? " he had asked. " No English are Catholic ? " I told him he was misinformed upon that subject. He went on to tell me that he was a good Catholic except that he " never went to the ' sh-sh-sh ' behind the grille." By this I presumed he meant Confession ! Said he, " I never have time to do any sins ; I am always on the train going from Vienna to Paris and from Paris to Vienna."

The mother of my hostess in Vienna was born a Duchess of Mecklenburg, while she herself was unmarried. Her second sister married Count Mocenigo of the family of the Doges, and her youngest sister married Paul, Duke of Mecklenburg.

Prince Otho Windisch-Graetz, who married the Arch-Duchess Elizabeth, only child of Franz-Joseph's unfortunate son Rudolph, was her first cousin. She was quite as much a character and as well known in Vienna as the world-famous Princess Metternich. She was very unconventional and liked collecting every sort of person together in her flat, which she shared with her sister, Countess Mocenigo. She didn't have to plan her parties weeks ahead, but would suddenly say at breakfast on Monday, " Let's have a supper-party on Wednesday." She would then rush to the telephone, and in thirty minutes had collected a most interesting lot of people, who all loved coming, although there was never anything more exciting in the way of food than sandwiches, cakes, lemonade, coffee, and *bouillon* (soup).

At one of these parties I remember meeting Prince Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who had come to Vienna to lecture on his travels in Africa. His name was mentioned as a possible King of Finland had the Germans won the War. He was very interesting, and had travelled widely in Central Africa, where he had done some wonderful photo-

graphs which he showed at a lecture he gave in Vienna. He told me that he found Viennese people didn't really understand his German very well. Funnily enough, I did, as I had learnt German in Germany, which is different from learning it in Vienna. Many Viennese speak a kind of chic *patois* and always use diminutives. Thus everyone is either Charlie or Alfy, or Nini, or Lili, or Betti, or Rudi, or Kuni.

At the Duke of Mecklenburg's lecture, the King of Bulgaria was present. He was a very imposing personage, with his enormous hook nose and his huge front covered with orders. He was in uniform that night and apparently in swashbuckler mood. I was standing with Adini Windisch-Graetz (who is a very short woman). He came up most effusively to greet her, but she looked him up and down with a superb coolness and then turned on her heel and, ignoring his proffered hand, walked in the opposite direction! It was well done, considering the difference in their stature! Afterwards when I asked her why she had done it, she told me it was because he, being a Catholic himself, had allowed his son to be brought up in the Greek Church. I knew nothing about it in those days and didn't realise that the King of Roumania (of the Catholic branch of the Hohenzollern family) has done the same.

Princess Metternich, the famous and ancient, and born a Sandor, was there that night also, and it was an interesting link with the past to see her, as she was born in 1836. She died in 1921.

She stared at me—as being a stranger in their small and exclusive set—and said audibly to her companions, "Und wer ist die Adini's Engländerin?" ("And who is the Adini's Englishwoman?"), as her beady, darting eyes looked me through and through. She was seventy-six when I saw her, and in her shrivelled ugliness it was almost incredible to recall that in her heyday in Paris in the sixties she had appeared at a ball at which Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie were present, with her hair streaming down her back and a *décolletage* which would have made St. Anthony of the Desert bury his head in the sand. Her husband—who incidentally was also her step-uncle—was Ambassador to France in those days, when her odd behaviour, her wit, and her daring parties made her famous, and even now her renown echoes across the intervening years. So much has been written about her and the ladies

famous for their unconventionality and beauty with whom she foregathered in those glittering and extravagant Third Empire days, but, at the risk of repeating a twice-told tale, I would like to tell one which perhaps is not well known.

To a man who, in complimenting her upon her *joie de vivre* had said in French, " Comme vous êtes merveilleuse, Madame, vous êtes si jeune " (" How wonderful you are, you are so young ! "), she retorted, " Je ne suis pas jeune. Si j'étais une cathédrale, je serais très jeune ; mais comme je suis une femme, je suis très vielle " (" I am not young. Were I a cathedral, I should be very young ; but as I am a woman, I am very old !) " She was exceedingly small and exceedingly ugly when I saw her, but surrounded by an admiring crowd of men and women of whom she was undoubtedly the centre.

She was eighty-five when she died, and lived, till her death, at 26 Fasangasse, Vienna. (In German the word " Gasse " is only used for insignificant little side-streets, the more important word " Strasse " being always used for main streets ; but in Vienna many of the most *chic* Princes and Princesses often live in " Gasses " !)

Mme de Pourtalés was one of the acknowledged beauties of Napoleon III's Court, and in her mignonne marquise way must have been unique. I mention her as a well-known Paris *viveur* told a great friend of mine who is still alive that she was as beautiful as Mme de Pourtalés, but she would never be as ugly as she (Mme de Pourtalés) was as an old woman. My friend is now seventy-eight, and has the softest blue eyes, the softest grey crinkly hair, and a complexion like a crumpled roseleaf. She likes to have white lace about her and to tie a narrow band of velvet round her throat. I always think of Mme de Pourtalés when I see her.

Princess Metternich's daughter, Clémentine, or Clémi, was one of the most popular people in Vienna and had a strong personality. I believe she invented the game, much in vogue when I was there, of unravelling the relationships of the royalties of Europe from the following fact which acted as a jumping-off place.

" Il y avait deux frères, et ces frères étaient rois " (" There were two brothers, and these brothers were Kings "). It would continue in this fashion : " And the wife of the eldest brother was the second cousin once removed to the

From a picture in the possession of Major Noel, Calmose.

"TOM" NOEL.

Born 1704; died 1788. First Master of Cottesmore Hounds 1732 88.

JAMES BAIRD.

Latest and present (1923) Master of Cottesmore Hounds.

maternal niece of the younger brother's brother-in-law," etc. People went nearly crazy over it.

The two brothers were of course the Kings of Denmark and Greece : George I of Greece, born 1845, son of Christian IX, King of Denmark, and his brother.

Another remarkable old lady whom I met was Lady Dorothy Nevill. It was at Sir Redvers Buller's house in Eaton Square, where I stayed with them for a few days during the season, not very long before his death. She came to luncheon, and I can still see her sitting in an arm-chair, her thin white hands outstretched and clutching its arms, and her small feet only just touching the ground. She wore white cotton stockings and black elastic-sided boots. A small, flowery toque covered her hair, which was yellower at the back than at the front. She had the same electric drawing-power as Princess Metternich, and certainly with these two women—at least when I saw them—it was neither youth nor looks which constituted their charm.

I was flattered in those youthful days of mine when Lady Audrey Buller told me that I reminded her in some ways of what Lady Dorothy Nevill had been when she first knew her. (Lady Dorothy was born in 1826 and Lady Audrey in 1844.) The latter said she remembered seeing Lady Dudley Stuart, daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, as a very old lady. She was the woman renowned for her beautiful feet and ankles, of which apparently she was inordinately proud, for it was said of her that she would drive through the streets of Rome with her feet hanging out of the window, and Lady Audrey remembers seeing her lying on her sofa with her naked feet exposed to the eye ! Otherwise it seems she had no pretensions to beauty.

Another popular figure in Vienna was Count Larisch, well known in hunting circles in England. It was his idiosyncrasy to pose as the Lord Lonsdale of Vienna, and his town clothes were a facsimile of those of Olympia's *genius loci*. Someone said of him, " No one could possibly *be* as wicked as Count Larisch *looked*." I lunched there, and he was a charming host and very proud of his English friends. His family, however, compared in no way with the great names of Vienna ; but he was immensely rich. It was said that he paid out £1,000 a day in wages to the workers in his mines. At luncheon there I remember meeting a Kinsky who was brother to Countess Clary, whose

daughter married a Belgian, Count Baillet-Latour. The latter used to hunt with the Cottesmore Hounds sometimes.

There was apparently no work among the poor districts in Vienna done by ladies as there is in London, and my friend Princess Alexandrine Windisch-Graetz was trying to inaugurate something of the kind. Also there were no ladies' clubs. Perhaps all this is changed now. I am speaking of 1911. I told her of how the late Miss Stanley of Alderley had begun her wonderful work in starting girls' clubs in the poor districts of London, and of how the girls really adored her. Also of Lady Mary and (the late) Lady Margaret Howard, sisters of the late Duke of Norfolk, and of how they built churches and schools and kept a club for workers to live in down in Mile End, and of our public school missions. She was extremely interested in all this side of English life and surprised that the upper classes did so much.

CHAPTER XIV

VANISHING MEMORIES

" Bal-bei-Hof " in Vienna—Ladies and cigars—A Viennese " blut Wurst " (black pudding)—Two-horse " droschke "—Brixen in Tyrol—The water and fresh-air cures—Wonderful walks and cures—Venice and Prince Clary —Jews on the Continent—A philanthropic people—Mr. Godfrey Isaacs and Marconi battleship operators—Mr. Marconi's ears—Power of languages —Lord Northcliffe—His fame—World unrest—Anti-Semitic writers—Admiral Consett on British profiteers—Strength of personality—Sir Oliver Lodge and Leonardo da Vinci—Lady Curzon's beauty (Mary Curzon)—Prince Giustiniani-Bandini—Sir Esmé Howard and his son—Pius X and the statue of Garibaldi.

BALLS in pre-revolution Vienna were not like ours. They began very early, about 9 to 9.30, and there was no sitting-out. There was always a Master of Ceremonies, who arranged how long each dance should last, and he stood with watch in hand till the appointed minute would arrive. If it was the middle of a phrase of a waltz, it didn't matter ; he would put up his hand and the music and dancers immediately stopped. A Viennese dancing-room was the most lovely, fascinating sight imaginable. They must have been born dancing. Everyone seemed to be swaying and rising together in gentle and rhythmical fashion, and added to this, Viennese bands have a different way of playing three-time music. They remain half a beat longer on the second beat of the bar, leaving only half a beat for the last note, which gives it a lovely lilt.

At the Cotillion at the " Bal-bei-Hof " (the most exclusive ball in the world), the favours given were interesting—little round metal boxes with the head of the Emperor Franz-Josef, containing tiny and rather nasty chocolates about the size of a threepenny-bit, and exceedingly small bouquets of flowers in holders made of ordinary white paper, snipped round the top. At the Bal-bei-Hof which I attended, Princess Metternich got more of these than anyone else, and her little husband was very useful in carrying masses of them for her, which he did in the most dejected and disconsolate-looking way imaginable.

In the royal riding-school (where the poor Empress Elizabeth loved to be) I was shown the horses which are the direct descendants of the breed painted by Velasquez in his equestrian pictures of Charles I. They have exactly the same wide neck at the base, tapering off as it approaches the seemingly absurdly small head. These horses do extraordinary tricks, and will go round a tea-table on their hind-legs in a squatting position.

Baron Schönberg—a German Papal Chamberlain whom I knew in Austria—would not have agreed with Sir Algernon West's verdict on present-day ways. He amused me very much once by telling me about a young and pretty girl whom he knew in Rome. He was very fond of her, but thought it might be well were she to be slightly more restrained in her manners! Her answer was, "But what can you expect of me when Papa lives in Paris with a lady who is not Mama, and Mama lives in Florence with a gentleman who is not Papa?"

Ladies in Vienna often smoked cigars, and one I visited who indulged in this habit, so strange to an English girl's eyes, was Countess Zichy. She had often been to England many years ago and had been friends of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. She wore a stiff collar and shirt, and smoked huge black cigars! Her manners were quite too beautiful.

Princess Schwarzenberg was another I remember, and chiefly by her marvellous tiara and a parure of huge cabochon emeralds.

These great people took little or no part in the governing of Austria and were quite happy hunting, shooting, bob-sleighing, and dancing. Their "second" chamber was elected, so that "life-peers" were to be found in Vienna. I was taken over the "Reichsrath" (House of Parliament) by one of these life-peers, and he told me that the language that was used in that hallowed spot beggared description. "Pig," "Hog," "Devil," "Liar," were amongst the commonest and the least objectionable.

One night Princess Adini and I went to a *bal masqué*, at which Princess Metternich was also present (Isabelle, not Pauline). She was masked, but had not put a domino on, and was surprised that everybody recognised her; her well-known mole accounted for this.

That hall is imprinted in my memory for ever, because I

CAMPDEN, IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
My birthplace.

EXTON, IN RUTLAND.
Where I chiefly lived till my marriage in 1915.

suddenly felt terribly ill and had to go home. All night I thought I was going to die, and only in the early morning did the atrocious pain pass away. The Princess had—to amuse me—bought a *blut Wurst* (black pudding) for which Vienna is famous, and it had come from the one shop in the town where such things were impeccable ; but I must have hit upon an " also ran," for I shall never forget the torture I suffered. Even now I feel ill at the word !

My dear hostess, whom I loved, was known to all the " droshky " drivers in the town, who could often be heard to say " Da geht die Adini " (" There goes the Adini "), as she walked down the street.

A wedding there is differently conducted from ours. In Vienna all the chief relations of the bride and bridegroom stand at the bottom of the church, and then the bride walks up to the altar between her parents, followed by the relations, who are all paired off with each other. The parents of the bride then hand her over to the bridegroom.

At evening parties the footmen stood inside the hall of the house, and so there was no risk of catching cold trying to find them outside. I remember a ball at the Tschirschky's, the German Ambassador.

Naturally, Viennese society can in no way be compared with that of London, as it is so very small. The smart "droshkies" (cabs) all have two small quick-trotting horses, who clatter through the cobbled streets at a terrific pace. To hire such a " droshky " for the afternoon to pay calls costs at least £2 (pre-war), and this the usual young diplomatist would find rather expensive. He had to hire a carriage and pair, as it wasn't considered the " right thing " to be seen in a one-horsed vehicle, and no one *dreamt* of going in a tram.

Another I met was Baron Beek-Friis, a Swedish diplomatist. I was dining with some friends soon after my return from Vienna. The door was opened and " Baron Beek-Friis " was announced. I greeted him most effusively and asked him why he hadn't told me that he was coming to London ? He looked extremely surprised, and then suddenly a light burst over his face, " You come from Vienna," he smiled, " then you take me for my brother ! He is my twin ! " He gave me the whole collection of Grieg's songs.

I first met Princess Adini at a place in the Tyrol, Brixen, where people from all over Europe went to be cured of

diverse illnesses by a clever old Tyrolese doctor, now, alas! dead. It was situated just the other side of the Brenner Pass. Here was run a health-cure institution on the lines of Kneipp. People went about with bare feet and sandals, with their hair hanging down their back, in the scantiest possible clothing. "Early to bed and early to rise" was the order of the day. We ate the simplest of foods—sour milk and coffee made of nuts being a daily tit-bit! Twice a day we were douched with snow-water—which gushed from the mountains—on various parts of our anatomy: first our arms, then our legs, then our shoulders, then from the waist down, then from the waist up, and so we were acclimatised to be prepared for what was called the "full douche," which consisted of standing in the costume in which we were born and having a spurt of ice-cold water dashed at us from an inch tube at a distance of about 15 feet! I can assure you it was the most terrifying and unpleasant experience I have ever had. One fat old German lady screamed so much that the woman who was applying it had to fetch the doctor. When he came he said not a word, but took hold of the pipe and turned it on to her as a fireman would do to a burning house. In fact, she might have been a house. She never screamed again.

Here we took long, lovely walks up, up into the mountains, stopping at little farms to have a delicious meal of fresh eggs, coffee, brown bread and butter, and enormous yellow pears or masses of wild strawberries. From the distance tinkling bells would sound, now far, now near, carried hither and thither by the warm breeze, from the hundreds of red-roofed churches dotted throughout the mountain country. Here one could lie for hours with a book upon the hot, hot pine-needles, reading and dozing in turn, with the sun glinting through the heavy fir branches and drawing out all their aromatic and revivifying smell. Indeed, these were happy days when Europe was at peace, trade flourishing, and people of different nations on friendly and humane terms with each other.

Many marvellous cures were effected by the clever old doctor at Brixen who, it was said, had the whole of European royalty and aristocracy in his pocket. Here trailed anæmic princes and surfeited millionaires; nervy musicians, disappointed journalists, and broken-hearted lovers. Men and women with all sorts of illnesses from all parts of the world,

followed in the wake of this wizard of the mountains, with hands outstretched, crying aloud, " Cure me !—cure me ! " And the interesting part about it all is that, with very few exceptions, he *did* cure them and sent them away happy. What a life ! I thought it was a glorious life for him—almost Christ-like.

When going to this place for the first time with my mother many years ago, she became very drowsy after leaving Innsbruck ; but on crossing the Brenner Pass she opened her eyes to look at the wonderful scene. Very sleepily she remarked to me, " At last I understand why we have so little sun in England during the winter ; of course it's these enormously high mountains which keep the sun from reaching us."

Her extraordinary remark brought her to her senses, and we laughed so much that our neighbours in the compartment must have feared for our sanity.

The late ex-Emperor Charles of Austria [1] was one who often went there for his health as a schoolboy with his tutor.

My mother and I spent Christmas there in the year 1908, and I shall never forget the wondrous beauty of that Christmas Eve. The night was brilliant with moon and stars, and through the crystalline air the tinkling of hundreds of bells from the secluded mountain villages gaily rang out their greeting, and down the hillsides at midnight streamed the peasants, their goal being the large church decorated in the most appalling rococo way so dear to the hearts of the Tyrolese. Here midnight Mass would be celebrated, and the church was a seething mass of human beings, packed so close that it was impossible to kneel down, and smelling strongly of cart-grease with which—on special feasts—the women smear their coiled hair.

Another peculiarity of these people is that it is considered wrong that the girls' figures should develop in the natural way. To counteract this the poor little things are squeezed into the tightest of jackets, so that any natural curve becomes quite impossible.

The Tyrolese people are fascinating, and I received one of the nicest compliments of my life from a dear old carver of statues who lived up in the mountains. I used to go for long walks and always wore very short skirts for climbing.

[1] Died 1922.

One day I met him on my way home. He smiled at me, saying, "Grüss Gott, küss die hand, du schönes süsses Kind" ("Greet God, kiss thy hand, thou pretty sweet child"). (I was more particularly enchanted with this, as at the time I was twenty-five!

From Brixen I went to Venice for a few days with a Polish woman who was so beautiful that it was quite unpleasant to walk with her in Venice. She was very tall and fair, and the Italians admired her very much. One night we dined with Prince Clary, who had known my father very well, as a child, when my grandparents used to spend the winters in Vienna or in Venice.

He sent his graceful black gondola, with the silver lamp shining in the prow and propelled by a servant in livery, to our hotel for us. It was January, and so we had the place to ourselves, and were able to get an idea of what Venice is without tourists. After dinner Princess Clary (born Radziwill) stood at the door of the dining-room and shook each guest by the hand. She was the dearest woman and most unconventional. Her clothes were too odd; she wore a skirt made out of a sort of shooting-tweed, a man's coat, a stiff shirt front and stick-up collar with a tie. Like Countess Zichy she also smoked enormous black cigars. Indeed, many of the older most *hochgeboren* ladies did this; yet none could have been less mannish than they.

Viennese society was (I am speaking of pre-war days) extremely exclusive, and was carried on very differently from ours. Although it had many curious and mediæval drawbacks, it also had much charm and flavour.

After I grew up I went about to a certain extent in foreign society, which I liked very much indeed; but never having heard Jews defamed in England, I was, I confess, much astonished at the bitter ways I heard them talked about abroad. It is said that every country gets the Jew it deserves, and perhaps that explains it. Personally I have met very few, but the ones I know I like, and from doctors and nurses in London I have always heard the greatest praise of Jews.

They say that their households are conducted upon the highest Christian lines and that they are the kindest, most generous of people, and most considerate.

I worked for a time in Mile End at a club belonging to Lady Mary Howard. The houses of Jews down there

and their regulations were admirable. Family life was good and they held firmly to their religious views, with the result that they reared healthy families.

I know nothing of Russian or Polish or East European Jews. They may be different—I daresay they are ; but then all peoples of Eastern Europe—Jew or not—are different from English people. I think it is a pity that so much which is so grossly defamatory to Jews should be bandied about the way it is in England to-day. Many of our greatest public benefactors are Jews, as are many of our friends in whose beautiful and artistic houses we are pleased to be entertained. They are, after all, the " Chosen People," the " People of the Book." Down the ages, who have contributed more to the learning and bettering of the world and who have laid more precious gifts at the shrines of the arts than this notable race ? Some students of " prophecy " maintain that the reason why England and America are so blessed is because they do not persecute the Jews.

A very large number of musicians, artists, and writers are Jews. Crémieux, the well-known statesman; Moses Montefiore, the philanthropist; and the great historians and *littérateurs*, Jost Rappaport and Grätz. Jews annoyed Bismarck, who found himself worried and opposed by politicians such as Edward Lasker and Ferdinand Lassalle, whom George Meredith took as the hero for his novel *The Tragic Comedians*.

Mr. Godfrey Isaacs is a clever Jew and a man with whom it is a pleasure to talk. I once was at a luncheon-party where he and Mr. Marconi were of the number. The latter reminded me in some curious way of the Faun of mythology, and I expected all the time that he should have pointed ears. Mr. Godfrey Isaacs told me that he considers languages to be without doubt the best and most useful basis for a man's education. " Teach your boy as many languages as possible," he said.

Knowing three languages well besides one's mother-tongue will take a man very far, and the languages from which to choose the three should be French, German, Spanish, Russian, Arabic, and Turkish. Time passes all too quickly, and Europe won't remain as she is at present for ever. It is easy to imagine how the ignorance of foreign languages at the recent and frequent Conferences clogged

their machinery ; hampered and cramped the style of the delegates ; and lengthened the proceedings considerably. To be a crude interpreter is one thing ; to be a person whose complete knowledge of four languages enables him to grasp at once the exact shade of meaning and to render it in such a way as to convey not only its bald sense, but the full flavour of its psychological " parfum," is another.

The precise and exact knowledge of four great European languages gives to a man a power which might be greater than gold and is certainly greater than barter.

Nothing makes one feel clumsier than speaking a foreign tongue badly. An acquaintance of mine at whose house some Spanish courtiers were staying when on a visit to England with the King of Spain, had but the faintest knowledge of French, although doubtless hundreds had been spent upon her education. Said she at dinner in her best form : " Est-ce-que vous êtes mauvaise sur la mer ? Moi, je suis toujours mauvaise sur la mer " (" Are you wicked on the sea ? I am always wicked on the sea "). Of course, what she wanted to ask them was whether they were good sailors !

I must confess to making idiotic mistakes in French. Once at Lausanne I wanted an extra pillow for my bed.

Various bells round the walls had different legends beneath them instructive of their use. On one was written : " Sonnez deux fois pour le sommelier."

Feeling positive that " sommelier " was " pillow," I obediently rang twice. A man appeared.

I said : " Je veux un sommelier."

Said he : " Moi, je suis le sommelier."

Said I : " Mais je veux un sommelier *pour dormir*," at which he seemed amused, and at last I saw my idiotic mistake. I had got thoroughly mixed up !

Oreiller is " pillow " ; *sommeiller* is " to slumber " ; and *sommelier* is the " waiter " !

Someone once translated " riz de veau à la financière " as " smile of calf at the banker's wife " ; and an " arrière-pensée," which of course means an " afterthought," was given as a translation for " bustle." " Give me the fork and I'll show you how to do it " was rendered into French as " Donnez-moi la fourchette et je vous montrerez le chemin-de-fer " (faire).

An Englishman who wanted to give a tip to a French porter, said in the most confidential way and in the most British accent as he slipped the coin into the unresisting palm of the Gallic one : " Içi vous êtes " (" Here you are").

Yes, Mr. Isaacs was right when he advocated languages as the best base for a useful education. He told me of the integrity of the Marconi operators on the battleships during the war, and I was interested to hear from him of the way in which they were chosen for their important post. He said that their preparatory and public-school records were gone into minutely, and that the history of their parents and grandparents was examined. He said that the steadfastness, the complete trustworthiness, and the profound discretion of these young men was beyond all praise. In no case did one fail to be worthy of his outstandingly important position.

From a woman's point of view it seems to me, though, that the received idea of English education is too uniform, and I fail to see why a boy should be pressed and forced into the common mould before he is deemed a typical British youth, the " right " sort, and a real " potential " Englishman. Much praised as is the English public-school system, it is striking to see how many great Englishmen are *not* its products, and by " great " I do not mean only on the intellectual or artistic plane.

There are an astonishing number of soldiers, politicians, statesmen, leaders, thinkers, and Churchmen who never went to any public school at all and whose education was quite incommensurable. Lord Salisbury had to leave Eton ; Disraeli was much educated at home and by his own enormous reading ; Sir Mark Sykes, as lighter type of useful man, seems never to have been left at school for more than a few consecutive weeks.

Not many in the last two Cabinets were public-school men, and the Scotch manse is responsible for quite a number of our lawgivers and rulers. Yet a public-school education is the prerogative of the English boy, and this is well shown by the genius of George Meredith in *Richard Feverel*. It has never been under State control nor yet entirely swayed by clerics, and in that way differs much from the two outstanding forms of Continental education. The English idea has always been that it was semi-public and semi-

private, and taken all in all it no doubt produces the best and the finest type of man in the world.

The drawback to the education of the sons of the upper and leisured classes is that they are never able when at home to get into an atmosphere of work such as is the other sort of boy's usual environment. In such homes work is the common round, in the other homes pleasure and how best to attain it occupies that position. Much can be done in subtle ways, though, and learning should never be laughed at or talked of as a " bore."

Let the child be made to think of " lessons " as something wonderful and enthralling, and never allow the note of pity for him that he has to work to enter his consciousness. The greatest men have usually sprung from the working homes, and Galton tells us that most English geniuses come from the families of clergymen.

I do not think that the sons of the wealthier classes are really stupider than these others, but where there is money in plenty there cannot be the incentive or the driving-power which exists in humbler homes and which continually says " work or go under." Necessity has been the mother of many great men. Our sons' and brothers' brains are not seriously trained with the idea of being productive, and, not forgetting that luck and charm are two very great factors in life, hard work remains, as it always was and always will be, the best way of " making good."

In the Jewish connection, it is interesting to read Disraeli, who says that " all the tendencies of the Jewish race are conservative. Their bias is to religion, property, and natural aristocracy, and it should be to the interest of statesmen that this bias of a great race should be encouraged, and their energies and creative power enlisted in the cause of existing society."

Again he says : " Christians may continue to persecute Jews and Jews may persist in disbelieving Christians, but who can deny that Jesus of Nazareth, the incarnate Son of the Most High God, is the eternal Glory of the Jewish race ? " ?

A Christian politician and a very great gentleman who would not brook persecution of any sort was the late Lord George Bentinck. His loyal championship of religious equality will always be remembered when he urged that equal privileges should be given to Jews and Catholics alike.

And so one hopes and believes that the races and the religions to which England, as a Protestant nation, has allowed so much freedom, will not take advantage of her generosity and, catching her at unawares, seek to cause her downfall. That there are people desirous of England's downfall is, I daresay, true, but let us be careful to find the real culprits.

It is one of the most remarkable tributes to the great power the late Lord Northcliffe had become, that he was denounced by haters of Jews as being a " dirty little Jew " and by haters of Catholicism as being " a Catholic in secret and in league with the Jesuits." This indeed is fame !

Now, Lord Northcliffe was neither " dirty " nor " little " nor " a Jew." The only thing that is dirty about him is that he was born in " dear dirty Dublin ! " His mother was an Irishwoman. He was not a " little " man, rather was he cast in heavy, leonine mould, loosely thrown together, with broad shoulders, short neck, and massive, Napoleonic head. His manner was easy and charming, his voice pleasant and soft, and compared with his build, noticeably small and well-modulated. He talked easily on any subject and seemed to be interested in everything.

Owning, as he did, so many newspapers, one would have thought it impossible that he should really control them all, but he periodically and without warning made hawk-like descents upon each one and went through their organism personally, as it were with a tooth-comb.

In the special room reserved for him at the *Daily Mail* Offices at Carmelite House there was a very fine head of him in bronze ; below it another bronze representing the figure of Napoleon, and leaning up against it a photograph (in profile) of a rough-haired boy looking upward with a tense, rather strained expression on his rough-hewn features. It is young Alfred Harmsworth.

Talking of Jews, Mr. Solly Joel (whom I do not know) was staying at Cairo in 1914 when I was there. The Butes and I went to Jerusalem, and apparently so did Mr. Joel. The Cairo newspapers announced that Mr. and Lady Norah Joel had gone to Jerusalem ! (my name then being Noel).

The great and good Jews who have truly taken on the

nationality of the countries which own them as citizens surely cannot be held responsible for the present havoc !

The War is the cause, to a very large extent—for a placid pond cannot be stirred to its subterranean depths without much which is foul, and was buried, coming to the top. Much mud was disturbed, so much has to settle, and as we didn't reach our maximum military strength till the beginning of 1918, when the army stood at 3,887,649, so we ought to allow at least four years from the signing of the Versailles Peace to allow poor tortured old Europe a chance of getting back to her moorings.

Somewhere Mr. Birrell has said that he is always amazed at the extraordinary sanity of the great British public, and one can but agree with him. But we are always seeking for a scape-goat upon whose broad and vague back we can place the responsibility for what has come to be called " world unrest."

It is curious to read in the *National Review* and in other anti-Semitic writings that the so-called international Jews were pro-German and anti-Ally during the War, and then to read in Ludendorff's book that " the Jewish people worked hand-in-hand with France and England. The Jewish people had to have Germany's defeat."

So that the anti-Semitic writers of both nations attempt to put the blame of Germany's defeat and her bid for victory on the same cause—Jews !

Admiral Consett's book opens up a new vista of thought on the War and its prolongation, and largely throws the blame of the last three years on British profiteers in foodstuffs and raw materials. Its statements have not yet been contradicted.

During the War Sir Jesse Boot came over from Nottingham to Exton to see some herbs which grew in a certain place in the Park, and which were useful to make some drug much used for medicine in the War. He was a wonderful old man and one couldn't help being struck with admiration at his career.

He is quite paralysed and cannot move himself nor even turn his head to one side or the other. An extra-large motor had been built for him in which his own wheel-chair could be placed. This was lifted in and out by the servants he brought with him.

A friend of his told me lately that his will-power is

quite miraculous. This man said that often Sir Jesse has long periods of coma, during which he lies on his bed speechless, eyes closed, scarcely breathing, and to all intents and purposes in an almost lifeless condition.

This spring (1923) it was getting near the time for an annual meeting of Directors in London. Sir Jesse had been in this condition of coma for some time. Suddenly he called to his servant, opened his eyes, and said, " My board meeting is next so-and-so, kindly order an invalid carriage for me to go to London on that day " ! He then closed his eyes and relapsed. The day arrived. He opened his eyes, was carried to the train and thence to his Directors' meeting, at which he spoke and, on his return home, collapsed again.

Yet we are told that there is no such thing as spirit. The exact contrary is more near the truth. If only we would allow ourselves to become less material we could in time throw off the material shackles and become—each one of us—a " listening-in " and a " giving-out " installation, thereby getting into touch with all the spirits of the Universe. We are on the verge of wonderful things, but—as usual in the world's history—there are people who for various reasons hold men back.

Joan of Arc, who heard voices and was burnt for it as a witch in the fifteenth century, was canonised as a saint for it in the twentieth century. Leonardo da Vinci could make no headway in his day ; now he is appraised as one of the greatest spirits ever born into the world. Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes are the " forerunners " of our day, and in time to come will be appraised as we now appraise Leonardo.

. . . . .

A few weeks before the war I was at the Russian opera at Drury Lane. It was Eton and Harrow week, and London was packed with England's future of both the dark and light blue variety. I was sitting in the stalls, and during the

entr'acte heard voices behind me. It was apparently an uncle giving his nephew an outing. In awed tones I heard the boy say, " Oh, Uncle John, look at that lady in the big box—isn't she lovely ? " I followed the youth's gaze and found it resting upon Lady Curzon (Viscountess Curzon). A grunt was the only answer the uncle vouchsafed. Still gazing at her and quite spell-bound, the boy went on : " Do you know who she is ? " The gruff one said he didn't. There was a slight pause, which I felt was palpitating with interest and admiration, and then the nice little voice came again. " I do hope she's happy." Another grunt from the unmoved uncle, I turned once more to look at this boy and found him still with his eyes riveted on Lady Curzon, entranced. It seemed as though he wanted twenty pairs of eyes to assimilate her beauty. Should she ever read these lines I hope she will appreciate the spontaneous and profound tribute to her loveliness.

Talking of loveliness, Dr. Nansen, whom I met staying with the late Lord Ranksborough and Lady Ranksborough near Oakham many years ago, told me that the Duchess of Sutherland (now Lady Millicent Hawes) was the most beautiful person he knew. He was fond of music, and I recall with pleasure his charming appreciation of my singing Strauss's songs to him. He was interesting to listen to, although most of what he said had appeared in his book. He said he frequently used to sleep while walking in those snowy regions which his heart loved so well. Being interested in English hunting, he had rightly come to little Rutland to see what it was like, and is one of the world-famous men who have ridden across the lands of my ancestors.

I now have a brain connection which leads me to Greystoke, thus : Hunting—Lowther—Westmoreland, and so Greystoke, the late Mr. Harry Howard's place.

Staying there once when I was, were Sir Esmé Howard and his Italian wife Lady Isabella (*née* Bandini). There is a curious circumstance attached to her family. Her brother, the present Prince Giustiniani-Bandini, is an English peer and sits in the House of Lords as Earl of Newburgh. The clock in the courtyard at Greystoke is always kept a quarter of an hour in advance of the right time. Sir Esmé Howard has a jolly family of boys, and the eldest one, when quite young, was taken to visit the late Pope Pius X. The Pontiff,

taking him on his knee, asked him what he liked best in Rome of all the wonderful things he had seen. The delightful youth promptly answered, " The statue of Garibaldi." (He had not yet learnt diplomacy from his father, it seemed !)

CHAPTER XV

THE COTTESMORE HUNT

Noels the originators of the Cottesmore Hounds—Hunting in Rutland—" Badminton's " faulty descriptions—Lord Lonsdale's claims—Conflicting dates—Lord d'Abernon's " And-and "—Pius IX and tradition—" Baillie's Hunting Diary " differs from Badminton—The chase of the fox—Its antiquity—Strenuous Lord Henry Bentinck—The " Shires "—Mr. Meynell's letter to Lord Gainsborough in the eighteenth century—Cottesmore and the Noels—Cottesmore Hall rented by the Lowthers—Tom Noel's " Diaries "—Modern hunting—Its peculiarities—The Olympians and their silver luncheon boxes—Careless strangers—Fat men in cut-away coats—Abbey, Tom Noel's famous huntsman—Sir William Lowther, 1st Lord Lonsdale, 3rd creation—List of Masters, 1732–1923.

THE Noel family were the first owners of the Cottesmore Hounds as such.

" For the truest sport, the straightest foxes, for perfection of country, for long runs and fast runs, commend us," says Brooksby, " to the wild pastures of the Cottesmore. A widespread region, scarcely inhabited ; ground that carries a scent in all weathers [this is questionable] ; woodlands which breed a travelling race ; and mile upon mile of untracked grass where a fox will meet nothing more terrifying than a bullock."

A large portion of these are owned by my father, and, as a Noel, it is impossible not to thrill at such words, describing as they do the country in which my people have been born, lived, loved, and died for just on four hundred years and which I love better than any other in the world.

Whissendine Brook, whose rotten banks have unhorsed many a classic rider ; Cottesmore Gorse—not a mile from Tom Noel's original kennels—whence can be seen a wondrous panorama of all that fair grass-country ; the Vale of Catmose rolling away into the soft grey sky and sprinkled with coverts bearing such historic names to hunters' ears as Woodwell Head, Laxton's, Wymondham Roughs, and Ranksborough Gorse. This last was sold by my father to General Brocklehurst, who, on being made a peer, chose this sporting name as his title.

Badminton at page 239 says : " The Cottesmore seems to have owed its origin to Sir William Lowther, 1st Earl of Lonsdale, who kept a pack of harriers at Uffington [twelve miles from Exton and in bad hunting country] in the last quarter of the last century, which in 1790 he turned into fox-hounds. When the hounds were sold [we are not told the date] their pedigree went back 130 years." On what authority the statement is made, *Badminton* is silent. Suppose they were sold in 1844 (which is the date of the 1st Lord Lonsdale's death), the date we are taken to would be 1712 and would be nearly half a century later than the date *Baillie's Hunting Diary* gives for any Lowther connection. Further we read : " According to Dick Christian, who was born at Cottesmore, Mr. Noel of Exton was the oldest accorded Master of this country."

Now, how can we make the first and last lines of this paragraph agree ? for Tom Noel was born in 1703 and died in 1788, being the master up to the end, when his cousin and stepson Lord Gainsborough took them on and kept them till his own death in 1798, when *Badminton* tells us that " they passed to Sir William Lowther."

On the next page of the same book we are given a description by Dick Christian of a memorable run under the mastership of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, " who was M.F.H. from 1799–1809," although a few paragraphs above it was stated that at Lord Gainsborough's death (1798) Sir William Lowther took the hounds ; and *Baillie's Hunting Diary*—a book found of course on every hunting man's table in England—gives 1783 as the first year of Sir William's mastership. What are the facts ? This is all conflicting. Some say that it is Henry, 3rd Viscount Lonsdale, who died in 1750, who is claimed by his descendants to have been the originator of the Cottesmore Hounds. I cannot find the date of his birth, nor any data to carry the claim.

Lord Lonsdale tells me that he has a picture at Barleythorpe dated 1633 showing " Sir John Lowther (Lord Lowther) " taking hounds from Lowther to Fineshade in Northamptonshire. In 1633 there was no Lord Lowther, and the Sir John who was elevated to the Peerage in 1696 by titles of Viscount Lonsdale and Baron Lowther was the great-grandson of the Sir John of the picture at Barleythorpe said to be dated 1633.

In another letter from Lord Lonsdale—who has been

most kind in helping me to unravel the dates and try to glean a little history as to the beginnings of the pack—he mentions *1693* as the date of this picture, which all his friends know so well by his famous Christmas card, and this at once brings us sixty years later. This would be Sir John Lowther, M.P., and 1st Viscount Lonsdale. He died in 1700. Lord Lonsdale tells me that he has got a list of the hounds sold by this man to Tom Noel, and it is here the dates fail to correspond, as, although Tom Noel's soul may have been floating about in Heaven, his body certainly didn't exist on earth in 1700.

In *Baillie's Hunting Diary* we read that " Lord Lonsdale brought hounds from Cumberland to the Cottesmore Country by road [one wonders how else he could have brought them, unless indeed they hunted wild and wily northern foxes into the eminently respectable county of Rutland] and hunted from 1666–1670, when the hounds were sold to Mr. Tom Noel." One feels inclined to emulate Lord d'Abernon [1] and remark " And—and "—his favourite ejaculation when not quite certain as to the precision of a statement. Is it a tradition emanating from Westmoreland ? Pius IX once said, " Io sono traditione " ("I am tradition"), but for some Thomases and Thomasinas this is not quite enough.

According to the Peerage, the only Lowther who could have sold the hounds to " Tom " was Henry, 3rd Viscount, who died 113 years after the man represented in Lord Lonsdale's picture at Barleythorpe. Tom was born in 1703 ; began hunting 1732 ; died 1788. Sir John Lowther died 1637. Sir John Lowther (1st Viscount Lonsdale, 1st creation) died 1700. Sir William Lowther (1st Earl of Lonsdale, 2nd creation), born 1757 ; died 1844.

These are the dates, and from them I don't see which Lowther it could have been who sold his hounds to Tom Noel. Lord Lonsdale gives 1633 and 1693 for date on the picture of a Lowther taking the hounds to Fineshade. *Baillie's Hunting Diary* says " Lord Lonsdale (Sir John) hunted the hounds in 1666–1670 and was the originator of the Cottesmore Hounds " ; and *Badminton* says that Sir William Lowther (born 1757, died 1838) was the first Master of the Cottesmore !

[1] British Ambassador at Berlin, 1923.

Tom began to hunt exactly sixty-two years after the death of the last Sir John Lowther. The dates I have given show how conflicting all the statements are, and one wonders where the editors of *Badminton* and *Baillie's Hunting Diary* go for data ?

If Lord Lonsdale is right about the picture, then *Baillie* and *Badminton* are wrong ; if I am right, then Lord Lonsdale is wrong as well as the two other authorities, and of course, being a woman, I'm right !

It is always said that the chase of the fox didn't come into general vogue till the middle of the seventeenth century, and that Lord Arundel had a pack of hounds which he hunted from 1690 to 1700. The Charlton pack, later called the Goodwood, hunted under William III. The Staintondale Hounds in Yorkshire claim an antiquity of two centuries ; and in 1726 Squire Draper, a Yorkshireman, kept a useful pack to destroy lamb-killing foxes. Lord Wilton tells us that not till 1750 were hounds entered solely for fox.

Lord Lonsdale says that John Lowther hunted from Lowther to York and to Peterborough, housing his hounds on the way for a penny a day. He says he took them to Kingwood near Apethorpe.

In the seventeenth century there were no defined boundaries, and men hunted all over the country for miles and miles. In a letter I give later from Mr. Meynell to Lord Gainsborough trying to arrange for boundaries, this is proved.

Lord Henry Bentinck, who died in 1870, and so was of course more than a century later than Tom Noel, was a wonderful man on a horse, and, even as late as he lived, hunted over immense tracts of lands in Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire. It is said that this strenuous creature rode out from Welbeck to Lincoln, which is roughly thirty miles, hunted from Lincoln all day, and rode back again at night ! This he did twice a week. " Some ride," as the Yankee would say.

In the world of sport England is divided into two parts—the " Shires " and the " Provinces."

Rutland, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire are the former, the " rest of England " are the latter !

Tom Noel, then, began hunting over the enormous areas in the " Shires " in 1732, when he was twenty-nine, and the extent of the country over which the Cottesmore

Hounds drew under "old Tom's" Mastership called forth the following letter, written by Mr. Meynell to Lord Gainsborough in 1766.

This is what Mr. Meynell puts forward :

"Owston, Launde, Tilton, Skeffington, Loddington, Tugby, Alexen and Stockerston Woods, Easton Park and the woods near Holt to be neutral covers [his spelling].

"No covers on the Langton side of those above named to be drawn by Lord Gainsborough. Ashby Pasture not to be drawn by Lord Gainsborough, Bilsdon Coplow to be neutral.

"No covers on the Quorn side of Bilsdon Coplow to be drawn by Lord Gainsborough.

"All earths in both hunts to be stopped in common.

"On these conditions Mr. Meynell will engage to draw no covers except those above-named, which he understands to be claimed by Lord Gainsborough as belonging to Mr. Noel's hunt. Mr. Meynell hopes he shall be permitted to run his young hounds in Beaumont Chase for the purpose of breaking them from deer, which he has no means of doing elsewhere. Provided he is indulged with that liberty he will submit to any restrictions with respect to drawing.

"Should these proposals be acquiesced in, the only cover of any consequence hitherto drawn by Lord Gainsborough which he would agree not to draw is Ashby Pasture. Among the covers which Mr. Meynell has for some years been in the practice of drawing and which by this agreement he would be debarred from drawing are Priors-Coppices, Lady Wood, Orton Park and Burton Gorse." [1]

Lord Gainsborough was doubly related to Tom, for besides being his cousin he was his stepson, being the son of the man who had forestalled him in the affections of the Exton yeoman's beautiful daughter Elizabeth Chapman ; he was also the last Lord Gainsborough (first creation), and at his death, unmarried, in 1798 (keeping the Cottesmore Hounds till that year), aged fifty-five, the Noel family became extinct. The name was revived in the person of his

[1] Copy of a letter written in 1766 and in possession of Major Henry Noel of Catmose.

From a picture at Exton.

ELIZABETH CHAPMAN, OF EXTON.

Married (1) Baptist, 4th Earl of Gainsborough; (2) "Tom" Noel, first Master of the Cottesmore Hounds.

eldest married sister's only son, Gerard Noel Edwards, to whom is attached one of the strangest stories in the Peerage, and to which I have referred..

Tom Noel kept his hounds at Cottesmore, a village which has belonged to the Noels for generations, and which place of course gave its name to the historic pack. The oldest official information about this unassuming little Midland parish—which has yet flung its name to all parts of the world where sport and hunting are talked about—is from a map and survey made in 1730 by Mr. Badeslade.

At that date there were three freeholders who owned one house and about eleven acres of land, and included in these three was Lord Winchilsea, owner of Burley-on-the-Hill, who possessed four out of the eleven. With the exception of the glebe lands, Sir Gerard Noel owned all the rest.

At the present time Mr. Cecil Noel, my cousin, owns fifteen acres, and Mr. Finch and the Central Schools the few remaining ones.

Before the sixteenth century the manor or parish of Cottesmore belonged to the Beauchamps, the Durants, the Harringtons, and others, and at the time of Sir Baptist Hicks—my philanthropic, intelligent, and artistic wool-merchant ancestor—it passed to the Noels through his daughter's marriage to Lord Noel of Brooke. Lady Ann Harrington succeeded to the Cottesmore property about 1688.

Its charming pre-Reformation church testifies that it is not a mushroom village.

In 1813–14 the Prince Regent visited Lord Lonsdale at Cottesmore Hall. He was a great admirer of Lady Lonsdale, who was born Lady Augusta Fane and whose husband (known as Sir William) hunted the Cottesmore Hounds for fifty years. He also flirted with her youngest daughter, the Duchess of Cleveland, who was the owner of some wonderful pearls which she left on her death to my grand-aunt Lady Augusta Noel, who was her niece, and they now belong to her daughter-in-law Edith Noel, who was a Clifton and a great-niece on her mother's side to the Duchess also, owing to the fact that two Lowther sisters married respectively a Noel and a Clifton of Lytham. Another of the Duchess's sisters married Lord Frederick

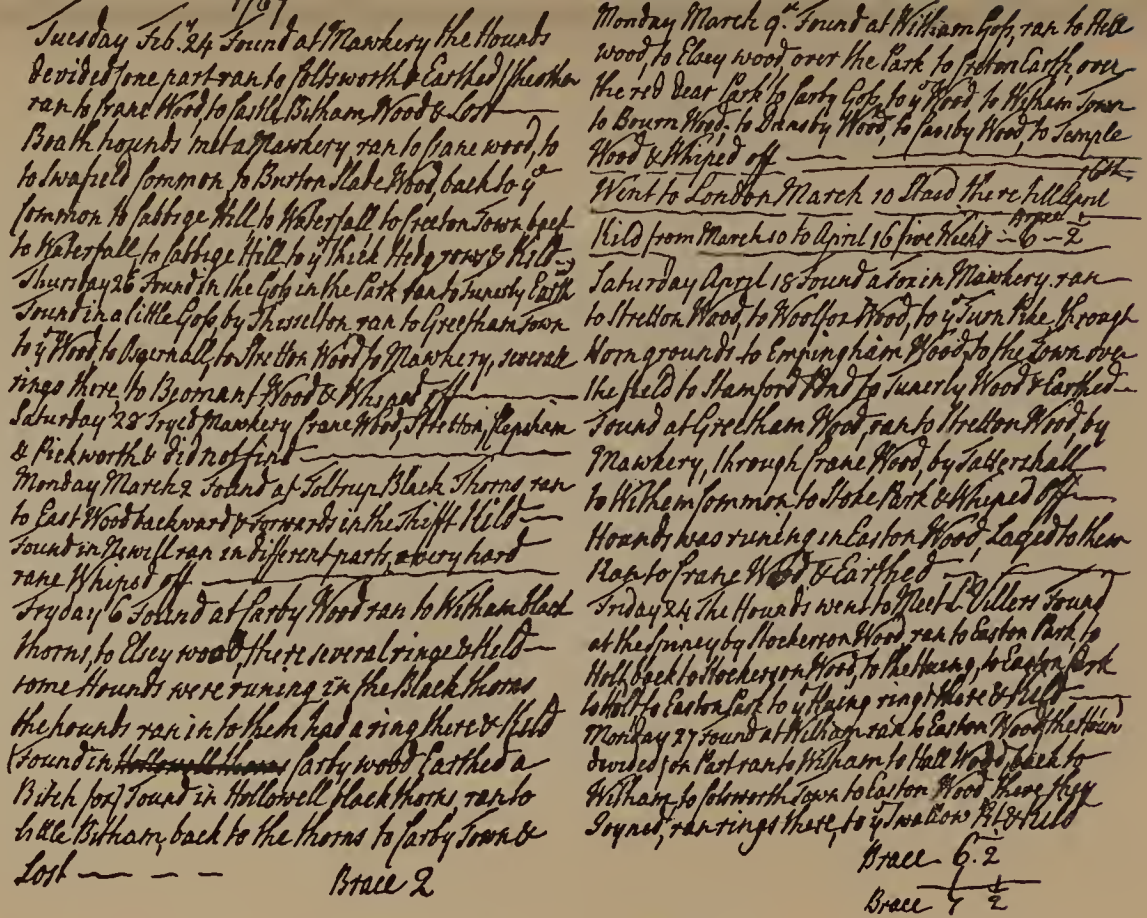
Foxes Kild. in 1766

	Brace
In Leicestershire	11 1/2
In Lincolnshire	4 2
In Rutland	19
When I was in London	6.2
Brace	41

1767

Saturday Feb^{y} 14 Found at Greetham Wood ran ring three to Woolfox for an Hower to Uggemall Earthed & Kild. --
Tryed Greetham the Hounds Devided in several parts Kild --
Monday 16 Found at Greetham Wood ran over the Hooby Closes to Mankery where Devided one part ran to Stretton Wood through Little Hay to past the Bitchams to Pettigrew Hill the other ran to Frane Wood to Hall Wood back to Frane Wood to Mankery Several rings there into Stretton Closes Earthed & Dug
Wednesday 18 Tryed Empingham Wood Pickencote Laund & did not find Turned up the fox we Dug at Mankery in the Laund ran to Bloodey Oaks to Horn Lake Turnpike cross'd ran through Horn Fields to Preamport gates & Kild --
Found in Wood Head ran there some time & Earthed by Hubberts holes ran in Wood Head, the Hounds Devided ran one to the Spinney & Kild. the Other Hounds ran to the Bottom of the Wood & Kild
Friday 20 Turned up the fox with a big Leg in Tottesmore paddock before the Lame Hounds ran to Barrow, to Market Overton to Tea to Woodhall Heath & Kild
Saturday 21 Found at Mankery ran to Lollthorp to Witham there Devided one Part ran to Hall Wood to Frane Wood, to Mankery rings there to Tattershall Kild the Other ran Easton Witham, Burton, Lolby Wood, Witham the Black Thorns, the other Hounds Earthed at Easton Wood Kild

Brace 4 --



Facsimile of Tom Noel's Hunting Diary in possession of Major Noel of Catmose.

Bentinck, and was thus grandmother to Mr. Freddie Cavendish-Bentinck.[1]

If the walls of old Cottesmore Hall could speak, many a tale worth the telling would be forthcoming.

In 1732 (twenty-five years before Sir William was *born*) Tom Noel wrote one of the first books ever published on hound breeding. His hounds hunted over immense tracts of unenclosed country extending over Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Northamptonshire, and his own little native county of Rutland.[2]

To quote *Badminton* once more. On page 240 we find: "Historians of the chase are less voluminous on the Cottesmore Hunt than on many others. With the exception of Dick Christian's reminiscences and the fact that Sir Richard Sutton was Master for a short but brilliant reign, . . . few facts are to be gathered from history."

But I feel that had the author of the article in *Badminton* taken a little more trouble he might have presented that classic with an interesting, illuminating, and correct account of the History of the Cottesmore Hounds. As it stands at present it is none of these.

These are reproductions of some of the pages in Tom Noel's diary, kindly lent me for the purpose by Henry Noel, to whom they belong.

One page shows that between March 10th and April 16th in 1767, $5\frac{1}{2}$ brace were killed—11 foxes in five weeks.

Exton is and has always been the nursery for foxes, and I think I may say that the demesne is never drawn blank.

These are an exact and enthralling record—to those who are interested—written by himself of the Cottesmore Hounds in those early days when Sir William Lowther was in his infancy. Wonderful runs are described, several on the lines of a sixteen-mile point which so excited the enthusiasm of Dick Christian.

The following rhyme was written to record a famous "chase" which took place from Cottesmore on November 5th, 1771. The "field" consisted of about a dozen persons —all men. How different from the "gallant 600" who so often attack Rutland in the winter nowadays! One is tempted to parody General Bosquet's description of that other "six hundred" attack at Crimea. "C'est magni-

[1] 1923. [2] *History of Rutland.*

From a picture at Exton.

HENRY, SIXTH (AND LAST) EARL OF GAINSBOROUGH OF THE FIRST CREATION.
Second Master of Cottesmore Hounds from 1788–98.

fique, mais ce n'est pas la chasse" ("It is magnificent, but it is not hunting".)

A CELEBRATED CHASE

DURING TOM NOEL'S MASTERSHIP

I

Hark, hark, jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale,
To gain your attention I'm sure cannot fail;
'Tis of hounds, and of horses, and lads that ne'er tire,
O'er hedges and ditches, thro' dale, bog, or mire:
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a hundred to one if you meet such again;
Had Nimrod, that mightiest of hunters, been there,
By Jove! he'd have shook like an aspen for fear.

II

In seventeen hundred and seventy-one,
The fifth of November, or sixth, 'tis all one,
At eight in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode forth from Cottesmore in search of a fox;
The Exton town landlord, the bold *Horace Mann*,[1]
Long Powis, old Sussex, and sly Sullivan,
Parson Lambert, *Tom Noel, that huntsman so stout*,
Sam, Charles, a few others, and so we set out.

III

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Crowner set up a most tuneable roar.
"Hark to Crowner," cried Will, and the rest were not slack,
For Crowner's no trifle esteemed in the pack;
Old Bluster and Nancy came readily in,
And the rest of the hounds joined the musical din;
Had Diana been there she'd been pleased to the life,
As one of the lads got a Goddess to wife.

IV

Ten minutes past ten was the time of the day
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way:
As strong from Great Owston, as tho' he'd no fear,
Through Launde wood and Tilton, his course he did steer,
To Loddington reddish, and they right across
Up Buttermilk hill, and to Stapleford Gorse
Round Storers he brushed, leapt Lord Harborough's wall,
And seemed to say, little I value you all.

V

To Leesthorpe he ran, and through Suffield's deep grounds,
Dick Branston, Tom Church, at the tail of the hounds,
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out;
Through Whissendine field was the way that he flew,
At Ranksborough cover, we had him in view,
He drove on through Rocott, at Braunston he waded,
Priors Coppice he traversed, where Suffield grew jaded.

[1] Correspondent of Sir Horace Walpole. He married Lady Lucy Noel.

VI

Through Orton Park wood, like an arrow he passed,
Headed back by the steep hills of Burley, at last,
Then gallantly threw himself into the Garden,
" Bar Lowley," he cried, " I don't heed you a farthing " ;
But soon to his cost he perceived that no bounds
Could stop the pursuit of such staunch mettled hounds,
His policy here did not serve him a rush,
Five couple of Tartars being hard at his brush.

VII

To recover the Park then again was his play,
But e'er through the rails he could make good his way,
He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
Being waylaid and killed by the rest of the pack ;
At his death there were present the lads I have sung,
Sorely jaded Kit Fisher, poor Suffield got flung.
Thus ended at length a most delightful chase,
Which held us *five hours and ten minutes' space.*

VIII

We returned to Earl Gainsborough's plentiful board,
Where dwell Hospitality, Truth, and my Lord,
We talked o'er the chase, and we toasted a health
To the man that ne'er varied for places or wealth.
" Horace Mann balked a leap," cried Long Powis. " That's odd,"
Cries Lambert—" a sin, by the mighty Nimrod."
" I hallo'd, " cried Stephen, " get on tho' you fall,
Or I'll leap over you, your bald gelding and all."

IX

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport,
As for party affairs, we consigned to the Court,
Thus finished the rest of the day and the night
In gay flowing bumpers and social delight,
Then till the next morn bid farewell each brother,
So some they went one way, and some went another,
And as Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

5th November, 1771.

Tom hunted practically all the year round and he hunted to please himself and his country friends. The Hunt which he started as a pastime between his political visits to London—for he was M.P. for Rutland till the day of his death —was not in those early eighteenth-century days the terrifyingly smart social affair which it has become in the twentieth century, when practically everybody hunts except the landowners !

The superb grandeur and richness of all these glorious strangers is indeed awe-inspiring to us poor modest country mice, who hardly dare to walk across our own fields and

woods for fear of being kicked by a kicker, or thrust by a thruster, or have lumps of mud hurled up into our inoffensive and, we hope, unobjectionable faces by sportsmen and women who tear, booming and crashing, through the deep wet earth as though either possessed or chased by the Evil One.

During their days of fresh green beauty when the may is thick on the hedges like a wondrous fall of snow, when each woodland glade is as a cathedral aisle and filled by song of the sweetest choristers, when the soft damp earth gives forth scents even better than that left by the little red fox, and is carpeted by the tender yellow of primroses which later merges into a mass of heavenly blue-bells, our wondrous woods are neglected for the rush and tear of towns. But, when these are all still and silent in winter mists, and mysterious, full of the wonder of the new birth they are preparing for the springtide, they are suddenly inundated by tearing, panting London crowds, who fill the quiet rides with chatter and bits of paper. When they have left, one wonders if one is not in Epping Forest ?

The Olympians have their luncheon handed to them in silver boxes.

The numbers of the " field " vary from two to six hundred, and it is an amusing crowd to watch, for many of them really don't know what to do or where they are, but they just follow each other like sheep. Some of these persons who pound over one's home do not even take the trouble to return the cards left by landowners by whose courtesy alone, they are enabled to hunt. *Autre temps, autre mœurs.*

The attractions of a great pack do undoubtedly bring riches to a country district, and the " Cottesmore " is very popular with the farmers.

It has, however, lost its original character—that of a simple local hunt among country friends, when the hunt servants were clothed in cords and, in order to ensure good and constant sporting runs, it was not considered necessary to have gorgeous paraphernalia and the most expensive clothes that a tailor can invent.

The so-called " smart " cut-away coat suits extraordinarily few people, and a man must be exceptionally tall, slim, and well-built to look his best in this inartistic Napoleonic type of garment.

Why any short fat men wear such coats is a mystery.

" Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us ! "

The wide-brimmed bowler hat, formerly only used by ladies in fawn-coloured coats who were being taught riding in Hyde Park by professionals, has also wormed its way to the " Shires," and has imprinted a cockney atmosphere upon our fair feudal fields.

A Rutland landowner lately remarked in a much amused way, " When I stand in my own woods and hold the gates open for the galloping crowds to pass through who neither know nor care who I am nor the name of the covert, it *has* happened that I have been thrown half a crown."

The chief landowners in this hunt are: the Finches of Burley-on-the-Hill (a wonderful palace overlooking from its exalted position miles of Rutland), the Willoughbys of Grimsthorpe and Normanton, the Palmers of Withcote, the Fludyers of Ayston (now, alas ! extinct), the Conants of Lyndon, the Dawsons of Launde, and the Noels of Exton.

In a letter written by Lady Lucy Noel (married to Sir Horatio Mann, the friend to whom Horace Walpole wrote some of his most brilliant gems of gossip) to her sister Lady Jane Edwards we read:

" Exton.
September 11th, 1758 " [when Sir William Lowther was one year old].

" Just in from a pleasant walk by moonlight. It seems though as if winter were begun for us, as Mr. Noel went a-hunting for the first time [this season]. When Lucy was buying her ' trousseaux,' one of the gowns was described as a ' very pretty rich stuff silver and gold and colours ' which is thought very beautiful by all her friends, the suit of cloathes will come to one hundred guineas. Lucy has bought all her linen, cambric, holland and dimity affairs at the linnen drapers the Hen and Chickens in Fleet St."

Another sister, Lady Juliana (who married Lord Carbery, and whose daughter Juliana eloped on his horse with Captain Hartopp of Dalby, and was thus ancestress to the present [1] Mrs. Burns-Hartopp, wife of " Tommy " Burns-Hartopp, sometime Master of the Quorn Hounds), writes to her sister Jane Edwards from Laxton in Northamptonshire:

[1] 1923.

" Laxton, 1760.

" . . . The hounds [the Cottesmore] came here this morning at about six (they were expected at three). . . . I have this moment set my window open to hear the hounds (who seem to be on full cry in the woods) and the *sweet* voice of Abbey."

Abbey was Tom Noel's celebrated huntsman, and the following extract from *Badminton* shows how difficult it is to record a true history. We read :

" Arthur Abbey—Mr. Noel's huntsman—a big heavy man with a rasping strong voice."

Now, a voice cannot be sweet and yet rasping, and I decide to place my trust in the judgment of the Lady Juliana.

In about 1773, when Tom Noel was seventy and Sir William Lowther sixteen, another letter between the Noel sisters written from Exton says :

" . . . Tom Noel returned from hunting, and by way of diverting us came into the dining-room in his nasty red foxy Exton coat all over dirt. Soon after he eat his dinner which was stewed duck, and Mama ordered tea and coffee. . . ."

His huntsman, Abbey, died in 1772. A curious epitaph exists about him comparing a hunt to life. It begins :

> " Reader, behold a genuine son of earth
> Like a true fox-hound, sportsman from his birth."

It talks about " Exton's plains " and " Walcot's woods " (Tom's home in Northamptonshire), and ends up thus :

> " With steadfast faith and ardent zeal arise,
> Leap o'er Time's narrow Bound and reach the skies."

In 1754 Tom had a famous stallion hound called " Tipler," from which many of the Cottesmore hounds were bred. " Tipler " came from Lord Yarborough's pack.

Sir William Lowther began to hunt in 1788 (as some say, but other sources show it was 1798), and hunted continuously with a break of four years—when Sir Gilbert Heathcote was Master—for fifty years or so.

Thus the lives of these two great eighteenth-century sportsmen cover well the first hundred years of the story

of the Cottesmore Hunt. During his mastership Lord Lonsdale rented Cottesmore Hall from my great-great-grandfather, Sir Gerard Noel.

These notes are copied from the Hon. Henry Cecil Lowther's hunting diary :

1818–1819. No interruptions.
1821–1822. No interruptions.
1822–1823. Ended April 5th. Only stopped 4 days. Killed 89 foxes.

Accounts of the dates just on 200 years ago differ considerably and it is difficult to be quite certain as to facts.

The following list of masters of this famous pack is copied from a letter written to my great-uncle, Gerard Noel, from Mr. W. Wing of Market-Overton, on January 17th, 1877 :

(1) " Tom Noel, 1732–1788. Sold hounds to Lord Lonsdale." (Other accounts say Lord Gainsborough bought the hounds and kept them till his death in 1798.) 56 years.
(2) " Lord Lonsdale, 1788 *or* 1798–1842 (48–50 years), lived at Cottesmore Hall."
(3) " Sir Gilbert Heathcote took them for a few years, 1802–6, during Lord Lonsdale's mastership, and had kennels at Normanton."
(4) " Sir Richard Sutton came from Burton with horses and hounds and hunted the pack from 1842–47." He rented Cottesmore Hall from the Noels.
(5) " Mr. Greaves from 1847 till 1852, and he rented Cottesmore Hall."
(6) " Mr. Burrowes with a pack collected from different sources, 1852–55."
(7) " Sir John Trollope was persuaded to take them in 1855, and he kept them till 1857."

" He lived at Cottesmore Hall. In 1857 he resold his hounds to Mr. Drake, but in the autumn, as no one was forthcoming to hunt the country, an arrangement was made between him and Mr. Tailby—Sir John taking the country east of Oakham and the Melton Road, about two-thirds of the whole, and Mr. Tailby the rest. He then took the

COTTESMORE HALL, BELONGING TO MY FATHER.

Many Masters of the Cottesmore Hounds lived here. The Prince Regent stayed here with Lord Lonsdale (Sir William Lowther), when the latter was M.F.H.

ORIGINAL KENNELS OF THE COTTESMORE HOUNDS AT COTTESMORE HALL—AS THEY ARE TO-DAY.

These were " Tom " Noel's kennels.

hounds to Little Bytham and hunted from Casewick. In 1868 he was created Lord Kesteven, and he continued to hunt the country till March 1870" (three months before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War).

"On the 8th March of the same year the first stone was laid of the new kennels at Ashwell by Lord Lonsdale [father of the present [1] Lord Lonsdale]; the hounds were removed from Bytham to Barleythorpe."

Sir Richard Sutton hunted the hounds himself, Ben and Jack Morgan "whipping-in" to him.

Orbell was huntsman to Mr. Greaves, and then came Will Butler. Will Derry was for a time huntsman to Mr. Burrowes, as also were Jack Goddard and Orbell.

Colonel Lowther (who became Lord Lonsdale) was Master from 1870 to 1876, his son St. George (Lord Lonsdale) from 1876 to 1878, Lord Carrington [2] from 1878 to 1880, and Mr. "Willie" Baird from 1880 to 1900—a very successful mastership of twenty years. Mr. Evan Hanbury—son-in-law of Mr. George Finch, M.P., of Burley on-the-Hill—was Master from 1900 to 1907, and then Lord Lonsdale took them from 1907 to 1911, Lord Ranksborough jointly with Mr. Maunsell-Richardson from 1911 to 1913, and the American Quaker, Mr. Strawbridge, 1913 to 1915, Lord Lonsdale again from 1915 to 1921, when Mr. J. Baird took them on.

[1] 1923.

[2] Now Lord Lincolnshire (1923).

CHAPTER XVI

PERSONALITIES OF THE COTTESMORE HUNT

Cottesmore country—Russian boots and a bet—Prefer the fox not to be killed—" Chasing " and " hunting "—Sir Arthur Fludyer—" Uncle Mop " —" Uncle Clayton "—Two good riders—Contrast in " seats " out hunting—Dear Lord Ranksborough—Blaise Castle—Hunting and courting—Inoculation against a germ unknown required before hunting in the " Shires "—People's tempers—Mr. Maunsell-Richardson—" Junks "—" Bill " Harford—My dream—" Uncle Hugh "—Lord Lonsdale a British Institution—Mr. Lancelot Lowther—His Arcadian tales—Naomi Bentinck in a gap—The late Claude de Crespigny and Norman—Count Bentinck, my father-in-law—Henry Noel's good leg for a boot—Lord Beatty's elbows and cigars—Marshall Field and Field-Marshal—Henry Bentinck, my brother-in-law—A fine and successful rider—Lady Graham and " Trimgate "—Lady Sybil Knox—Saying the wrong thing about a horse—Mr. " Jimmy " Montague—The Wilsons—" Rosie " Clayton—Mr. " Willie " Baird—Distinguished foreigners—Mr. James Baird and the spirit of " old Tom " Noel.

LIVING, as I chiefly have done, in the Cottesmore country, it is impossible not to hear hunting constantly discussed, and a non-hunting friend of mine once said, " When at a dinner-party I hear someone say, ' Do you remember that marvellous old grey mare of mine ? ' I know that I may as well go to sleep for the next two hours."

I hunted myself in a very mild way before the War, but never had any pretensions to " grandeur." Once, for a bet I wore a pair of Russian peasant's boots—like those coloured ones worn in *La Khovantchina*—which had been given me by a Russian, who, because he spoke publicly against certain aspects of Russian life, before the War, was sent to Siberia. I have an album of Russian songs which he gave me and which he taught me to pronounce. He was a nephew of one of the many Prince Troubetzkoys. The day I had on those boots my pony fell down in the most unaccountable way, and so heavily that the pommel was broken. A good number of people were behind me—we were galloping down a field to a gate—and as I lay on the grass I saw masses of glittering hoofs about my head, but these clever horses all eluded me in the most extraordinary way. Mr. Strawbridge was one of those who

helped to pick me up. My future husband was the other! I enjoyed a good run more for the sake of the excitement, I fear, than for any scientific reason. I am completely unversed in the " art " of foxhunting and know less than zero about hound-work.

To be quite frank, I would prefer the fox not to be killed, my feeling always being: " He's done his bit; he's given us a run for our money; why not let him, all bedraggled and palpitating, slink home to rest? " Foxes, which are naturally bred, are much cleverer than the super-bred hound by which they are pursued to-day in Leicestershire, and succeed in escaping hounds in a quite marvellous manner.

It may be because Rutland is my home, but I would rather hunt one day a week there than four days a week anywhere else.

The fences aren't small, but if you're out to " chase " the fox they are as inevitable as are birth and death.

" Chase," the word used by Tom Noel in his diaries, suggests a wilder, more reckless idea of riding behind hounds than does " hunting." We " hunt " for the widow's mite or a diamond ring, which means something slow, laborious, and thoughtful. We " chase " a thief, which visualises something dashing—a fast, fearless pursuit to gain a desired end as quickly as possible.

Most good riders and well-known men in other than essentially hunting circles have at various times visited Rutland and hunted with the Cottesmore. A few there are indigenous to its ruddy soil, and of these stand out pre-eminently the veterans, the late Sir Arthur Fludyer, who died in 1921, proud owner of beautiful Wardley Wood, and Mr. Henry Finch, affectionately known as " Uncle Mop," and in whose veins runs the sporting blood of the Somersets.

These two have for over half a century hunted regularly with the Cottesmore, whilst pursuing their usual avocations, always riding to and from the meets with an unassuming sandwich resting somewhere near their hearts.

" Uncle " Clayton, although not originally a Rutland man, has lived there for very many years and is a well-known figure. Over eighty, he is another who disdains anything but a horse to carry him to and from the meets.

" Uncle Mop's " two sons, Jimmy and Vere, go well. Indeed Vere is a fine rider. His seemingly careless cow-punching seat is a great contrast to the military one as seen

in the many Household Brigade men who come down. The late Lord Ranksborough was a perfect type of this kind of seat.

Everybody loved Lord Ranksborough, and I think one of the reasons for his great popularity was a kind of mysterious power which he seemed to possess of unconsciously drawing the very best out of everyone he met. Perhaps this was because he never *gave* to any except what was the best of him, although I honestly doubt whether there was anything but golden goodness, charm, and kindness to give. Dear Lord Ranksborough, his place cannot be filled.

He always maintained that it was incorrect for an M.F.H. to wear the velvet cap unless he hunted the hounds himself, and this view was, I think, held by the Duke of Beaufort, whom I have seen in a top hat long ago, on the days when he wasn't hunting the Beaufort hounds himself.

Other purists maintain that it is in reality incorrect to wear scarlet unless hunting with the Royal Buckhounds.

At a charming place called Blaise Castle in the Fitz-Hardinge country, the woods were full of enormously high rhododendrons, and the huntsmen of this pack always bewailed that " Blaise Woods were more suited to courting than to hunting."

As it happens, there are few people so entirely taken up with the science of hunting as not to have time to be able to throw in a little " courting " as well! That pastime is as fresh, as new, and as enthralling to-day as it was in the Garden of Eden, for " there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

But Rutland, erstwhile so circumspect, is catching the ways of its neighbouring counties, and Whyte-Melville's words are coming true. Said he :

> Harborough was,
> Melton is,
> And Oakham will be

And now Oakham " is."

My great-aunt Augusta Noel always bewailed that hunting brought such naughty ways in its train.

Would not inoculation against an unspecified disease peculiar to the " Shires " be advisable to those intending to hunt with these packs ?

I have often wondered why the fact of being out hunting

seems to metamorphose some people, more especially men ? There are those who, charming and genial in their own houses, and indeed at all other times, take on the most peculiar characteristics out hunting. They grunt when spoken to, look as though they hated everybody, and use the naughtiest words on the slightest provocation. If one's babies behaved as they do, one would smack them well and send them to bed !

Of many well-known names which come to my mind as I write, that of the late Mr. Maunsell-Richardson (known as " Cat " Richardson) stands out. Although never seeming to be hurrying, he was always there, smiling, charming. To him most certainly the above words do not apply. He was always ready to help one when in trouble and encourage with his genial smile. I loved hearing him sing hunting songs and joining in the chorus.

His seat was perfect. He looked so happy and comfortable sitting right down in his saddle as though in an arm-chair.

Some men look like sugar-tongs on a horse, although they may be knowledgeable and fearless riders.

Another well-known man was the late Major Hughes Onslow (" Junks "). He had been in the 10th Hussars, my father's old regiment, and was a great friend of ours in those days (1900–14), when he died on his way to France at the outbreak of the Great War. He was a contrast to Mr. Richardson and always looked as though he were " going " very hard. With his hat rammed down well over his eyes, he seemed very " busy hunting," whereas Mr. Richardson's performance was one of aloof nonchalance and supreme confidence, a fascinating thing to watch when compared with the tearing, excited crowd trying to control over-fresh horses.

Mr. Bill Harford was yet another character famous in fox-hunting annals, whose presence has graced the Cottesmore.

Contrary to " Junks's " hat, Mr. Bill Harford's always rested at an angle and well at the back of his head. When once hounds started, the world and all its inmates became as nothing to him.

I once had an appalling dream. We were outside a covert which was the surest find in the country, the huntsman blew the heavenly sound " Gone away," and the

hounds came streaming madly out of the wood, when to my horror I saw something rise from the ground near my horse's feet and soar away on wings into the soft grey sky.

It was the fox! I was horror-struck. Sadly I turned home. "When foxes fly," I soliloquised, "hunting must cease."

Somehow the dream always reminds me of Mr. Bill Harford and makes me think how *désœuvré* he would be if it were to come true.

"Uncle Hugh," as Lord Lonsdale is called by many of his young friends, is renowned, but nevertheless it is impossible for even such a humble bard as I to refrain from adding my voice to the universal pæan. On a horse he always looks like a sporting print. He is a British institution.

During his mastership of the Cottesmore his brother, Mr. Lancelot Lowther, acted as field-master, and a very pleasant and efficient one too.

Their childhood was spent at Cottesmore Hall, which their mother rented from my father. Mr. Lowther's genuine affection for old friends is one of his charming traits. He is the best of company, his innocent expression and twinkling eyes adding a quaint piquancy to his Arcadian tales.

His description of a fox-hunt is so graphic and excellent, his knowledge of houndwork so profound, that the listener is carried away by his account to such an extent as to almost smell the "scent" himself.

I was at Ascot once with my father, and Lord Lonsdale arrived just as we did. I heard him say, "I have brought the loveliest lady in England with me to-day." An expectant murmur arose, and he went on suavely, with his delightful smile widening to his ears—"my mother." She was indeed lovely, and kept her looks till her death, as well as the intense love of her sons.

The following happened to my sister-in-law, Naomi Bentinck, before the War, during Lord Lonsdale's mastership.

She was in a very narrow lane which was crowded with riders. It was her first day out with the Cottesmore and she was rather shy. Suddenly up behind her came the Master. He was in a great hurry and tried to pass her, but her horse was very uncomplaisant, although she was doing her best to get him to move.

" Please, ma'am, please, ma'am, one way or the other, ma'am ; please, ma'am, please, ma'am, one way or the other," came from him in cheery, matter-of-fact tones ; but although she was becoming petrified from shyness, her horse continued to remain in possession of the gap and press its uncompromising hind-quarters into his steed, and so, utterly defeated in his efforts to get by, he eventually had to give it up as a bad job and turn round.

When Mr. Lancelot Lowther was a boy at Cottesmore, he painted a donkey red and made it gallop down the village street. The people still laugh when they remember his pranks.

The late Claude de Crespigny was another fine rider. Long-legged, small-waisted, narrow-hipped, he was indeed one's beau-ideal of a horseman : firm and graceful, unyielding and strong as iron below the waist, light and supple above. How seldom this effect is seen ! The de Crespignys themselves, however, all held the opinion that Norman, the youngest of the family, was the best rider of them all. He was killed in the Great War. Their mother is a sister of my mother-in-law. They were born McKerrells, and both remarkable for their height, which they imparted to their sons, for Sir Claude de Crespigny is not tall, neither was my father-in-law, Count Bentinck, yet their sons are mostly all over six feet.

Henry Noel [1] is a good man on a horse. He is slight with a good leg for a boot, and just the build for riding. For years he had ridden horses of more or less the same stamp, which are, in passing, perfect hunters.

He is one of the quiet ones, and although never obtrusive in his riding, he is always " there " and " well up " in a long run.

Lord Beatty was another who often hunted with the Cottesmore in pre-War days, and does still, of course. He wears his hat at a very popular angle and achieves much effect with elbows and cigars.

In this connection a whimsical witticism of my father's comes to my mind. I was telling him about my journey in America, and how some men out there are called " Generals " when in point of fact they are the heads of large " stores." I then went on to tell him of what a

[1] Second son of the late Mr. Gerard Noel, sometime M.P. for Rutland, and Lady Augusta Noel (*née* Lowther).

wonderful shop that of Marshall Field is in Chicago and the lovely silk stockings I had bought there. He said he wondered why *its* owner was not called Field-Marshal.

From 1904 for several seasons at intervals my brother-in-law, Henry Bentinck,[1] hunted in Rutland. He was a fine, bold, clever rider, with marvellous hands. He was extremely good-looking and was always exactly the same, even when in the throes of the most exciting hunt. It was at this time that I first met my husband.

Henry had a wonderful horse called " Trimgate," which he ultimately sold to Lady Graham.[2] One day I went over to luncheon at Barrow at a little house which they had rented from Lady Sybil Knox.[3] After that meal was finished we were asked—as usual in hunting counties—whether we'd like to see the horses, than which there is only one thing more upsetting to me, and that is looking at hounds. When this sentence is mentioned my legs become like lead, the most terrible depression creeps over me, and every idea I have ever had goes straight out of my head.

I always sympathise with a friend of mine who only cares for architecture, fiddle-playing, and translating Dante. She was once taken to see some famous hackneys whose prowess was well known at all English and Irish shows. Her hostess, in showing off the two last, said, " These are not quite as good as the rest ; they're a bit weak in the head."

My friend honestly thought she meant that they were " gaga," and surreptitiously escaped as quickly as she could from the stables.

On looking at Henry's horses I said nothing for some time and passed in silence from box to box. " What a dull fool he must think me ! " I soliloquised. At last we came to " Trimgate," his darling, wonderful horse. Feeling that I must make an effort, I said weakly and rather softly (hoping that he wouldn't hear), " What a nice head he's got ! " thinking that anyhow this would be an innocuous remark. It was, however, greeted with derisive and contemptuous laughter !

" Good head ! Why, that is just the very thing the horse *has not* got."

[1] Coldstream Guards. Died from wounds received at the Battle of the Somme, 1916.

[2] Daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton.

[3] Born Lady Sybil Lowther (Lord Lonsdale's sister).

He was a lop-eared, ugly-headed horse, with a short neck and inferior shoulders.

I had said quite *exactly* the wrong thing! What I should have noticed was either that he had wonderful legs, that he was beautifully "ribbed-up," or that he had magnificent quarters!

But *fecit*. It was done; I was in the soup, and there was no getting out of it!

He was a grand horse and had the most marvellous staying power. On him Henry won the Coldstream Point to-Point and the Brigade Point-to-Point in 1905.

A very good-looking horse of his was "Gold Coin II," which he bought at Tattersall's for a song, and sold him in the same place two years afterwards for 510 gns., after two seasons with the Cottesmore. He was, of course, a great rider, and could make the most difficult horse go well for him. On "Gold Coin II" he won the Army Lightweight and cantered in third in the Brigade Point-to-Point at Hawthorn Hill in 1912, after having had a fall owing to the very deep going. Had Henry kept him he would have entered him for the Grand National. The horse was bought by the late Sir Richard Sutton.

Mr. "Jimmy" Montague, who bought "Cold Overton" from the late Lord Cowley, is another fearless rider, and a good sportsman; and "Boy" Wilson—although I have put him almost the last—should really be put nearly first. He is remarkable even in a country with such ideals to follow and such traditions as the Cottesmore. His sister, Miss "Lexie" Wilson, rides beautifully and can ride anything. It is born in her. She can take her place in the Valhalla of hunting quite safely. And last, but very certainly not least, comes "Rosie" Clayton, the daughter of Colonel Anstruther-Thompson, for one of whose horses Whyte-Melville was inspired to write "The Place where the old Horse died." She, I think, of all Englishwomen alive to-day, takes first place. No one is quite like Rosie, for, besides her supreme endowment of horsemanship, she is gifted in many other ways.

Of the ebb and flow of the Cottesmore Hunt I have no room to tell. It would take the pen of an encyclopedist to write of the many who every winter invade the tiniest county in England and make the welkin ring with other sounds than "view-holloas."

When I first went out with the Cottesmore, Mr. Baird was the Master, which place he filled to everyone's great satisfaction till he resigned in 1900. A very silent man who well understood, I should imagine, the meaning of the French saying, " Bouche close, mouche n'entre pas " (" Flies don't enter closed mouths ").

Many well-known foreigners have hunted with the Cottesmore—Count Larisch, M. de Sinçay, Prince Kinsky, Prince Auersperg ; and many years ago Count Sandor —the wild father of the famous Princess Metternich, whom I knew in Vienna—did very mad things at Melton.

And now, after the vicissitudes of the War, we are again in calmer waters, and the son of Mr. " Willie " Baird is at the helm of the Cottesmore pack, whose history, since the days of famous old " Tom " Noel—nearly two hundred years ago—I have essayed, though very lightly, to trace, and I wish him—as I am sure Tom Noel would—the best of good luck.

CHAPTER XVII

THE " ALL RED " ROUTE

Started round the world, St. Patrick's Day, 1911*—Montreal, and Canadian hospitality—Lord Grey at Ottawa—Sir Wilfrid Laurier—Sir William Mackenzie—Mr. Beardmore—Prairie towns—Sarcee Indian camp near Calgary—Vancouver more English than England—Lovely scenery—Proposal of marriage from unknown man—Honolulu—Man who had no trousers—Suva and the unforgettable Pacific—Land of lotus-eaters—Sydney Harbour—Sheffield Choir—Storm on the way to New Zealand—Saying my prayers—Night of King George's Coronation—Visited Sir Alexander Godley (then General Godley) at Wellington—Stayed with Sir Charles Clifford at Christchurch—" Mesmerising " a young horse—Sir John Fullers and his Liberal views—Sang to crowds in Melbourne—Sir Gerald and Lady Mary Strickland at Perth—Bad snake-charming at Durban—Story of Cecil Rhodes—His diamonds—Lord Churchill and " getting a diamond out of a mug "—Lord and Lady Methuen—Krüger posing as the Solomon of Transvaal—Mrs. Dale Lace and her zebras—Mr. (now Sir) Roderick Jones at Capetown—Landed in England, September* 11*th,* 1911.

Dr. Charles Harriss, of Ottawa, was responsible for my journey round the world as a soloist with the Sheffield Choir, of which Dr. Coward was the conductor. It was here that I again met my former violin master, now Sir Edward Elgar, the renowned composer.

When we were in America I and my brother were besieged by reporters! In one paper I was called the " fragile daughter of a hundred belted Earls," and in Chicago my brother was described as wearing " soft-bosomed shirts and leather braces which no self-respecting American coal-heaver would be seen dead in a ditch in."

It was delightful over there and everyone was so nice and hospitable.

In Montreal I was the guest of Lady Shaughnessy, and it was there that I made my first public appearance with the choir. As such enormous audiences were expected, the choir had to sing in the Corn Exchange, where even the late Caruso had refused to sing as being too large for *him!*

It was here, then, that *I* had to make my début.

As I came on to the stage a faint kind of " whir " greeted my ears, and this was the sound of opera-glasses being raised. It was a terrific ordeal and my knees trembled

beneath me. I was so terribly nervous that at the last verse of my first song I completely forgot all the words. The opera-glasses were kept on me all the time I sang. The audience was very nice and clapped me when I started the verse over again!

I was told afterwards that a man in the crowd was heard to say, "By gum, can't that kid sing!" As an encore I sang "Come back to Erin," which they liked.

From Montreal we went to Ottawa, where I and my brother were the guests of the late Lord Grey.

The snow was still deep when we arrived, and it was a fascinating sensation driving off in their sleigh, in the crisp tingling air.

Lord Grey was a wonderful man and most popular in Canada. I shall never forget seeing him enter the drawing-room before dinner the night we arrived. There was to be a concert that evening and he was going to it, so wore medals for the occasion. He strode into the room, and his keen, hawk-like gaze seemed to take in everyone and everything in one swift, enfolding glance. His handshake was warm and real. Lord Eustace Percy was there too.

Lord Grey's domed forehead was an arresting feature and could not have belonged to a man of small intelligence. He struck me as being intensely virile, full of a keen enthusiasm and a vivacious zest for life.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier I also met. He reminded me of a French curé. I remarked, "How slim he is!" and was answered, "Ah! that's what his enemies say."

In Toronto we stayed with Mr. Beardmore, so well known in English sporting circles for his connection with the horse-show at Olympia. He was a most kind host and I look back with great pleasure to my visit. We rode one day, and he told me he had rechristened the animal I rode, "Lady Norah."

Sir William Mackenzie, then owner of the Grand Trunk Railway with Mr. Mann, came to dine one night. He was crazy about bridge and played in the most highly concentrated way. One of his daughters had married a nephew of Mr. Beardmore's.

It was at the first concert in Toronto that I again met Sir Edward Elgar.

As I came into the green-room after my first song he said, "Well, and what made you take to singing?"

I laughingly answered, "And what made you take to composing?"

He didn't come "out West" with us. At Winnipeg we knew no one, so we stayed at an hotel, where I was given the Royal suite. All during the tour I found flowers awaiting me in my rooms in the hotels.

At Cincinnati my brother and I dined one night with Mr. Taft, brother of the President. He had a lovely house filled with exquisite pictures and *objets d'art*. He had married a Miss Sinton, and their daughter was, I believe, a great heiress.

We found that we had a mutual friend in Dr. Theo. Lierhammer, the delightful artist who had once given me some singing-lessons in London, and had also sung for me on various occasions.

I sang in Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg, and all the towns of the eastern and western prairies, everywhere receiving the greatest kindness and most charming hospitality.

At Calgary I and my brother and Robert Bentinck (whom I married later) went out to see the North American Indian (Sarcee) camp. Here in the tent of the Chief a thing happened which struck me almost more than anything else in my life. The friend who took us spoke these people's language, and often went to see them. He drew aside the flap of the Chief's tent, which revealed him lying on a sort of couch covered with skins. He was smoking a long pipe, and his wife, who looked a hundred but was only about thirty, was squatting near an iron pot containing some strong-smelling food.

The Chief was informed that we were English. Immediately his dull face lighted up and he rose to a kneeling posture, saying he was proud to shake the hand of English people, for they were the greatest of all peoples.

Then with much slow care he fumbled beneath his skins, whence he drew forth a crumpled piece of newspaper and a large medal.

The former contained a description of the definite handing-over of the N.A. Indian tribes to British rule, and the latter depicted King Edward shaking hands with a magnificent-looking Chief. The man fondled and caressed it, crooning all the time to himself and covering the medal with kisses.

This was the most startling and touching tribute paid

to British rule that it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

I rode in the Prairies with Robert Bentinck, and the ponies were so clever, always avoiding the holes themselves. The immense stretch of sky out there seemed all-enveloping and quite different from what it looks in Europe.

I had the "drawing-room" in the train all across Canada and we stopped every afternoon and evening to give a concert. The so-called nigger who waited on me was a curious man. One night I came back after midnight to the train to go to bed, to find him sitting in the drawing-room, not having arranged it for the night. He gave a great start when I spoke to him and asked him what he was doing. He answered dreamily, "I was thinking, madam," whereupon he apologised and quickly made up my bed.

He was hardly black at all, and had a well-shaped head with an aquiline nose and finely-cut features. His colour was about like a Spaniard's.

I learnt later that he was taking his degree at Oxford, but had run short of money, and so determined was he to continue his studies that he settled to take a few trips across the Continent as a waiter on one of the C.P.R. trains in order to get some money to be able to return to the University.

The impresario who travelled with us through the U.S.A. had done the same for most of the great world-artists.

He said that on one occasion he was arranging a set of concerts in America for Caruso, Kubelik, and Calvé, and he told me that Caruso delighted in his food and was always talking about it, and that after having had the most phenomenal success and reduced thousands of people to tears, he would come back to the train—a very luxurious one, with baths, drawing-rooms, and dining-rooms—and describe sauces to the chef quite unperturbed himself at the storm of feeling he had raised in the hearts of his adoring audience.

Vancouver I liked very much, and Vancouver Island also. Here the people are more English than the English. The climate is perfect and the scenery lovely.

At the last concert we gave before sailing for Australia a strange thing happened. The concert was at seven, and we were to sail at midnight.

I was in good form that night and everything went off splendidly for me. In the front row I noticed two men who had come in rather late. They applauded very much, especially one of them. I thought nothing more about it, and after the concert was over went back to have dinner at the hotel before leaving. I was rather depressed that night, as I had thoroughly enjoyed myself in Canada and, moreover, I would have to say good-bye to my brother Charles, who was farming out there, Robert Bentinck, and a cousin of mine who had travelled with us from London right out west.

The choir always sang " God Save the King " and " Auld Lang Syne " on leaving any port, and as we generally left at night it made it even more impressive. They sang as no other choir I've ever heard.

It was a warm, still night in May and the moonbeams danced in the slow-moving black waters. The quay was crowded with friends come to say " Farewell."

In my cabin I found waiting a large bunch of red carnations amongst other gifts from unknown people and these I held in my arms as the last strains of the Scotch song were wafted across the sea.

We had begun to move. I threw a flower to someone on the quay, and as I did so a strange hand shot out from the crowd, caught it, and put it to his lips, and then into the inner pocket of his coat.

As the ship slowly slipped away I recognised the face. It was the man who had been sitting in the front row at the concert.

About twelve weeks later, on my arrival at Melbourne (after I had been to New Zealand), I found a letter at my hotel from this man asking me to marry him, and telling me that he had thought I was one of the choir girls, and had been dreadfully disappointed when he had bought a programme (at the end of the concert) to see that I was the daughter of a " real live Earl."

He sent me photographs of his lovely wild home near the sea on Vancouver Island, and told me that if ever I was tired of the civilisation of Europe I would find a true heart waiting for me in the west.

Do not be nervous, for I do not propose to tell any more such stories!

On leaving Vancouver, Honolulu was our first stop. How

well I remember my amazement when I first realised the marvellous beauty of the Pacific as seen on Hawaiian shores. Clear to the bottom as glass, yet of a wondrous deep colour as of crushed opals and sapphires are the waters of this idyllic and romantic ocean.

We arrived at six a.m. and left again at midnight that evening.

Two concerts were given at Honolulu, and I sang at the evening one, where I saw a well-dressed native in (apparently) a suit of European evening-clothes. When he rose, however, I noticed that he hadn't any trousers! He was arrayed in shirt, waistcoat, and coat. He explained to someone that he had collected the garments he had on by exchanging corals for them with travellers. He was waiting for someone who had a superfluous pair of evening-trousers.

We dined at the Moana Hotel, where a short marble staircase leads from the dining-room on to the shore; that evening the waves were lapping against them, and hidden in the shadows the natives sang their plaintive songs and played the quaint instruments with which London has become so familiar lately.

A week later we arrived at Suva, a place even more fascinating than Honolulu, for it is far less civilised and more picturesque and unique.

One day spent here in the Pacific was unforgettable. We had arrived at six a.m. and went ashore at nine. At first it was too hot to do anything but sit quietly under the flaming scarlet ponciana-trees in the little quaint High Street. Everybody and everything passed this way, and it was amusing to watch the different types of humanity as they came and went like figures in a highly coloured cinematograph. First the splendid Fijian police, their bronze bodies shining in the sun, their loins girt with the scalloped linen which constitutes their uniform, walking with that disdain of earth which civilised races never seem able to achieve.

Then would appear a tiny Chinese woman in black satin trousers and a coat of brilliant yellow, pink, or blue, holding an elf-like babe in her arms. She looked more like a humming-bird flitting about among those red trees than a human being! Then a couple of dark thin Indians might be seen, walking with the long, stealthy stride which is their

heritage, their sleepy, almond-shaped eyes seemingly seeing nothing yet seeing all.

Fascinating children jumped in and out of the warm sea for the pennies which I threw them. The water looked so opaline, fiery and translucent, and the brown and graceful children like living Greek statues as they dived into the water with classic attitudes. In a corner of one's library they would have outstripped the work of the greatest sculptors.

Later in the afternoon, when the great heat of the day had passed, we went for a drive. Our carriage wound its way up and down steep hills, and along a twisting road which straggled past Fijian huts almost hidden by gigantic banana-trees. At a sudden turn, we would come upon a lonely Chinaman working like an automaton at his little garden, nearly concealed by a huge flat straw hat.

The shadows were getting longer, and suddenly a slight, sweet breeze was sweeping over the sun-baked land. Who that has known it can ever forget the intoxicating smell of that flower-laden air ? We were climbing up, up, and up. At last we reached the top of the hill, and a sharp turn to the right revealed a sight not soon forgotten. The wondrous ocean, one vast sheet of pearly grey, lay quivering under the dying rays of an exhausted sun.

To the left lay Fiji's little capital, and some way out in the sea long, low coral-reefs could be seen. On the extreme right a fierce black and immense rock seemed to throw itself into the alluring depths of the opal-tinted water, and on its crest the sun, like a ball of fire, appeared to be resting. But only for a second. Even as we were gazing, speechless with the beauty of it all, he began slowly to sink. Down, down, till at last only a golden slice could be seen, and then that, too, disappeared and we knew that he had taken his last plunge into the cold bosom of the sea.

Then the whole sky became an angry-looking mass of purple, amber, and scarlet streaks, and the world seemed to be lit by a flaming torch. For some minutes the sea looked like rippling blood, but as the sweet air passed her cool fingers caressingly over its heated face, it seemed to change quickly—imperceptibly, like a fairy jewel from red to pink, to mauve, to gold, and lastly to a pale, pale glossy green, on which a little black sail became suddenly visible.

I thought of the words " the light that never was on land

or sea." Surely we had nearly seen it that day. Lovely lotus-eating land! Wonderful haunting isle of the Pacific!

With his usual magic touch Tennyson gives one this atmosphere in a way that is only his:

> In the afternoon they came unto a land
> In which it seemèd always afternoon.
> All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
> Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
> The charmèd sunset lingered low adown.
> In the red west, through mountain clefts, the dale
> Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
> Bordered with palm and many a winding vale,
> A meadow set with slender gatingale,
> A land where all things always seemed to be the same.
>
> *The Lotus Eaters.*

On our return to the town our carriage stopped at the quay, and as we walked towards the ship gay girls threw heavy, sweet-smelling wreaths of flowers over our heads, laughing all the time and stroking our clothes with their slim brown hands. One of the men of the choir bought a pearl here for 30*s*. which he sold at Brisbane for £8.

Lord Dudley had just given up his post as Governor-General, and Lord Denman had not yet arrived, his ship passing ours coming through the "Bight."

Sydney Harbour is really wonderful and deserves its fame. It was full of ships in our honour, and the Sheffield Choir had a royal reception, guns going off, flags, and cheering and singing galore.

We stayed here a week and then sailed to New Zealand. That journey was the most awful thing I have ever experienced.

Our boat was only 1,200 tons, and when we had been out about two hours she began to roll terribly. This went on, getting worse and worse, till we found ourselves in the most unearthly gale imaginable. It seemed there were practically no stewards or stewardesses on board, and I was told later that they had heard that this shocking storm was raging and had refused to do the trip. There was no Marconi apparatus, our steering gear broke down, and we drifted for seventy miles. The black waves were coming twenty feet over the hurricane deck and the companions were broken into small bits of wood. All the alley-ways were running with water down below, and it was absolutely impossible to get anything of any sort to eat, as the few

stewards available were so cut about that they were all bruised and bleeding. As I rolled into my bunk late that night I stuffed myself round with pillows to prevent myself falling out into the water which ran in and out of the cabin under the door as the ship rolled. She was a marvellous fast roller, and had it not been for her extraordinary power of righting herself so quickly I am certain I would have, that night, found a grave in the huge, great, bounding Pacific.

As it was, I said my prayers and commended my soul to God, at the same time thinking " How sorry they'll be at home when they hear I'm drowned ; but anyhow they'll have the satisfaction of being able to say, ' It was her own fault ; she *would* go on this mad journey round the world.' "

Indeed I was convinced death had come for me that night—the night, curiously enough, of King George's Coronation.

I thought, as I dozed spasmodically, of the contrast in scenes—us in a brave little boat battling the cruel, swirling, battering waters, and gay London ! Parties, dinners, dancing ; all brilliance and light.

The oldest thing in New Zealand is a church, seventy years old, which one is asked to go and gaze upon in reverence, as one does at the Pyramids. It would have been more interesting to gaze upon Princess Metternich, and this nicely illustrates the point of her remark !

Sir Alexander Godley was Commander-in-Chief of the New Zealand Army, and he came with them to Egypt during the War.

I stayed with him and Lady Godley at Wellington during my three days' visit to this town, and have lately had the pleasure of staying with them in Cologne.

One night we dined with the Islingtons. He was then Governor of the Islands, but they left soon after.

At Christchurch my brother and I stayed with Sir Charles Clifford (a cousin of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh). He had gone out as quite a young man and had become a very large landowner and also an exceedingly rich man. He had a place called Stoneyhurst, about sixty miles from Christchurch. We motored there, and had to be dragged through a river by two cart-horses.

It was a lovely wild spot on the sea-shore, and in the afternoon we went down to the creek to see Sir Charles's wool—he owned thousands of sheep—being packed into a

small rowing-boat which conveyed it to a steamer lying about a mile away. On her it went straight to Liverpool.

He also owned most of the best thoroughbreds in Australasia, and won nearly all the big races.

I saw a young and entirely untrained horse being broken-in the next morning by a man, who was quite uncanny, and who, I was told, was renowned in the islands for his power with horses.

He took the horse and tied up its near front foot to the fetlock, then he leapt on to its back, where he crouched like an acrobat, crooning strange words into the beast's ear. After plunging wildly for a few minutes, the animal seemed to become quieter.

The man then stood straight up on its back and did a sort of *pas seul* with the greatest ease. If the animal showed any signs of misbehaving again, he would squat on its neck, pat it gently, and whisper into its ears.

In about half an hour the horse was absolutely broken-in and perfectly quiet.

I am certain he had mesmerised it, and I wondered if that breaking-in would be permanent.

From here we went to Dunedin, where I saw the *Quest* being prepared for Shackleton's next journey to the South Pole.

In passing I may say that I went into a public-house near the harbour of Dunedin, supposed to be the most southern "pub" in the world!

Just now I mentioned *pas seul*, which reminds me of the late Mr. Egerton Castle, who delighted in the saying that a *faux-pas* was anyhow not a *pas seul*!

From New Zealand—which reminded me of Scotland—we went to Melbourne, where we stayed a week.

The late Sir John Fuller was the Governor then, and I and my brother dined with him one night. He had, of course, very Liberal and perhaps Socialistic views, yet he was annoyed because someone had remarked to him that people holding his opinions ought not to object to the idea of marrying the housemaid! It was quite an informal dinner, only one other man being present besides himself and my brother, and I was the only woman, yet, so seriously did he take his position, that he went in to dinner before me; which reminded me that on one occasion when having tea at Carton with the late Duchess of Leinster, Lord Houghton

(the Lord-Lieutenant) went through the garden gate before her !

Anyhow, after dinner Sir John asked me to precede him, as the men came at once to the drawing-room with me.

The late Mr. H. B. Irving had just arrived with his company, who were all devoted to him and called him " our father." In the hotel the number of his room was 7, and the wags said that Irving's people addressed him as " Our father which art in seven."

I sang twice in Melbourne to crowded audiences, and always sang " Come back to Erin " as an encore, which was always extremely popular. I sang Gounod's " Ave Maria " in the Cathedral at High Mass on the Sunday we spent there, and afterwards my brother and I motored out to luncheon at Rupert's Wood, Sir Rupert Clarke's place about thirty miles away.

Adelaide and Perth were our next destinations, and at the latter place we dined with Sir Gerald and Lady Mary Strickland. Perth was profoundly uninteresting.

We then started on the most tedious part of our travels—three weeks on the Indian Ocean with no stops, and the only things we saw were the whales.

I am ashamed to say I stayed in bed a good part of the time, always till luncheon, and I read amongst other things that most marvellous of books *Les Misérables*. But the most abominable things come to an end, and at last we came to South Africa.

I have never been so glad to put foot to earth as I was the day we arrived in Durban. It is a nice town, semi-tropical, of which my chief remembrance is the bad snake-charming in our hotel, and the fact that I bought some blue monkey-skin to make into a rug as a present for my father from a man whose sole claim to my esteem was that he told me he had sold things to General Buller and Colonel Brocklehurst (later Lord Ranksborough). But the wretch cheated me horribly, for he sent me (to the ship) a parcel all beautifully tied and sealed up, which I didn't open till I got home, and then, too late, found that he had palmed off some quite common monkey-skins on to me. I was furious but impotent !

In Australia I was given, among other things, a very large black opal ; and in Africa I found " lucky " beans, Chinese silk work, and a Bible awaiting me in my hotel

from anonymous donors, also beautifully curled and uncurled ostrich feathers, which I still possess.

We went on to Pietermaritzburg, Kimberley, Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, and Capetown.

At Kimberley we stayed in the hotel which had once been Rhodes's house. I heard a curious story about him which I cannot say is typical, as I never knew him.

Every week apparently the consignments of diamonds fit for European markets leave the Cape. These have to be most carefully arranged, and I saw the stones being selected by an adept at the job, and it seemed to be a highly skilled affair, for each different grade and size had to be put together in little heaps and it would be fatal, and mean endless work again, should they become mixed.

The story was that Cecil Rhodes was looking over a friend's diamonds at the friend's special request.

"How wonderful they look!" said Rhodes. "May I put my fingers through them? I would like to see them fall glistening from my hand."

"Certainly—anything you like," replied the unsuspecting friend.

Rhodes did so, and of course gathered all the carefully arranged little heaps together and so delayed their being sent to London that mail, and Rhodes's diamonds reached the market a week sooner than the other man's in consequence.

I was told that Cecil Rhodes did it to test the man's acumen and that he would have risen in the great man's estimation had he refused for obvious reasons.

Diamonds are indeed precious things. Although I was given things all over the world, and also gold in Johannesburg, no one offered me a diamond!

Lunching with Lord and Lady Churchill soon after I returned, I told them this, and Lord Churchill said it reminded him of a girl who had told her friend that she had been given a pearl out of an oyster. Her friend retorted that she had gone one better and had got a diamond out of a mug.

At Pietermaritzburg we had lunched with Lord Methuen, whose pretty daughter Kitty entertained us. Later she married Mr. Geoffrey Howard.

We were met at the station by a Cape cart drawn by eight mules, which took us across the veldt.

From Kimberley we went out to see the site of the fight-

ing at Magersfontein, and I could quite realise the immense pull native soldiers had over ours in that peculiar and stony country. On the top of the hill is a cross bearing the names of the men of the Black Watch who fell there. Amongst them was Captain Bruce, who had married my cousin, Cecily Clifton. She subsequently married Colonel Cuthbertson.

The memory of Krüger seemed to be held in great veneration by some people out there, and I was told a story purporting to show forth his marvellous power of justice, which apparently put him, in the teller's estimation, on a par with Solomon!

Two brothers who detested each other were left a farm and all its paraphernalia by their father on condition that they lived together and worked it together, otherwise it was to go to some distant relative. Both men came with their tale of woe to Krüger, each seeking to prove that he was the rightful and sole owner of the farm.

The old Boer heard them out patiently and then gave his decision. The elder brother was to have the land and the house, and the younger one was to be given the stock and the machinery, etc. His decision was the last word, but he had no more trouble with the brothers.

At Johannesburg I refused to go down a gold mine, but I saw niggers in hospital lying under scarlet blankets, which was a weird spectacle.

We had luncheon one day with Mrs. Dale Lace. Her husband had made a huge fortune and lost it several times over, and had also divorced his wife but remarried her again! They were so hospitable and gave us lovely food. She used to drive a four-in-hand of zebras through Johannesburg. Soon after we left Africa her house was completely burnt and everything in it.

From here we went on to Capetown, where we stayed at the hotel so famous during the South African War.

My brother and I went to Constantia, the oldest Dutch building in Africa—a charming place built of mellow rose-coloured bricks, and full of delightful Dutch furniture and brass.

Campden was given several cases of the wine made there, which he liked very much.

Mr. Roderick Jones[1] took me for a drive round the

[1] Head of Reuter's and now Sir Roderick. He married Miss Enid Bagnold, author of *A Diary without Dates*.

mountain, and another day I had tea with the late General Scobell, who lived in a most attractive house belonging to Kipling. We visited Groote Schuur, Cecil Rhodes's home outside the town and admired the striking statue of him which is in the public gardens. He is represented in loose-fitting clothes, a low collar, his hair rather untidy, holding a Homburg hat in one hand, while the other is outstretched commandingly. It is a fine thing.

And now my trip was over and we took ship for Plymouth, where we landed on September 11th, 1911. We were met there by my brother Charles and Robert Bentinck.

CHAPTER XVIII

EGYPT

Cairo bazaars—Amber cigarettes and Lord Kitchener—Mr. "Ronnie" Storrs—Mr. Weigall, Curator of Cairo Museum—His stories—Egyptian superstitions—Luxor and Karnak—Sekmet and Mr. Gerard Leigh—Lord Somers's leg—Divine right of kings—Professor Newberry at Tombs of the Kings—Tomb of Osiris at Abydos—Sir William Carstin—Sir Wallis Budge and the two old sisters at British Museum—Snake-charmer at Luxor—Late Duke of Norfolk's scepticism—Lord Colum Stuart.

In February 1914 I had gone to Egypt with the Lord and Lady Bute, and it was during this time that I met Lord Kitchener. One day we went into the bazaars with our faithful Arab attendant Saïd—who, curiously enough, was a Christian—and bought amber scent, an amber necklace, and quantities of cigarettes of a special brand called "Amber," which our engaging salesman told us were the most bee-u-ti-fool cigarettes in the world. Sitting in his little booth we smoked a few and were immediately fascinated by them. I asked him how it was possible that three such different things as necklaces, cigarettes, and scent should all be called "amber"? He answered, "Well, lady, you know that amber comes from the sea and that the amber cigarettes are made by rolling the tobacco in the amber scent." "Yes, but where does the amber scent come from?" I asked. After a long pause he said, "Amber scent is oil that is squeezed from the heart of a crocodile." "But I thought that the crocodile was the one animal that had no heart," I replied, much amused at his Arab ingenuity. "Oh," he said loftily, "it's a sort of lump under the arm!"—an eloquent description of some hearts!

We told Lord Kitchener the story, which he thoroughly appreciated, but was quite cross with us for having bought the cigarettes, which he said were doped; he made us promise not to smoke them.

At that date Mr. Ronnie Storrs (now Governor of Jerusalem) was Arabic Secretary at the British Agency.

He was extremely intelligent. Languages, literature, travel, and the theatre were some of the lighter things on which he could discourse beguilingly. In music he was most proficient and an artist. He gave a delightful tea-party at his rooms, and I remember singing Brahms's songs to his wonderful accompaniment from memory. The late Lord Kilmorey and Lady Kilmorey were there too.

We dined at the Mohammed Ali Club with Colum Stuart, when I sat between Mr. Storrs and Mr. Weigall, then Curator of the Cairo Museum and author, amongst other works, of the erudite *Life of Aknaton*.

"One day," Mr. Weigall told me, "I started out on a long expedition up the Nile with only one Arab boy. After many days of fruitless excavation I suddenly came upon a tomb in which I found one of the finest china cats I have ever seen." (The ancient Egyptians had mummified animals buried with them, the cat being a great favourite, and the mummy of the body was put into a china figure of the animal.) "The cat which I found," continued Mr. Weigall, "was a particularly large one, and I wanted to take it back to the Museum at Cairo, so, between us, the Arab boy and I struggled with it across the hot desert to the mud hut, where I was living. We put it down on the floor, and soon afterwards I retired to bed. In the middle of the night I suddenly awoke feeling quite certain that something was moving on my bed. I sat up quickly, and as I did so a large black cat jumped off the bed and leaped out of the window. Being very tired after my hard day's work, I soon went to sleep again and thought nothing more about the incident. But imagine my surprise, when, on waking up in the morning, I saw that the split in the back of the china cat was twice as wide as it had been when I found it the previous evening, and lying on the floor with all its bandages burst were the remains of the mummified cat!

"And I'll tell you another funny story, also true, which happened to me," he went on, "and then you can make up your mind what you think about Egypt and its atmosphere! They prove nothing, but they are, nevertheless, true stories of queer things which have happened to me out here. I found a small mummy of a lady, and over the face lay a white linen veil something like that worn by the Turkish women to-day. I had nowhere to put it for

the moment, so I left it in a chest of drawers in one of the spare rooms in my house at Cairo, but previous to doing this I took a photograph of it. That night my sister and her little girl came to stay with me.

"After the child had been in bed a few hours she began to appear to be quite ill. She called out in her sleep and tossed about, and was found to have a high fever. My sister was terribly upset, as a short time before the child had been perfectly well. All through that night she became worse, and the next day she was delirious and quite seriously ill. My sister, in looking about the room, suddenly found the mummy. She has a horror of these sort of things, and pulling it out she brought it in very angrily, saying it was quite natural that the child should get ill if these sort of dreadful things were left lying about the house. I apologised profusely and had it taken to the Museum at once. No sooner had it left the house than the child's fever began to go down, and in about twelve hours' time she was perfectly well.

"Now, the strangest part of the story is this. A few weeks later when I was developing the photograph of the mummy I noticed, to my horror, that there was gradually appearing behind the veil a most evil, grinning, hideous face. That is the end," he said, "and there is no explanation or sequel!

"Neither of my stories mean anything or prove anything, nevertheless they are absolutely true, and I could tell you many another, but I daresay you wouldn't believe them!"

Egypt is full of such strange happenings, and the mystery of her atmosphere is one of the greatest secrets of her charm.

One night at Luxor after dinner M. Legrain (the renowned French archæologist and excavator of Karnak) was going to show us and a few other people in the hotel over those wondrous ruins which he knew so well. They lie a mile and a half from Luxor.

That it was a moonless night fitted him very well, for he had invented the most ingenious plan of moving small lamps which he had entrusted to Arab boys. The boys ran on in front and hid themselves behind the gigantic pylons, from whence, throwing the light at different angles, the most weird and fantastic moving shadows appeared. These pylons, which form a sort of avenue of twelve columns

down the centre of the ruins, are about 80 feet high, and at a distance of about 8 feet from their tops—the height to which the arm of the average man could stretch—names of French soldiers of Napoleon's army are inscribed. This gives one some idea of the immense excavation work done there during the last one hundred years, though I suppose it is from the finding of the Rosetta stone in 1799 that all the most important Egyptian excavations are dated.

The wonders of this place will never be effaced from my memory. The sight of these stupendous ruins makes one immediately realise the mystery and the greatness of the ancient Egyptians. The great propylæa leading from one court to another are of magnificent proportions, the total breadth of the largest being 370 feet, its height 142 feet, and its depth 60 feet. The effect of the dim light given by the lamps on this forest of columns can be imagined—moving—interlacing. Farther on we came to a tiny temple where lives the statue of Sekmet, one of Egypt's most evil goddesses. Since the dim ages she is supposed to have brought ill-luck to the "fellaheen" (peasants), who used continually to offer her every kind of propitiatory gift. Towards children she was particularly malignant.

The tomb of Sekmet is the inner sanctuary of all that is wicked, ancient, and mysterious in these marvellous ruins. It resembles a diminutive Pantheon [1] with the hole in the domed roof, through which that night, however, no moon was shining, the only light coming from the ever-slightly moving lamps held by the boys. Incidentally these children were the only Arabs who could be persuaded to enter this ill-omened grotto of evil repute—a repute which dates back perhaps seven thousand years or more.

Our little party remained grouped round the statue of this abhorrent creature with the head of an animal and the body of a woman, some standing and some sitting on the dry, sandy floor. The shadows moved fitfully about its grotesque form. M. Legrain told us in dramatic fashion the story of its influence in Egyptian history, of how sinister her power was, and of all the sacrifices made to propitiate her and to ward off bad luck. Babies in olden days were a constant bloody offering at her shrine, and

[1] Where Victor Emmanuel was buried in Rome, without Christian rites, at the will of Pius IX, who had excommunicated him.

nothing will induce the modern Egyptian mother to go near the place except upon Sekmet's feast-day, when masses of flowers are brought to mollify and subdue her supposed wrathful vengeance. Whatever opinion one may have of such things sitting cosily in one's arm-chair by the fire at home, it is impossible not to be moved by these stories when in the East, and almost to believe in them! For my own part, I believe just as firmly in the power for evil as I do in the power for good. So with fear and trembling I crept into her little dark stone abode and crouched round her on the earth floor, nearly as frightened as the small lamp-boys. Remember, it was nearly midnight, and we had been hearing lurid tales of her wickedness told by one who had studied Sekmet's history to its foundations! As we all moved quietly out by the low doorway Mr. Gerard Leigh suddenly went up to this evil thing and slapped its face twice, saying, "That is to show you how much I believe in your silly Egyptian superstitions," or some such words. I thought what a very brave man he must be, for I—at that moment especially—would have been far too terrified and awestruck to dare to slap Sekmet's cold, cruel, calculating cheek. In my memory, her smile widening to a grin reminds me of the "Mona Lisa," whose expression of forced mirth mingled with a pitying and supreme boredom I have always found most irritating, and she must have been an idiotic woman to be bored by the love of Leonardo.

As we fumbled about in the darkness before our lamp-lighters had emerged from the grotto, a light appearing now here now there, now high now low, like a will-o'-the-wisp, attracted my attention. I stepped forward cautiously to find out what it could possibly be, meanwhile waving both hands slowly in front of me so as not to stumble, for the place was full of huge blocks of stone carved into animals of all kinds. Suddenly—near where I had seen the moving light—I touched something, and it was warm and soft! Terrified, I withdrew, to clutch the friendly arm of Lord Bute, who had also noticed the light.

To hold on to something human was an immense relief, and when I found out that it was only Lord Somers waving a cigarette about, I felt very foolish. I had—in the dark and in the height of perturbed jactitation—touched Lord Somers's leg!

The next day we went back to Cairo en route for Haïffa, Jerusalem, and Damascus. This journey, which I will describe later, also had to be pursued rather hurriedly, and we returned to Cairo a month later.

When we came back, one of the first people whom we saw in the Hotel Semiramis, where we were staying, was he who had slapped Sekmet's cheek, with his head bandaged up. We found that the morning after our pilgrimage to Sekmet's shrine he had wakened up to find his head covered with sores, in consequence of which he had had to be shaven and was swathed like a nun ! He was the only one who had failed in politeness to Sekmet ; he was the only one who had suffered. Call it a fluke if you like.

Professor Newberry, who held the Chair of Egyptology at Liverpool University, was at Luxor also, and he one day took us over the Tombs of the Kings, where he had made great discoveries. During that delightful day I remember asking him why one had to look up to kings so much, and what exactly was meant by the divine right of kings ? What is there, after all, in *kings* which is *divine* ?

He advised me to read Sir George Frazer's *History of the Divine Right of Kingship*, a book of profound interest. Yet I have been puzzled to know why the Presidents of America or France couldn't (did the people wish it) be called Kings, for the representatives of the Poles, although chosen from people other than those of Royal blood (and, after all, what is royal blood ?), were called Kings. Three Poles quickly spring to one's mind. Michael Wisniowiecki was *elected* King in 1669 ; Stanislaus Leszczynski was *invited* to be King in 1733, but owing to Russian opposition it fell through ; and John III (Sobieski) *gained* for himself the throne by his brilliant victories, especially over the Turks at Vienna in 1683, for which he was a benefactor to Europe. It was during these wars that the terrible battle of Mohacs Field occurred, when 200,000 Turks killed 25,000 Hungarians, and round which event the late Hungarian composer, Francis Korbay (who gave me some singing-lessons), wrote an attractive song, of which the refrain was " More was lost at Mohac's Field." Sobieski's armies marched through the grounds of Radoon, Prince Blücher's place in Silesia, where I spent New Year in 1910–11.

But in *elected* Kings, where does divinity come in ?

Professor Newberry told me that some of the sayings of

our Lord were found in the tombs of the Kings, doubtless brought from Palestine by disciples of Jesus Christ who knew how interested these strange Egyptians were in any new religious teaching.

When I visited Professor and Mrs. Newberry at their charming house near Sevenoaks and not far from lovely Ightham Moat, he showed me one of the original documents. I hardly dared to touch it. The words had been written by someone who knew, had listened to, and perchance spoken with the Saviour of the World. Everything else seemed so trivial at that moment.

Professor Newberry possesses the best private collection of Eastern embroideries in England, which he showed me.

On our way back from Luxor to Cairo we stopped for several hours at Abydos, which sounds Greek but is not. It is here where is the supposed tomb of Osiris.

The day we arrived was overpoweringly hot, and as we made our way through the immense pillars to where the actual excavations were going on, we saw running towards us a strange, excited figure wildly waving a battered grey Homburg hat. " I've found it—I've found it," he called out in French. Mercifully for our susceptibilities, the modern caller of " Eureka " was fully clothed. When his excitement had slightly worn off, we were able to ask him *what* he had found, and he told us " the tomb of Osiris." " Come, come, and get into it. You will be the first people for hundreds of years, except me, even to see it."

We walked on with him to where some men were digging, and in front of us was a fairly large square hole opening through perfectly smooth blocks of stone, each as large as a workman's cottage in England. He almost dragged us into the cavernous-looking place, while dew fell off him like a river. The heat and the smell of this cave, till that moment closed for thousands of years, was nauseating, but we had to pretend that we liked it to please the excited old man.

A good fashion they have in Egypt is to keep one boy of about sixteen to dance and sing before the troop of younger ones who are doing the work of carrying mortar, stone, etc., for the builders and restorers. As they run forward (they always run) he runs backwards in front of them, laughing, cajoling, singing, and waving branches of

greenery to them, so as to interest them and take their minds off themselves in case they might think they needed a rest. Wouldn't some zealot in the cause for England's labour difficulties give his services somewhat in this fashion to help the British working man and prevent his becoming bored ?

Sir William Garstin, who dined with us one night at Luxor, told us that although Egypt was full of deep, marvellous, and unfathomable tales, there was at any rate one the absolute integrity of which he could personally vouch for.

It concerned one of the Ingrams (owners of the *Illustrated London News*), who was travelling many years ago in Egypt, and before the stringent rules concerning archæological " finds," which now obtain, existed. He and his friends found a very perfect mummy of a young Prince. On his chest was inscribed a legend to the effect that ill-fortune would follow anyone who attempted to remove him from his resting-place, and that whoever had the temerity to do so would die a violent death and that his bones would be scattered to the winds.

Ignoring the warning, Mr. Ingram took it back to London, where it was put in a conspicuous place in his father's house. Later he and friends went abroad to shoot big game. He was attacked by a lion and killed. Suddenly a terrific sand-storm arose, and his friends found it impossible to take back his body with them, so, much against their desire, they left it there, arranging to return as early as possible next day to fetch it. But the poor body was never seen again. Animals had devoured the flesh and the storm had scattered the bones to the winds of Heaven.

As a counterpoise to this story and those told me by Mr. Weigall, which I believe to be true, Sir Wallis Budge, Curator of the British Museum, tells a curious story illustrating the power over people's minds of any sort of belief (call it faith or superstition) if sufficiently strongly held.

For some years, he said, he had noticed two old ladies—apparently sisters—coming regularly at intervals to the British Museum and sitting in front of a mummy. After they had been there for some considerable time, they would quietly rise and leave.

The episode occurred again and again, and was carried

out with something like a religious rite, so solemnly did the women come and go.

He became quite curious to know what was the reason for this extraordinary behaviour, and at last, taking his courage into his hands, he asked them what they came there for.

Very quietly they raised their eyes to him, and in them he saw shining a fanatic light. They told him that the mummy was their oracle. When they wanted to make a decision in their lives—not always important ones—they would come to ask the mummy what to do. Sir Wallis Budge could scarcely hide his astonishment and asked them how they understood the answer. How was it given ? he queried.

" It nods its head if the answer is yes," said the ladies ; " if a short period elapses and there is no movement, we go away satisfied that we are not to undertake what we had intended."

And thus the little interview ended, leaving Sir Wallis Budge very mystified.

However, he quite made up his mind to fathom this seemingly strange episode. On examining the mummy he found that the bone at the nape of its neck was resting on a support, but that the head was in some way or other just swinging clear of the bottom of the casket.

Then he realised that a certain vibration would cause the head to move very gently in an affirmative direction. On making further investigations he found that when a board of the floor was trodden on heavily at a given point, the mummy's head would slowly move ! And so this was the secret ! He never told the old ladies, so I suppose they are still ruling their lives upon the inclination of the head of a five-thousand-year-old mummy, caused by the peregrinations of a twentieth-century sight-seer !

The late Duke of Norfolk, most beloved and simple of human beings, was in Cairo when we were there and was highly amused at my attaching any significance to these events, and also roared with laughter in his own genial and inimitable way when I told him about the snake-charmer whom Colum Stuart [1] had engaged to come from his distant land down to Luxor to show us his powers. This man told us to drive in our sand-cart wherever

[1] Lord Colum Crichton Stuart, third son of 3rd Marquess of Bute.

we chose and to stop wherever we chose. He would then get out, and he undertook to find snakes and scorpions at whatever point we indicated.

This we did, and when we came to a lonely rocky place in the sand we all got out and asked him to find scorpions. In a few minutes several of these came running out from crevices while he weirdly chanted some words in a dirge-like tone. He then collected them in his hand and asked us (through Lord Bute's Arab servant) whether we would like him to do some tricks with them, to which we acquiesced. Making large circles and squares on the sand, he placed the scorpions in the middle and forbade them (so Saïd, our servant, told us) to go beyond the line. To our astonishment they ran round and round the circles and up and down the squares; but as soon as they came to the line, they turned up their tails and stopped.

This is what amused the Duke and at which he was so sceptical. Said he, "Of course the fellow had put some abominably smelling stuff down which would even make a scorpion turn tail! Not much magic in that!"

CHAPTER XIX

PALESTINE

Arrival at Jaffa—House of Simon the Tanner and that of Dorcas—Disappointing Jerusalem—Church of Holy Sepulchre and dirty beggars—Spiritual passion of Russian pilgrims—Christianity and its "sects"—General Gordon and site of Crucifixion—Garden of Gethsemane most touching spot—Bethlehem—Fight on Christ's birthplace between a Catholic and a Protestant—Turks set to guard against the squabbles of Christians—Haïffa—View from Mount Carmel—Happy monks—Lake of Gennesaret—Damascus—Young Turk's beautiful house—"Powder-blue" china—Russian boat—Delicious cooking—Vodka—Cairo again, and tea with harem ladies at Lady Graham's (now Lady Sybil Graham)—Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, Lady Loch, and Miss Bertha Chaplin—Left Cairo for Paris, March 16th, 1914.

AFTER our journey to Egypt we went on to Palestine. We travelled in a small boat, and on our arrival at Jaffa, which is the port for Jerusalem, realised that there is no harbour. This entailed getting off the ship by means of small rowing-boats, and as it was a windy day, the waves were high, and it required much skill on our part and the ship's officers to land us safely in the little boats at the precise moment when they—on the crest of the wave—became level with our gangway. The rowers were gaily dressed in scarlet and made extraordinary noises at each pull. When they saw this amused us, they became more and more hilarious, and finally stood up altogether with a terrific yell before each stroke.

We had a pretty long wait in Jaffa before our train left for Jerusalem, and were much struck by the great number of beautiful orange-groves in which the dirty little town is almost smothered. We were taken to see the house of Dorcas, the lady who started working parties, and that of Simon the Tanner (at least that was what we were told, but nothing is *certain* in Palestine).

On arriving at Jerusalem my first feeling was that of intense disappointment. It was so squalid, so evil-smelling, and so full of fleas. Children with sore eyes pursued one wailing "Baksheesh—baksheesh" unceasingly, and groups of unfortunate but repulsive lepers gazed at one furtively from beneath the folds of dirty shawls.

We drove to the Franciscan Monastery, which is situated not very far from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and at the former place we deposited our luggage. We each had been allotted a cell, and, for the few days we stayed there, we had our meals in a huge, bleak refectory in the company of an American pilgrimage. There were about fifty of them ! Next to me sat a most unhappy-looking little South American priest. He never uttered a word, except to ask to be passed some food. He looked dreadfully ill and wretchedly poor. He apparently never either shaved or took off his clothes. He wore a threadbare coat fastened very tight up under his dark chin, and the only difference in his appearance during our visit there was that he looked just a tiny bit grimier every day. But he was supremely happy at finding himself in Jerusalem, the Mecca of Christians.

After we had unpacked our things we betook ourselves to the great church. I had imagined the most marvellous and splendid erection inside and out, but here again was I doomed to disappointment. To start with, it is so built round and surrounded by squalid bazaars that the church itself is not so very noticeable, except the façade wherein is built the chief entrance. This stands in a courtyard, and to see the pilgrims of all nationalities crowding through this open space and then converging to the open portal is indeed a strange sight, men and women of all nationalities and of all temperaments, of all colours and of all creeds, bearing down upon the tomb of Christ. Some slowly and sedately, some crying aloud with joy, some gently sobbing, some gaily singing with outstretched, welcoming arms.

Of all nationalities, though, the Russians are the most wonderful. Mr. Stephen Graham has described these scenes so beautifully that I will not attempt to add mine, but one cannot help being struck by their faith. Some of them have walked for hundreds of miles, and as they approach the church they carry the samovar in one hand and their clothes tied up in a red handkerchief in the other. When they arrive at the door, many kneel to kiss the ground, while others pass their kissing lips reverently yet excitedly up and down the stone porch. Strange as it may sound to Western ears, the kisses of these devout pilgrims have literally worn away the stone as though water had, for generations, been running over it.

Each sect of Christianity has been allotted a place in the

church, which is held extremely sacred by members of the particular faith to which they adhere.

The Catholics or Latins (as the Church of Rome is called out there) possesses the reputed tomb of our Lord.

So it was to this holy place that we wended our steps on entering the church, and then, on our knees, approached the spot where—tradition says—Joseph of Arimathæa laid our Saviour's body. After that we walked round the church, which again struck one by its dirt. Curiously enough, soap making is one of the chief industries in this supremely unclean town! It must be entirely for exportation purposes.

When we went down into the vaults we heard a low sort of wailing, and then out of the darkness there emerged the figures of repulsive old beggars swathed in ancient rags riddled with filth and vermin. If they could, by any chance, find out from your conversation what your religion was, they would tell you in the few words of each language, chiefly English and French, which they had picked up, that they were also of that religion, in hopes of being given "baksheesh."

The most important place, however, belonged to the Greek Church, and this was the reputed spot of the Crucifixion.

I must explain, for those who perhaps do not quite clearly understand, that this church was built over Golgotha, so that the place of the Crucifixion and the tomb belonging to Joseph of Arimathæa were quite near together, and thus the church was able to span them.

One has to mount a little ladder to the Crucifixion Chapel, as the earth rises beneath the building and was not cleared away and made flat for the building to be erected.

Gordon, of course, roundly declared that this was not the right place, but nevertheless it draws and will always draw millions of faithful Christians from all the wide world over.

As we came into the little shrine I saw an old Russian peasant standing in the middle of the chapel. His white hair and beard were long and shaggy, and tears were pouring down his face as he prayed aloud and continually crossed himself. I was interested in this, for Latin Catholics (Roman) cross themselves from the forehead to the breast and then from the left to the right shoulder; votaries of the Orthodox Greek Church, on the contrary, go from forehead

to breast and then from right shoulder to left ; and all the time up in His Heaven the eternal God smiles pityingly, lovingly, comprehendingly, at the foibles of His many-coloured children, much as an indulgent and devoted father smiles at, yet loves and appreciates, the different efforts of each of his children to please him.

Very few spots in Jerusalem are as they were in the time of our Lord ; the Pool of Bethesda, for example, is about 70 feet below the present level of the town, and the history of the foundations of the walls alone are a life-study.

I mention these things not, of course, for the learned, but for the general public, of whom I am a very insignificant and humble member, thinking that perhaps some of them may be as vague as I was on the subject of Jerusalem ! The Cenacle—in reality the holiest spot in the town—was (when I was there, in February 1914) in the hands of the Turks and in their supreme control.

This, of course, is the place of the Last Supper, and therefore fraught with the greatest significance for the Christian world.

However, the place I liked the best, and which touched me personally the most, was the Garden of Gethsemane. Here, at any rate, the earth had not disappeared or been pulled down and built over. Here at least one could know, as nearly as it was possible to be certain, that the holy feet of Jesus had walked, that His knees had pressed the ground, and that His eyes had looked on the same scene as my eyes were looking upon. Here He had stretched forth His arms to the town beyond the tiny brook Kedron, which I saw running the same course then as it had done nearly two thousand years before. Here, on the same soft air which fanned my cheeks had His beauteous silver voice called out sadly to His Jewish people, " Why will ye not believe Me ? "

It was the wish of the late Lord Bute that his heart should rest in this hallowed spot, this wondrous spot, where the tears of the world's Redeemer had fallen. It seemed to me to be an exalted and a very lovely thought.

One day we drove to Bethlehem. Again, everything is the " reputed " place where so-and-so happened. Naturally we went to the Birthplace, which we found guarded by Turkish soldiers, because here two Christians, one a Catholic (or Latin) and the other a Protestant (or Church of England),

had fought almost to the death because each maintained that his was the only one true religion !

In Palestine, and indeed not only in Palestine but always everywhere, the following words constantly recur to one's mind :

So many gods, so many creeds,
  So many ways that wind and wind,
Yet the only thing this poor world needs
  Is just the art of being kind.

Although it may sound strange to persons who have never been to Palestine, one cannot help thinking that the rule of the Turk was the only possible solution to an otherwise impossible situation.

From Jerusalem we went to Damascus via Haïffa. To do this we went back to Jaffa and by boat to Haïffa, where there existed a very flourishing German colony who have built the prettiest little European sort of cottages, surrounded by trim gardens gay with flowers.

From here we made an expedition to Mount Carmel. It is a steep drive out of Haïffa, and the stony, rough road winds itself in and out the hillside, half hidden by the wealth of wondrous flora for which all Palestine is so famous in the spring.

On reaching the top at last, we were astonished and enchanted at the glorious panorama which lay before our eyes. We were at the top of a promontory which fell sheer down into the glistening, dancing blue sea hundreds of feet below, and out away to the right, on the horizon, lay Acre, made historical by two great soldiers : many centuries ago by Richard Cœur de Lion, and nearer to our own times by Napoleon.

Napoleon stayed at the monastery for a few days during his time there. The monks were most kind, and gave us some of their excellent home-made wine to drink. It was a delicious, soft, sunlit day, and the whole air breathed forth and was filled with the sweetness of spring flowers. To myself I thought, " What a happy, irresponsible life these men lead—no worries, no social duties, no domestic duties, no responsibilities, no cheque-books and banking accounts to be harassed by, no ' labour troubles ' to contend with. They pray and farm, and make wine, and garden, and eat, and sleep, and pray. Are not these the philosophers

the wise men, to have removed themselves permanently from the clash and rush of modern life, the wear and tear of our present-day existence ? "

And so we left our happy monks and next day departed at about five a.m. for Damascus, via the Lake of Gennesaret.

On March 8th, 1914, we were in Damascus.

The bazaars here are full of booths stocked with carpets and sweets. I have never seen anything like the messes of sugar in all colours and forms as I saw there, and most of the chief shops are situated in " Straight Street," the Straight Street of the " Acts." A great number of the natives are fair, tall men with white skins and gleaming blue eyes overhung by thick golden eyebrows. One wondered how they came by their colouring.

We were taken to see some of the chief private houses in the town. One in particular which I remember, belonged to a very rich young Turk.

In a dirty narrow street we came to a heavy door, which, after we had clanged the bell, was slowly opened, and as it opened the scene was transformed and we found ourselves as it were in a magic palace.

A large tessellated courtyard lay before us, bordered by orange and lemon trees in huge marble jars, while gay fountains played high and low in the sunshine.

The house was built round the courtyard, and along one side lay a large room with a sort of little stage raised in low coloured marble at one end.

Here was gathered the most exquisite collection of china and faïence I have ever seen—Persian, Chinese, Japanese ! Masses and masses of it all heaped into a corner as one sees common kitchen china covering the floor in the cheap shops down Edgware Road !

And then my eye was suddenly caught and riveted to another corner, where stood a mass of " powder-blue " plates and jars of all sizes, some at least 3 feet high ! " Was für plunder," as a famous German General is supposed to have said when, from the top of St. Paul's, he gazed on London !

At last we tore ourselves away from this extraordinary sight and were taken over the rest of the house.

Upstairs was room after room full of china and beautiful pieces of silk brocade and work.

On opening a door a peculiar sight met our eyes. Re-

posing in a *négligé* of purple and red silk upon a couch strewn with rainbow-tinted cushions—like in a modern drawing-room—lay a fat young Turk in a tarboosh and smoking a long pipe.

It was not a pleasant sight, and we quickly withdrew. He was the owner of all this wealth !

On March 10th we boarded a Russian boat at Haïffa and left for Jaffa. On board were eight hundred Russian pilgrims bound for Jerusalem from Odessa. They sang hymns all night and were huddled together in the steerage like animals. No one seemed to mind what happened to them. It was very wonderful listening to their chanting, as it wafted towards us on that still, starlit Eastern night. I ate the best-cooked omelette and beefsteak I have ever had, upon this ship. All down the table were placed at intervals small bottles containing a colourless liquid. I took it to be water, and so poured some into my glass to wash my fingers after having eaten some fruit. To my discomfiture I found that it was quite sticky, and then I discovered that it was vodka ! I tasted it, but didn't like it at all. Apparently it was " thrown in " with the dinner.

On March 11th we spent all day in Jaffa Harbour, where we saw some Turkish aviators being taught to fly. One of them—Mourey Bey—was drowned quite near our boat ! No one seemed to care in the least.

We returned to Cairo for a few days and had tea one afternoon with Lady Sybil Graham, whose husband (then Mr. Ronald Graham) was at the British Agency. She had asked some of the wives of the high Turkish officials to meet us, and so, for the occasion, had to banish all men, and her maid opened the door to us when we arrived.

I was immensely struck by the high intellectual standard of these ladies and their ability to talk well on every subject in several languages. They were dressed in modern Paris gowns and flowery toques, over which they could arrange the " yashmak." Their eyes were painfully smeared with " kohl " and their nails highly rouged.

Lady Loch, Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, and Miss Bertha Chaplin were there also.

On March 16th we left Cairo, arriving in Paris on the 22nd.

CHAPTER XX

WAR, MARRIAGE, AND CHILDREN

Bayreuth, July 1914—*Villa Wahnfried—Mrs. Houston Stewart-Chamberlain—"Find us a Tristan"—Lord Redesdale—Siegfried Wagner's* flair *for theatrical setting—Mr. Yeats and Mr. George Moore—Upsetting Christianity—Mediæval Rothenburg and Nüremberg—"Oh, my ladies, there is war!"—We must keep our youth—Launching of the* Barham *by my mother—My "home" for East End Boy-babies—Work at Lady Mary Howard's Mile End Road Club—Charm of Cockney children—Mr. Ben Tillett and the Dockers' Strike—Sir George Newman's opinion of my scheme—My Marriage—The birth of Brydgytte,* 1916—*Brydgytte saluted by a Remount Squadron in Bristol station—Death of my youngest brother, Robert, in B.E.A.,* 1917—*Birth of Henry,* 1919—*Religious tendencies of both our children—"I thought God was so 'cleever'"—A Coué experiment—"No, I'll be a chauffeur"—Labour leaders—Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Philip Snowden—Germany revisited,* 1922—*Courtesy of Germans to the English—Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau—Christ's teaching flouted to-day—The Angel of Peace.*

In July 1914 I went with Lady Bute to Bayreuth, and here we paid a visit to Mrs. Houston Stewart-Chamberlain at the Villa Wahnfried, Wagner's home, which contains the piano at which the master used to compose. A scoffing person once lightly described this genius as "an erotic old man who lived in a silk dressing-gown," but he was much more than this. No one has ever possessed the power of weaving such matchless incantations round the heart and the mind of human beings. He was a wizard. He had the modern touch. He knew how to "get" the people. He may not be a musician's musician—Mozart is said to hold that position just as Spenser is called the poet's poet. But no one has ever held the public in thrall as did and does Richard Wagner.

Referring to the fact that Richard Wagner, Johann Strauss (composer of famous Viennese waltzes), and Richard Strauss had names in common, someone once remarked, "If Richard—then Wagner; if Strauss—then Johann." In this way poor *Richard* Strauss got left out in the cold!

Mrs. Chamberlain is the daughter of Richard Wagner and Cosima, daughter of Liszt, and the divorced wife of

the composer von Bülow. Houston Stewart-Chamberlain was the son of English parents, having two British admirals as grandfathers. He is the author of that marvellous book *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, to which Lord Redesdale wrote a beautiful preface. He (Lord Redesdale) told me that he considered Houston Stewart-Chamberlain to be one of the outstanding intellects of our times.

The Mitfords were always friends of ours since our youthful days, and the memory of Lord Redesdale is a very charming one. Although not a tall man, he was extraordinarily good-looking, of a type not often seen nowadays. He had the most beautiful thick white hair, and doubtless it was its thickness which made it possible for him to wear his hat at the acute angle which was his delightful idiosyncrasy. Thick snowy eyebrows overhung the youthful steel-blue eyes, and at his death England indeed lost one of her most courteous and intellectual *grands seigneurs*.

In France they have an expression which is used to signify that a man shows by his looks that he comes from an old and noble family. The saying is : " Il est sorti du cuisse de Jupiter " (" He comes from the loins of Jupiter "). This indeed could be said of Mr. Barty Mitford—later known as Lord Redesdale. His garden at Batsford was one of the most wonderful in England.

Mrs. Houston Stewart-Chamberlain was the last German person (in a social way) with whom I spoke before the outbreak of the War. She is a remarkable woman, and her head is an exact replica of her father's, especially the forehead, from which she brushes back her hair most severely. Her last words to me were, " Well, will you find us a Tristan worthy to sing at Bayreuth ? My father knew of no one fit—in his view—on all points, musical, physical, and artistic, to do it."

After leaving the Villa Wahnfried we went to visit Liszt's grave, and I was especially interested in this as he was a very great friend of my Gainsborough grandparents, and went to stay with them at Campden about the years 1865–66. He was also a friend of Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, to whom my grandparents were devoted, and whom I met in 1905 in Lausanne. Although then an extremely old lady, she was most vivacious and amusing.

Liszt had given her a fine picture of himself, and she told me that once when she had asked him why he had become

an abbé, his answer had been, " Pour me sauver de ces femmes damnées " (" To save myself from those d——d women ").

This lady was before her marriage a Princess Bariatinsky, and was born in Moscow in 1816, twenty years before Pauline Metternich and only four years after Napoleon's great Russian *débâcle.* She was married in 1834 and was living in 1905. Even then she had the remains of her great looks, being tall, slight, and elegant, with brilliant eyes and witty tongue.

On July 30th, 1914, we heard *The Flying Dutchman*, at which the Crown Prince of Bavaria was present. We stayed at an hotel in a wood outside Bayreuth, and in the room in which I slept Wagner had composed parts of *Tristan and Isolde.*

At the opera Siegfried Wagner was sitting in the box with the Bavarian Prince. He is supposed to be one of the greatest scenery artists in Europe, and the marvellous effects in light which he gets at Bayreuth are said to be his secrets. Mrs. Chamberlain told me that they are done in some way with hundreds of slightly differently tinted chiffon curtains.

I remember going to the first performance of the *Sacre du Printemps* in London, and that Mr. Yeats was of the party. He went into raptures at the scenery because the sky was represented as coming right down into the stage like a cup. This was, however, often done at Bayreuth, where the cloud effects changed the whole time, and was quite a common stage usage in Germany.

On seeing Mr. Yeats I couldn't help thinking of Mr. George Moore's description of meeting him at a windy corner in a Dublin street : " With his loose cape blowing forward over his head, he looked like an umbrella turned inside-out."

I met Mr. George Moore coming back from Palestine, where he had been to visit a monastery where it was said existed MSS. which proved that Jesus Christ never rose again, and his book *The Brook Kerith* was the outcome of his journey and his researches.

He told me that after reading his book no thoughtful person could believe in the story that Jesus was the son of God, for he could prove that Jesus never rose after death. I asked him whether he really thought that his

work could upset Christianity, and it struck me as sad and strange that a clever man as he most assuredly is should even wish to do it. His English is perfect, and no one can write novels as he does.

He told me he considered *Esther Waters* his best work, but I like *Evelyn Innes* much better.

While at Bayreuth in the last week of July 1914 the Great War descended upon us.

On the night of July 29th we were at Rothenburg, most beautiful of mediæval towns and quite untouched. Half the night we wandered round its walls and gazed down on that German land on which a full gold moon shone placidly, and which had been the hunting- and the warring-places of so many Emperors of the Empire. Barbarossa, Henrys, and Charleses all had houses in Rothenburg, where the original fourteenth-century lamps still hang across the streets and where there is neither play-house nor yet cinema. The station is a mile from the gates and at night its streets are as silent as the canals of Venice. We motored back to Bayreuth the next day, and on descending from our motor on Thursday, July 30th, for luncheon at Nüremberg, " mine host " rushed forth, wild-eyed and horror-struck. " Oh, my ladies, there is war ! "

And it was there and thus we heard the dire words—words the fulness of whose awful meaning we did not truly realise.

When we got back to England on Sunday night the place seemed calm compared with the scenes of moving troops we had witnessed entraining at Cologne and other large towns. (We were at Verviers twenty-four hours before the German Army reached it.) And in a smaller degree it is so now. One returns from the Continent, where all is seething with misery and warlike ideas of revenge, to find England calmly pursuing her even way quite unmoved by the agony of Europe.

And then began those lists—those awful lists of England's best ; her golden youth, her finest flower !

In the next war—if war there must be—couldn't Europe arrange to keep the best wine till the last ? Begin with her Z-umpty men and end with her A1. We want our youth ; we cannot let our youth be taken again.

In 1914, on December 31st, my mother launched the *Barham*—named after my three-times great-grandfather,

Lord Barham, on the Clyde. She was the sister-ship of the *Queen Elizabeth*, and took part in the Battle of Jutland, where she was knocked about considerably by German guns, though the picture of Lord Barham, copied from one at Exton, was not touched! On the occasion of the launching I was asked to start the hymn "Eternal Father, strong to save," and very moving it was when the thousands of men's voices joined in this magnificent tune. The *Barham* slid slowly away from her moorings when my mother pressed an electric button, and as the huge vessel touched the water the sun burst out from behind the clouds. Lord Aberconway was there, also Lord and Lady Bute, and our cousin Colonel Quentin Agnew.

We all wondered what would be the fate of this immense ship when she came to grips with the Germans.

A year before my marriage I had—with the proceeds of the concert already referred to—started a Home for East-End Baby-boys at Exton. My idea in the choice of sex was the shocking mortality of boys compared with that of girls in our great towns.

It was a great happiness to me. In the cottage in which they lived I had put seven extra windows, laid on hot and cold water, and put a bathroom. It faced due south, and had a large garden with a little paved yard in front.

I had no Committee for my concert, and I organised it completely alone, with the exception of Mr. Knollys, who helped much in the Press. I cleared £360.

The idea that this would be a useful, though I know a very tiny, work for England had forced itself very strongly upon me when I lived, as I did, at a club in Mile End Road. This was a very happy time. At first I always wore quite plain dark blue or black clothes, but one afternoon, at a "Mothers' Social" at which I was singing, one of them said she wished I had put on a pretty dress. She said they (the mothers) so seldom had any sort of change of any kind that it was quite a pleasure to see nice, gay-coloured clothes sometimes.

I was much struck by the loyalty of the East-End children to their parents. So often they would come to school with a cut or a bruise on their heads, faces, or arms, and one could make a shrewd guess as to the cause of it; but these children never gave their fathers or mothers away

and would invent any cock-and-bull story as to the cause of the hurt rather than tell the truth in this case. A nice point this for the student of ethics.

One family I knew very well consisted of seven children. Both the parents were blind and had never seen any of them.

How I loved their impish faces, their curiously pitched voices, and their Cockney accent so seductive and plaintive that it could wheedle a " bird off a bush."

I sometimes went to the London Hospital to sing in the children's wards. Most of them looked exactly like the posters advertising " Virol."

The children are very quick and clever, and many West-End theatre managers go there to seek for talent. In a school in Stepney I saw a wonderful child of four years old imitate Lady Duff-Gordon giving her evidence in the *Titanic* trial. Her mother, being interested in it, had taken the child there several times, and she was a most perfect little actress.

Talking of acting, I saw *Hamlet* played in a Yiddish theatre in Mile End Road, and a very fine performance it was. I was down there during the dockers' strike carried on by Mr. Ben Tillett, and we used to feed hundreds of children twice daily under the L.C.C., while endless processions of weary-looking men marched the streets carrying wooden collecting-boxes and banners bearing the words, " Feed our starving children."

Apropos of this particular strike, when the men were kept out weeks and weeks after all their strike-money had been used, I suggested to some of the men, whose wives and children I knew well, that they were not wise nor yet free men to be under the thumb to such an extent of the leaders. They quite saw the point, but seemed too weary and broken to be able to act in any way apart from the rest with whom they had partly chosen and partly been forced to throw in their lot.

It was from this district, then, that I took the three little boys under four years old to care for at the Convalescent Home I had started at Exton.

Sir George Newman, of the Home Office, whom I told about my scheme in the hope of getting perhaps a little State aid, *told me that if every woman of leisure took and cared for one child from three months old to five years old,*

a distinct and important improvement would be seen in the very poor class of the population of England in twenty years.

Incidentally I could not get any financial help, as my Home was apparently run on no laid-down or subsisting conditions! Sir George Newman described it as "unique and delightful."

As a matter of fact they were brought up exactly as one would bring up one's own children in the way of food, clothing, and freedom, and it gave me pleasure to wash them and put them to bed myself.

This had, however, to come to an end, for I married the next year, and as the War had come it grew increasingly difficult to collect the funds necessary for its upkeep.

Like everyone else we had Belgians staying with us during the War, and our guests became some of our best friends. They were the Countess du Monceau and her youngest unmarried daughter, Cécile. They stayed with us till June 1915 and on many subsequent occasions. One of Mme du Monceau's sons-in-law was Chamberlain to the Queen of the Belgians and he died just before the end of the War; and another is Baron Gaiffier d'Hestroy, the able Belgian Ambassador in Paris.

I stayed with the du Monceaus at their charming house in the Avenue des Arts in Brussels in June 1922, of which I have most delightful recollections.

One night some people came to dinner, amongst them Count d'Oultremont, who married the sister of Prince Edward de Ligne, now[1] Belgian Minister at The Hague. He told me that men could get permission from Rome to read books which had been placed on the "Index," for reasons to do with faith and morals, "mais les dames—jamais!" ("but ladies—never!").

On a Sunday in golden September at my beloved Exton, I was married, and for my pages I had my two little slum boys whom I had brought down ragged and ill from Stepney nearly a year before. I loved the little fellows.

The difference of the religious views held by my family and my future husband made our marriage exceedingly difficult, for the conflicts brought about by profound beliefs in dogma form one of the greatest dilemmas poor finite mortal minds have to contend with "here down," as the great Mazzini calls it.

[1] 1923.

But the supreme comfort in some of the sad dark days was the conviction, deep and intense, *that the only judgment which really matters is God's judgment.* Doubtless expediency is expedient, but Jesus Christ was not expedient; had He been so He would have found out some way of eluding the Jewish priests, and establishing His kingdom at once. In much *sturm und drang* this thought has been my comfort.

. . . . . .

I have always loved weak, helpless things; the strong, I fear, it amuses me to fight.

The weakest and the most helpless thing is a baby, and when our little girl was born, all came up fully to my expectations of its joyfulness. These verses were written by me at the time of her birth. I know they are not poetry, but they just expressed what I felt.

To my First Child

When first I knew,
"It can't be true,"
I thought, and then felt fear
That unto me
Should given be
A wondrous child to bear.

A wondrous child!
Soul undefiled,
For me to mould at will.
To mould? Ah no!
But to let grow
More in God's likeness still.

For you to be
Mind and soul free,
To let your best self soar
On silver wings
To noble things
To things worth living for.

To work! To think!
And ne'er to shrink
From deeds that toilsome seem.
To sing! To love!
To glance above!
To ride, to read, to dream!

To love the right,
For it to fight,
To champion the weak. To be
Beloved by all,
The great—the small,
Through glasses of rose to see.

No unkind word
Should e'er be heard
To pass your lips between,
Nor should you dwell
On things "heard tell,"
Nor things which are evil and mean.

To be good—to be gay,
To laugh—to pray,
And early to learn to bear
All things alone
And not to moan
And with others their griefs to share.

Then, child of mine,
You'll be something fine,
Something rare and sweet,
And all the pain
Won't have been in vain
When I lay you at God's feet.

When she had been with us a week I wrote:

To Brydgytte

Little Biddy,
Little Biddy,
So you've come to us at last!

So much sighing,
Then—what crying
And the doctor held you fast!

Then they bathed you,
Oiled and lath'ed you,
Laid you in your little bed.

But you screamed so!
Oh! you screamed so!
And you wanted to be fed!

How we chaffed
And how we laughed
As we watched you spread your toes!

Then we gazed
With joy amazed
At your darling little nose!

Then we dressed you,
Kissed, and blest you,
Put on you your little shift.

Little Biddy,
Little Biddy,
You are Heaven's greatest gift.

In January 1916 my husband—who was doing Remounts—was ordered to Havre, and I went to London with the

Photo: Heawood, Oakham.

MY HUSBAND AND OUR ONLY SON, HENRY.

Born October 2, 1919. In the garden of our cottage at Exton, 1923.

Photo: Lafayette.

BRYDGYTTE BLANCHE, OUR ONLY DAUGHTER.

Born November 11, 1916.

baby to stay with my mother-in-law, Countess Bentinck, in Green Street.

I was terrified lest Brydgytte, two months old, should catch cold, for it was freezing hard and snowing, and so I insisted that she should travel up to London *in her cot*. To do this my husband had to carry the cot all across Bristol station, and absurdly, a squadron of his men were just entraining for France! They all saluted the "*cortège*."

In 1917 our beloved youngest brother, Robert, died of illness in the campaign in B.E.A. He died in an Anglican church at Masasi, which had been turned into a hospital. With him much joy has gone from life.

In 1919, on October 2nd, our little son was born in the room in which my father-in-law, Henry Bentinck, had died; and on the anniversary of the day on which my brother-in-law, Henry Bentinck, had died in France of wounds received at the Battle of the Somme in 1916. Of course we called his name Henry.

Both our children are very religious. When Brydgytte was three I heard her say this as she ran about my room:

> Dear Jesus runned down the sky,
> He peeped and said, "Hullo,
> Dear little Biddy, I'm coming to you,
> I love you so."

Fourteenth-century mystics might well envy the feeling, the rhythm, and the simplicity of these perfectly spontaneous lines.

When Henry was two and a half he said, "Naughty Jesus, velly velly naughty Jesus."

I told him he shouldn't say so, and he replied, "Him *is* velly naughty. Him won't make me good, and I *played* [prayed] Him to."

When about three and a half he always used long words such as "otherwise," "interesting," "nevertheless," and "probably," which he pronounced "pwobly." One day he used it several times, and I told him I was sure he didn't know what it meant. (We were walking together.) He turned round and said, "All wight, I'll pwobly leave you alone then." I asked him what he had talked to the old lady about from whom we bought our milk and cream at the seaside (we were staying there). He said, "Oh, lots of intewesting things; but I don't say 'pwobly' to her—*she* wouldn't understand."

At two and a half he had such very decided views on women's dress, length of skirts, *décolletage*, etc., that my cousin Lelgarde Bellingham called him Savonarola.

When he was three years old he sang to himself:

> My pretty one
> I'll sing if you want me to,
> When you die, you die unto Jesus.

When he was three and a half his sister, aged six, complained at breakfast that her egg was only half filled and that she was still hungry.

"How odd!" I said.

"I suppose de hen got tired in de middle," said Henry.

One of my husband's little Dutch nieces was once being taught about the wonderful power of God, to Whom nothing was impossible. After a long time of thought she said, "If He can do everything, why doesn't He kill the deevil?"

I don't know whether an answer has ever been invented to this sensible question, but anyhow, none was forthcoming, and the child mused, "I thought God was so cleever."

Quite recently Henry said to his father, apropos of nothing to which we could trace a train of thought, "Papa, we're all animals, aren't we?"

Papa said yes, we were.

"But we're humans too," added Henry thoughtfully, and then remained quite silent. He wasn't four then.

About the same time (June 1923) I was playing on the sands in Lincolnshire with the children at a tiny village called Chapel St. Leonards, where we generally take them in the summer. It was Henry's turn to catch me and his sister. This he was unable to do, although he made the most plucky and valiant efforts.

Said he suddenly, holding up his right hand, "Stop, I'm the Lord Jesus. You *must* do what I tell you. Why don't you come to Heaven with me? It's much nicer there than here."

I asked him how he knew, and he answered, "Because I've seen Jesus. He came to see me, Máma, that time when I was ill and you was in London." (I was in London in January, five months before.)

"*You* don't know what He's like, but I do," he continued. "He came in to my room when I was alone at

night " (he always sleeps alone) " and He put His hand on to my forehead and it was burning hot—burning awful hot—and then I got much better." I pressed him to see if he could say anything else, but he shook his head and said, " No, I don't know any more."

On reading that Coué and Freud believe that it is efficacious to whisper the thought that you wish to suggest to children into their ears during profound sleep, I tried the experiment with Henry.

When he had been sound asleep for several hours I went to him and said very slowly and very distinctly four times in succession, " Henry, you must be a great, good man. You must be Lord Chancellor of England."

At the last time he moved, and without opening his eyes he murmured, " No ; I'll be a chauffeur."

I was much amused, yet still more extremely interested to see that my message had registered.

I told this to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, and he wondered why I had chosen Lord Chancellor rather than Prime Minister. Did I think it a more important post ? I said that great as was the position of Prime Minister, to me that of Lord Chancellor appealed far more. It is vested with so much ancient dignity in England's history, and more glorious names of great Englishmen in the past seem to be attached to this exalted position. But it needs an exalted man to fill it.

Mr. Philip Snowden is a very different type from Mr. Ramsay Macdonald : the latter with his broad forehead, dark eyes set wide apart and big frame ; the former of such an ascetic cast of countenance, with firmly compressed lips, pale blue eyes and clipped way of speaking. He has a very real and hearty laugh. He told me the Conservative Party of to-day is the one which the Labour Party would rather be in opposition to than any other.

Much water had passed beneath the bridges since I had last visited Germany and, in 1922, a desire to see the Passion Play drew me there again.

" Did you see a great difference ? " is what all my friends asked me when I returned.

The greatest superficial difference that I noticed was the absence of uniforms in the streets, and the fact that most of the men had Charlie Chaplin moustaches ; that the

whole nation was decidedly thinner and that practically none of the women and girls wore silk stockings.

Always I received the greatest courtesy from all the Germans with whom I came in contact.

I cannot speak too highly of the performance of the Passion Play rendered by those mountain peasants. It is indeed a revelation, and is worth travelling for hours and days to witness this unique, artistic, yet utterly simple, reverent, and loving-setting-forth of the life and death of the Saviour. When all the world seems to be talking of wars and possible wars, here in their far-off village do they portray the life of the One Who taught Peace and Who loved Peace. By their wonderful lives and their touching faith in the *reality* of Christ's teaching they draw thousands of persons to their feet from all parts of the world and imbue these people with, and astonish them by, the sincerity of their love of peace.

Now that the Angel of Peace is hovering over Europe, seeking a place where she may rest her tired wings, do not let England, on whom all eyes are turned at present as to the representative of law and order and fair play—do not let her power be flouted and overcome by certain opinion to-day which is the outcome of the attributes of Caiaphas the hater.

CHAPTER XXI

WHAT IS TRUTH ? THE BEAUTY OF ENGLAND

The Ruhr in May 1923—Courtesy of the French to me—Poincaré—The Westphalians are anti-militarist—The Mothers of the Ruhr—M. Poncet French propagandist at Düsseldorf—The Americans at Coblentz—The Ruhr the "Rhinegold" of Europe—Political friendships are passing passions—"Times" views on French action in 1870—Roman Catholic Church and world politics—The fundamental views of Catholics—Are they consistent among opposing nationalities?—Church should prove that she possesses the powers she claims—Church should be a purely spiritual force—Psychology of nations—They do not understand each other—Great houses near Exton: Burley-on-the-Hill, Burghley-by-Stamford, Deene, and Rockingham—Colonel "Freddie" Guest—Prince Consort sponsor to Victoria Lady Carbery—Curses—Cowdray and Battle—View from Belvoir—Vale of Evesham on a summer's day—My birthplace—It is time to go home.

LAST summer (1923) I visited the Ruhr and stayed for a few days at Essen. I was treated with the greatest politeness by all nationalities with whom I came into contact. Many of the *poilus* were Alsatians and wouldn't speak French. These boys—for they were nothing more—didn't seem to be enjoying their job, and all told me how they longed to get back to France.

The situation there was curious, and had it not been so tragic it would have been funny. For instance, the action of the French in March 1923 in entering Krupp's. Ostensibly this was done to commandeer all the cars which they maintained were being kept there and used for bringing in food to the people, but it had incidentally the disastrous results we all know. "All" the cars consisted of two small, very old ones, and a French car which the French General had lent the English officer who was superintending the disarming of Krupp's! It was lent him by the courtesy of the French, and he kept it there by the courtesy of the Germans!

I was shown the photographs of the twelve dead men, and they were nearly all shot in the back; several more died after I had left.

Poincaré is an extraordinary man—a live wire, a flame of hate. And the reason he carries the people along with

him is because he believes with all his being what he preaches.

The power of hate is very much akin to that of love, and that perhaps is why the "Deevil" is so strong and so great and so successful.

It is the indifferent alone who shall be spewed out of the mouth.

To understand the Ruhr people one must go to the Ruhr, for the Westphalian is a different being from the inhabitants of the rest of Germany. On slipping down into its valley in a swiftly gliding motor through woods of slender beeches and pines, it is difficult to realise that one is nearing the heart-beat of one of the most intricate problems with which Europeans have ever had to grapple.

Always the Westphalian has hated militarism. To the question, "Will you ever in any circumstances work for the French?" which I put to the men themselves in their own houses, in every case but two they said, "Never. We don't hate anyone; we want peace, and we want to pay our debts; we will pay them. We want to be left alone. We will never, never, never [*nie, nie, nie*] work for the French. Let them go, and we will work to-morrow."

The two who said perhaps they would work were women, and their reply came in answer to my question to them as a mother, "Would your men work for the French if you saw your children starving?" "Ah, *gnädige Frau*, that is a hard question," one of them answered. "I have eleven. Perhaps I would try to make my husband work then."

I believe the women have a calming effect upon the men. They are terrified of bloodshed. A point might be reached when the French would stop food-supplies to gain their end. No one can then say what might happen. The Ruhr workman to-day has one possession which none can take from him: his hands—eight fingers and two thumbs. These, I believe, will never work for France. The priests in Westphalia have been admirable in their efforts to keep the people quiet.

All the French authorities were most charming, and all eagerly asked, "*Eh bien!* what do you think of it? Will they work for us? Tell us what you think honestly."

To Poncet,- the French propagandist at Düsseldorf, I said, "Monsieur, I have German friends, but that does not prevent me having French friends. I have relations all

through Europe, by blood and by mentality. I am, perhaps, as international a human being as can be found. I am not pro-German or anti-French, nor yet pro-French or anti-German. I detest the silly prefix ' pro.' It ought to be relegated to the lumber-room in a lunatic-asylum.

" But I am a woman and a mother, and I am supremely and outstandingly for peace and for England. After those two I am ' for ' nothing else. I feel from the bottom of my heart that you are wrong in the Ruhr venture—you have made a mistake. You'll never get all the coal you need. Tell me, you don't think you'll get it, do you? Do you think your soldiers at the bayonet's point, or with the little whip, will ever make those obstinate Westphalian hands work for you? *Dites, que croyez-vous, monsieur* ? "

He shrugged his expressive French shoulders and twirled his gay moustache.

" Retire, and you'll get your coal," I ventured.

" It would be weak, madame," smiled Poncet.

And so in the Ruhr, like giants, these two great nations struggle, wrestle, pant, locked in each other's arms fighting for victory. One unarmed, one armed.

It is said in France that passive resistance is *ordered* from Berlin. Berlin does uphold it, but passive resistance as it works to-day in the Ruhr Valley is the spontaneous will of the Westphalian, and of that I am convinced.

The position of the head of the English Civil Commission has been made very difficult since the Americans—under their popular leader General Allen—withdrew. I had luncheon with the latter at Coblentz in May 1922, and he told me that the greatest punishment that could be inflicted upon an American soldier was to send him home!

It was a curious historical point to see the colossal American flag flying over Ehrenbreitstein. Now (1923) only three Civil Commissioners remain—the English, the French, and the Belgian.

Naturally there is much more than meets the eye in this occupation. The Ruhr basin and Alsace and Lorraine are largely the " Rhinegold " of Europe, and since A.D. 500 France and Germany have fought for the possession of the " gold-mines." Louis XIV is answerable for much; Frederick the Great was no better.

In essaying to cure Germany of militarism, let us hope that France, the doctor, does not contract the disease.

No one country may get possession of the Ring, the Sword, and the Tarnhelm—no matter what that country is—and in this connection it will always be England's rôle to play the part of Wotan, to see that *nobody* gets too powerful.

A military balance of power is not the only balance which must be kept; commercial balance must also be preserved, and this is England's work to-day. Moreover, it is to her own interest to do so. The actions of The Comité des Forges is worth study.

The British troops on the Rhine have been doing a really splendid work of welding torn edges together, and much honour and credit is due also to our Civil representatives at Cologne on the masterly and humane way in which they have handled an extremely difficult and delicate situation.

My cousin, Lord Kilmarnock, is at Coblentz; since the Americans left his position has not been easy.

Comparing the views of newspapers is an amusing pastime.

There is never any sentiment in hard politics, and we all know that friendships between nations are only maintained for certain very definite reasons of expediency.

You have a friend. If his actions at length hamper and embarrass you; if you realise that he is no longer working with you but against you; there is nothing for it but to bid him a polite good-day at the cross-roads. A political friendship partakes somewhat of the character of a passion—some of which are old at three months. If it lasts ten years, it has done very well indeed!

On September 8th, 1870, the *Daily News* had the following:

"France has definitely meddled with Germany. This act was not perpetrated by one Government or the other, but it was a concerted act of the whole French nation. All statesmen, Legitimists and Orleanists, Imperialists and Republicans, were equally jealous of German unity, and covetous of German land. A war for the Rhine was the wish of the people, and so it will always be."

Again, on August 20th, 1870, the *Daily News* remarks:

"Nearly 200 years ago Louis XIV stole Alsace. . . . The people of Alsace are German from their root, speech,

and customs. Moreover, they are not looked upon as French by the dwellers in the other French provinces."

On July 16th, 1870, we read in *The Times*:

"The greatest national wrong that has happened since the existence of the 1st French Empire is now complete. An unjust, intentional, and prepared war has been declared. The reason for this sad war is now known; it is the left bank of the Rhine. . . . Of this there can be no doubt—that all the world sympathises with the Prussians who have been thus attacked."

The *Daily News* of the same date says:

"From the French side this war is one of aggression. . . . The Emperor wishes to emulate his uncle and bring his armies to the banks of the Rhine. The 15th of June, 1870, will stand out in history as the day of a great national wrong."

In the light of subsequent "leaders" on the subject during and after the Versailles Treaty, this can hardly fail to strike one's sense of humour. What it is a definite moral wrong for a nation to do in one generation is lauded as a definite moral right in the next!

The phrase so often heard since the War, that the Rhine was the natural frontier between the two belligerent nations, is, of course, as old as the hills. But if it were followed to its logical conclusion, then all Luxemburg, all Belgium, and a part of Holland should belong to France also, for there seems no sensible reason why the Rhine should be the frontier only where France and Germany abut on to one another.

Another proof of the age of this controversy and its apparently disquieting effect even upon certain Frenchmen of high ideals is seen from the celebrated letter written by Fénélon, the Archbishop of Cambrai (known as the "Swan"), to Louis XIV.

He upbraids the King for having made war in the middle of peace and for having perpetrated terrible plunderings; he upbraids him for taking Strasburg, saying that none of

his ministers would have ever done such a thing. He finishes by declaring that such behaviour has resulted in uniting Europe against him.

Everyone wants peace to-day, and so much so that a "League" for ensuring it has been invented. Such leagues are very old—Henri IV and Sully tried one, and so did the quasi-mystics, Frederick William of Prussia and the Emperors of Austria and Russia; but wars did not cease.

Last May this letter of mine appeared in the *Morning Post* and several other London and most provincial papers; also in Holland and Italy, the underlying idea being that only a supernatural League can effect peace, because, after all, human beings can't help being human. But in the Churches we have a "League" to our hand, and especially I may say in the Church of Rome, if one goes by the fundamental doctrine of her teaching.

"SIR,—Anyone who has lately returned, as I have, from a sojourn in the Ruhr must be keenly alive to the necessity for the conclusion of some arrangement between Germany and France which would be possible for both these great countries to accept as honourable and satisfactory. From personal visits to the very poorest houses of some of the strikers, and from conversations with the women, I was able to divine the spirit and, to some extent, determine the strength of the passive resistance movement of the workers. Many have eaten neither eggs nor meat since the Armistice—and still they resist.

"It is useless to reiterate the causes of the war; it were better to find a remedy for its damaging results. It is doubtful whether the recent procedure on the part of the French will have the desired effect of breaking down the workmen's attitude. Krupp's is a very popular institution in Essen, and its directors are the people's best friends.

"The present situation is deplorable, and I write this to urge the Christian Churches both in this land and on the Continent to use their influence to bring it to an end. By this I do not mean that they should take political action. No Church and no Churchman should ever in any circumstances be political. Their witness should ever be spiritual, or idealism will be throttled and trammelled by intrigue. Especially would it be well for the Catholic Church—of which I am a member, and which has so many adherents

in France and in the Ruhr—to take an active part in this endeavour.

" The Catholic Church has behind it a vast organisation—the growth of 2,000 years—for dealing competently with the minds, hearts, and souls of her children. Could not an understanding be arrived at between French and German co-religionists through the medium of their common faith ? Lately an extremely highly placed cleric remarked to me, ' It is difficult to find true spirituality anywhere to-day. We want another Francis of Assisi.' We talk of Leagues. Here is a League to our hand. Will it work ? I firmly believe that just now many thousands do need spiritual help, but why, when they ask for bread, are they given a stone ? It is, alas ! too true that ' because iniquity abounds, the love of many shall grow cold,' but whose fault is this ? If a man believe with a passionate consuming love what he preaches, he will never fail to draw his millions. But where is the love so warm, so glowing, and so living that it knows it can do all things ? If the Churches cannot prove in times of great moral stress that they do in truth possess the powers they claim, what hold can they expect to have upon the minds of thinking men and women ?—Yours, etc.

" NORAH BENTINCK.

" EXTON, OAKHAM, *May 24th*, 1923."

Yet some there are who have not feared to beat against the stone wall of accepted opinion. Their work has not always been fruitless, and these are they who have kept the torch of thought alight in the world.

Yet their efforts have often wrung from them their hearts' blood.

To be quite clear, I would like to try to explain the exact place held by the Pope in the minds of the average Catholic, for those not members of that Church. In speaking *ex cathedra*—which is understood to mean " in his *infallible* capacity "—Catholics believe that he cannot err when teaching FAITH and MORALS. (The Pope's letter on June 27th, 1923, was issued some time after I had written the above words.) Now—in speaking of Churches—I meant more definitely than any other the Roman Catholic Church, and so I did not expect to be universally understood, for as Sainte-Beuve very truly says, " He who hasn't worshipped in a religion does not know that religion."

This is perhaps especially true of the Church of Rome. It is well within the bounds of possibility that the present Pope may reopen the Vatican Council, which was prorogued on the day France declared war on Germany in 1870 and has never since been reopened. Morals in all its branches will doubtless be touched upon. As wars, the carrying on of wars, and their aftermath come definitely under the section of morals, one would imagine that a Church who can inflict its greatest and most terrible punishment—excommunication—for comparatively small offences against her laws, would not hesitate also to issue bulls of excommunication against persons who perpetrate brutal atrocities, and torture women and helpless children, which things are an offence against true moral law and an exact contradiction of the laws of Christ. It will be, of course, understood that I am now only speaking of those persons of all nations who come under Papal jurisdiction. As a Catholic *I understand* the power wielded over the mind of my co-religionists by the laws of our Church; I realise the horror and fear in which excommunication is held by the majority of them; and I know how they love, revere, and obey without questioning all the rules which emanate from the Pope—when speaking in his exalted capacity as the Infallible Head of the Church and the representative of Jesus Christ upon this earth. Their love is very real, very true, and very profound. Hundreds of thousands, I verily believe, would die to prove their belief in this Faith.

In the *Penny Catechism*, which is taught to every Roman Catholic child in the world, we find the following:

"Q. Is the Pope Infallible?

"A. The Pope is Infallible.

"Q. What do you mean when you say that the Pope is Infallible?

"A. When I say that the Pope is Infallible, I mean that the Pope cannot err when, as Shepherd and Teacher of all *Christians*,[1] he defines a doctrine concerning faith or morals, to be held by the whole Church."

Perhaps I am dwelling rather at length upon this subject,

[1] He claims to shepherd and teach all *Christians*, not only Catholics, and it would be interesting to know what exactly is meant by a doctrine of morals.

but please bear with me, for I want to make you try to get a glimmering of the stupendous and immense power the Church claims and very largely wields, in order to prove that the idea in my letter is logical from the Roman Catholic view-point. Now, with all this undoubted and potent spiritual force behind her, could She not give forth in Her *Infallible capacity*, that any Catholic soldier or sailor in the whole world who commits any act which comes under the heading of atrocities shall be excommunicated?

You smile; but to deeply thinking persons such a thought is not impossible. When one remembers that the whole of Belgium, Italy, and Austria are Catholic, the Rhineland and Bavaria, nearly the whole of Ireland, everyone in France who is not definitely atheistical, and much of Holland, such a power might work miracles, for "morals" defined under Infallible Papal jurisdiction must surely forbid all the atrocities we bewailed during the Great War, quite apart from the legitimate carrying on of the *act of war* itself—if war can ever be legitimate?

It is curious that the present Prime Ministers of Austria and Holland are priests!

A great number of the important Germans to-day are Catholics; the English Foreign Office does not lack them.

Perhaps one might say that for generations Catholic rule has not been so strong all over Europe; what, then, are the Catholics going to do?

Can Catholicism function for good in the great throbbing places of life, or can she only act in little domestic situations?

In a speech alluding to the antagonism between Freedom and Slavery, W. H. Seward said in 1858: "It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war"; and in 1901 at El Paso, President McKinley avowed that "America should never war except for Peace."

Has War brought Peace? Yet it is strangely true that the only way to preserve Peace is to be prepared for War.

If there is a Power which can hold men to the keeping of her comparatively unimportant domestic laws, such as marriages between Catholics and Protestants, which *are* unimportant when compared with war and its shocking accompaniments and consequences—surely such a stupendous Power, confident that She can enforce obedience on questions of morals in Her children of all nations, would not for a second hesitate to boldly step forward and, in the

cause of Humanity, forbid under pain of excommunication useless, wicked, bloody deeds; deeds which disrupt trade, eat at the heart of civilisation, engender terrible hatreds, destroy the health of the new generation, and cause one great wail of misery to reach from earth to Heaven?

Perhaps the following will more clearly show what I mean when I advocate that the Church should use Her power as a purely spiritual force and *never in any circumstances* be anything else.

On February 11th, 1872, President Thiers wrote thus to the Prefects of the sixteen French departments occupied by the Germans:

"... With regard to religious ceremonies, assure the Germans of all facilities so that they may follow out the precepts of their Faith. *Should you be unable to decide the French priests to lend their churches for a few hours,* find premises for religious worship elsewhere, preferably the Town Hall." (Italics are mine.)

The Commander of the German Army of Occupation was General von Manteuffel, "who appears" (says M. Stephanne Lauzanne, in the *National Review,* April 1923) "to have been generous and humane during the occupation. Having learned that, contrary to the orders of M. Thiers, *a theatre* had been put at the disposition of the German troops for their religious services, he at once wrote to the President as follows:

"I beg your Excellency to give immediate orders that theatres shall no longer be offered us for our religious services. It causes my blood to boil just as it does that of my soldiers."

All honour is due to those highly-placed officials—French and German, and both *laymen.* They did their best that religion should be treated with all respect. But the order was disobeyed, and the situation unnecessarily blocked —by *priests.*

Now, once again please forgive me if I treat the matter as a Catholic and as a Catholic *only.*

Catholic means "universal," and universal members of the Church of Rome believe that in the Mass JESUS CHRIST IS REALLY PRESENT ON THE ALTAR. Now, in face of this

profound belief devoutly held by all Catholics, whether English, French, German, Chinese, or Hottentots, how is it possible that Catholic priests of one country will not give their churches to Catholic priests of another country in which to celebrate that Sacrifice which they all hold to be the crux of their Faith?

Humanly speaking, it is perfectly understandable that they hated each other, *but I definitely hold the opinion that in this case—in desiring and intending to insult an enemy—they insulted Christ.* I cannot see *how* it can be otherwise. *Yet they did not hesitate to insult Christ.*

I do not fault them as Frenchmen, I would equally not blame them as Germans; but I do indeed blame them as *priests of the Church of God,* the Prince of Peace, Who promised peace on earth to men of goodwill; Who promised that the peacemakers should inherit the earth; Who said these were the children of God.

Perhaps it is a mistake to think? One of *Punch's* East-End caricatures once had the lines:

"Don't think; it makes yer ugly."

"Wot a deal of thinking yer must 'ave done yerself, then," was the retort.

I must be very ugly by now. But when once one has started on that road, it is impossible to turn back. Perhaps, after all, ignorance is bliss; yet I look forward to being much uglier.

It would be interesting to know in which religious division of the world there are the most lunatics.

No nations can be expected to understand each other's psychology. Why should they, when persons of the same nationality but holding different social tenets do not understand each other; when persons born of the same mother and professing different religions do not, or perhaps *will not,* understand each other?

. . . . . .

There are several lovely places near Exton, amongst them Burley-on-the-Hill, Burghley House by Stamford town, Rockingham, Deene, and Belvoir. The first stands magnificently and is a landmark for miles around. Originally it belonged to the Earls of Winchelsea, who also owned lovely Kirby Hall in Northamptonshire, now a ruin.

Some years ago Burley-on-the-Hill was let to Colonel

"Freddie" Guest, and at their house-warming party, consisting, amongst others, of Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Birrell, it caught fire and exactly half of it was completely destroyed.

Mr. Churchill ran about in a fireman's hat. He was very useful, though I wonder what the rightful owner of the hat was doing! As the axiom "One man one vote" applies to voters, so one would suppose "One fireman one hat" would apply to firemen.

Queen Elizabeth used to stay at both places, and it was at Burley-on-the-Hill that Andrew Noel first came to her notice. Of her great servant Cecil she wrote the well-known couplet:

> My Lord of Burghley
> Ye may be burly,
> But ye will make less stir
> In this realm than my Lord of Leicester.

This Burghley is an enormous house and its rooms seem to be endless. Its beautiful golden gates are a feature, and it is packed with treasures of every kind. The present Dowager Lady Carbery is a great-aunt to the present [1] Lord Exeter, and she is, I imagine, one of the only persons alive to-day to whom the Prince Consort stood sponsor in person, coming to stay at Burghley with the Queen for the purpose.

Her mother (and this takes us back over one hundred years) was one of the three beautiful Miss Poyntzes, whose father owned Cowdray, now in the possession of Lord Cowdray.[2] Another sister married Lord Spencer. Cowdray had been a monastery during Henry VIII's time, and when the King took it from the monks, the Abbot laid a curse upon it, the malediction being that its owners should be pursued by death from fire and water. Curious and sad as it may seem, that curse has functioned at intervals during the intervening centuries up till quite lately, and has gone through the female line as well as the male. Battle Abbey, just next door, was a convent of nuns, and the Mother Abbess hurled the same curse also, which has not yet ceased to function.

It is difficult to reconcile one's ideas of Christianity and

[1] 1923.
[2] Sir Weetman Pearson, who chose this name on being created a peer.

forgiveness with such strange stories as these. Why does one never hear of a blessing thundering down the years and pursuing a certain family while pouring the gifts of the gods into their laps?

Rockingham is reminiscent of some of the French royal castles, and stands dominating the hill, with the village clinging confidingly to the sides, as it straggles up to the gate. The earliest part, a massive round tower, dates from the eleventh century, and, even in the parts of a later date, few of the floors are level. It belonged originally to the family of Sondes.

Deene in Northamptonshire was left by the great Lord Cardigan to his widow (*née* Miss de Horsey), famous for her figure, her singing voice and her amorous disposition.

When she died, her body lay in state in the huge ball-room, built by the late Lord Cardigan and very much out of keeping with the rest of the house. Streams of people came in from the neighbouring villages to gaze upon all that remained of this strange character.

When the great Lord Cardigan came back from the Crimea covered with glory, he was such a hero that the people used to run after him in the Mall and kiss his coat-tails! His late wife protested that no young girl (as she was when he first saw her) could have possibly withstood him and his wooing, no matter were he married or unmarried!

Belvoir, standing superbly with green, undulating Leicestershire lying at her feet, is another of England's treasures, and full of memories of the Civil Wars, when brother and brother fought against each other, and blood was most certainly not thicker than water. Her lovely romantic gardens and the view which she crowns are two of her great beauties.

There is nothing like an English view. I have been to the peaks of the Alps and to the gigantic Rockies in Canada; to the heights of Mount Carmel, from where, across the glistening sea, one glimpses Acre; and to the Dolomites, whence far away in the rosy distance lies Venice; to Scotland, Ireland, Africa, New Zealand, Italy, and Wales; to the Garden of France and to the jewel-like Isles of the Pacific,—yet never have I seen a view to compare in peaceful, gentle, finished beauty with that upon which one gazes from the side of the Cotswold Hills, above Campden, my

birthplace in Gloucestershire, near the exquisite Vale of Evesham.

There it lies—and I have in mind a hot July day—with the shadows of the slowly moving clouds throwing patches of dark and light upon the grey-blue greenery of its hedges and fields. Away in the distance rise the purple Malvern Hills, and in the midst is Bredon, so beloved of artists. The heat is dancing in the air ; from the villages and hamlets which cling to the hill come gentle country sounds—a child's laugh, the bleating of sheep, and the sudden whirr of some great fly's wings as it travels on the light warm breeze. Below, the country lies swooning under the sun's rays and wrapped in its golden gauzy veil.

And just after sunset how wonderful, how perfect it is ! Away at one's feet rolls the land, now dim, and lit with a few faintly glimmering lights. Fierce purple and crimson streaks break the grey pall of night coming over Malvern Hills, and from behind—just above Broadway Tower—the moon, young and slender, looks shyly on to the valley. A cool wind breasts the hill and touches one's cheek. It is time to go home.

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MES MAINS DANS LES VÔTRES.

MYSELF IN 1886.

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